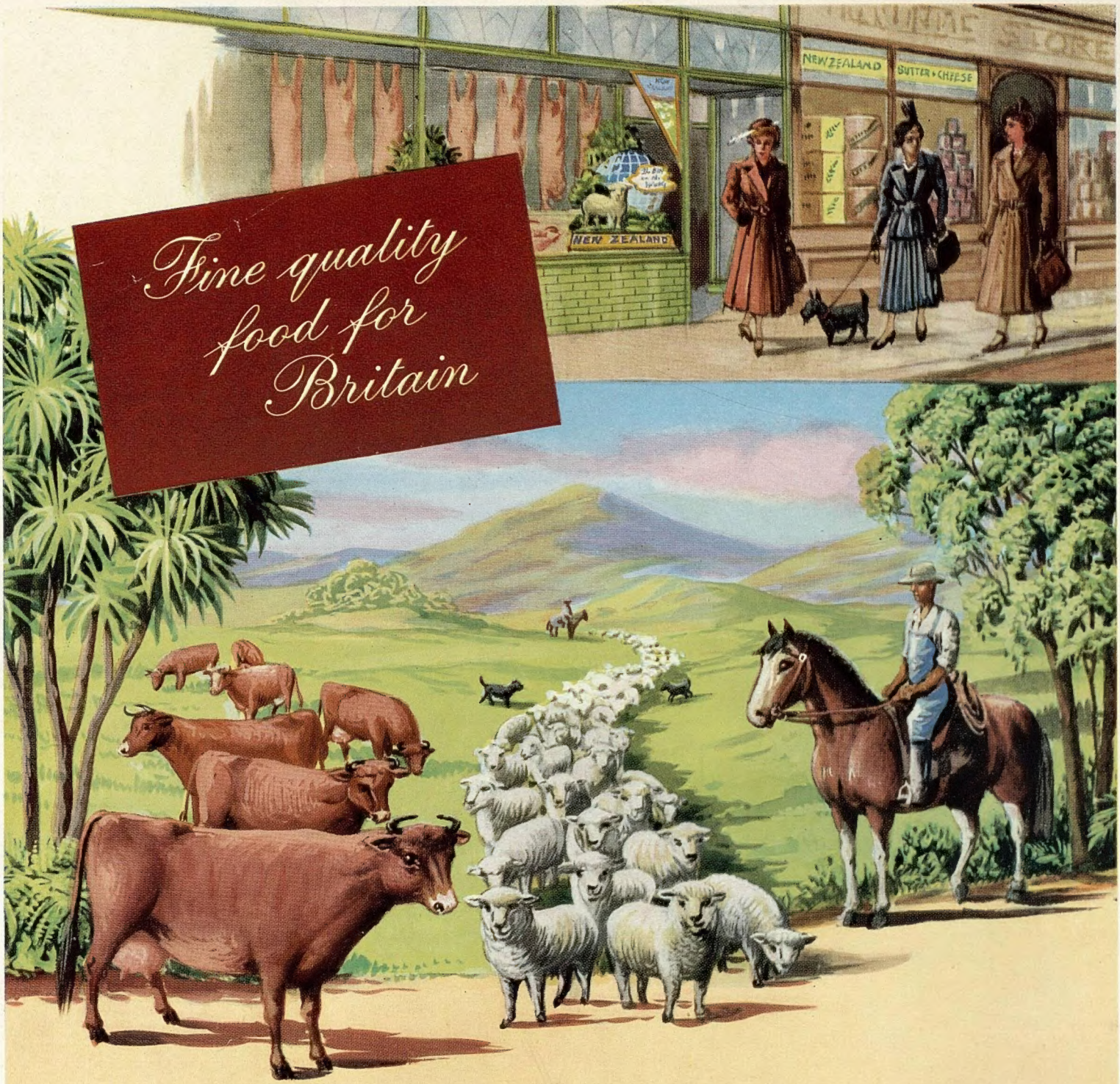
# BRITANNIA and EVE

NOVEMBER 1950

TWO SHILLINGS




*Fine quality food for Britain*

**FOR BRITISH HOMES** where food of fine quality is of paramount importance. There arrives here from New Zealand's farms, an unfailing supply of approximately 600,000 tons of meat, butter and cheese every year.

# NEW ZEALAND

**LAMB · BUTTER · CHEESE · BEEF · PORK**

*Rationed today – Your future choice*

# BRITANNIA and EVE

**VOL. 41 No. 5 NOVEMBER, 1950**



*CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 0d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.*

## Cover Design

*A Kodachrome of G. Vicky Dugan by Camera Clix*

## Articles


Soldier's Lot
by *Guy Livingston* 13 and 75

Kings, Croupiers and Casinos
by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 14–15 and 65

Has The Gipsy Run His Course?
by *Martin Thornhill* 16 and 85

Cannibal Queen
by *Cecily Morrison* 20 and 86

Nelson Was Ready To Die
by *Arnold Wareing*
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 21–24 and 96

The Birds Fly South
by *Frank Stuart*
Decoration
by *J. Nicolson* 25 and 72

Dawson, City of Ghosts
by *Frank Illingworth*
Illustrations
by *J. Nicolson* 28 and 62

Gathering The Mountain Sheep
by *Richard Perry* 32–33 and 88

Books:
Reviewed
by *Trevor Allen* 34 and 100


## Home Section


Times Past and Present 35 and 98

A Gift For A Song
by *Laurel Pascal* 36

Wall Bouquet 37

Jewellery Takes A Partnership 38–39

Patchwork Renaissance
by *Luba Stone* 40–41

How To Choose A Carpet
by *Christopher Bethall* 42–43 and 92

Keep It Under Your Hat 44

Gardening in Flower Pots
by *Ernest Chaloner, F.R.H.S.* 45 and 98

Health and Beauty:
by *Chrysis*
Reducing Risks 46 and 92
It's a Pleasure 46
The Years Between 47

Knitting:
Fair Isle Effect 48 and 88
Banded In Moss Stitch 48 and 86

Heading For Winter 49

Comfort Seen and Felt
by *Sam Beazley* 50–51 and 94

Never Too Young 52

Venture In Fur 53 and 96

Cookery:
by *Harriet Muir*
The Whole Art of Flavouring 54
Quick Soup 54-55
County Cookery 55 and 98

That School Report
by *Dr. Rose May, M.D.* 56 and 70

A Note of Colour
by *A. Fraser-Brunner, F.Z.S.* 58 and 60


## Stories


On Rainbow Bridge
by *Barry Perowne*
Illustrations
by *D. L. Wynne* 9–12 and 76

The Honest Man
by *Norah Lofts*
Illustrations
by *Hutton* 17–19 and 94

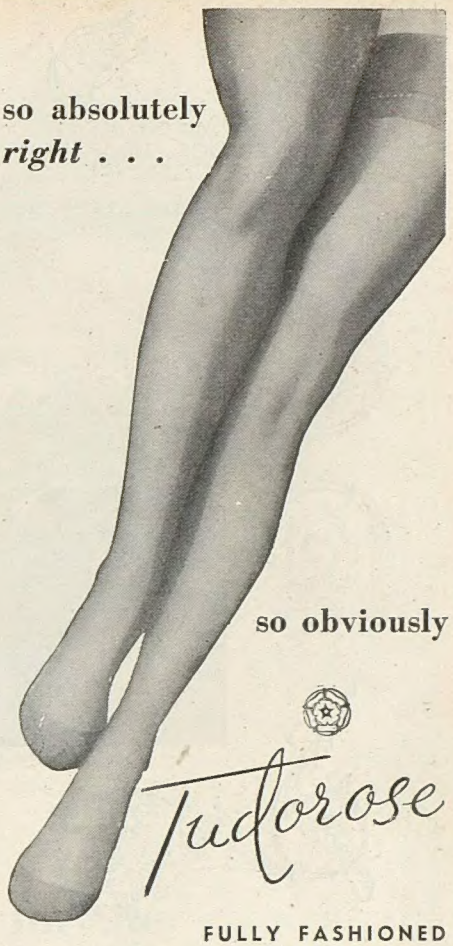
Seventeenth Honeymoon
by *Jossleyn Hennessy*
Illustration
by *Frank Lea* 26–27 and 65

Speaking of Murder
by *Ray Sonin*
Illustrations
by *S. Tresilian* 29–31 and 90


*All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, ana no reference or illusion is intended to any living person or persons.*


**The Inland and Foreign Postage for this issue is 3d. Canada 1½d.**






FULLY FASHIONED STOCKINGS
IN PURE SILK, RAYON AND NYLON

*Two in One*

Knit this attractive dual purpose Evening or Sports Blouse in George Lee's "Target" Campanula 3-ply. Full instructions to fit 34-in. bust are contained in Leaflet No. 1059, obtainable from your Wool Shop or price 7d. post free from our Dept. No. 45.

*Target* KNITTING WOOLS
GEORGE LEE & SONS LTD., WAKEFIELD
*Spinners and Dyers since 1830*

## *Woven Bedcovers are more than enchanting — they're practical!*

Fashion leaders ordain the *woven* bedcover for its essential co-ordination of material, weaving craftsmanship, colour and design—refreshing attributes of the gracious décor of today. The designs of Vantona 'Court' bedcovers range from the classical to the contemporary ; they combine artistic appeal with the practical virtues of durability, colour fastness and crease resistance. An additional bedcover will supply the housewife with curtains to match.

**VANTONA**

**Court**

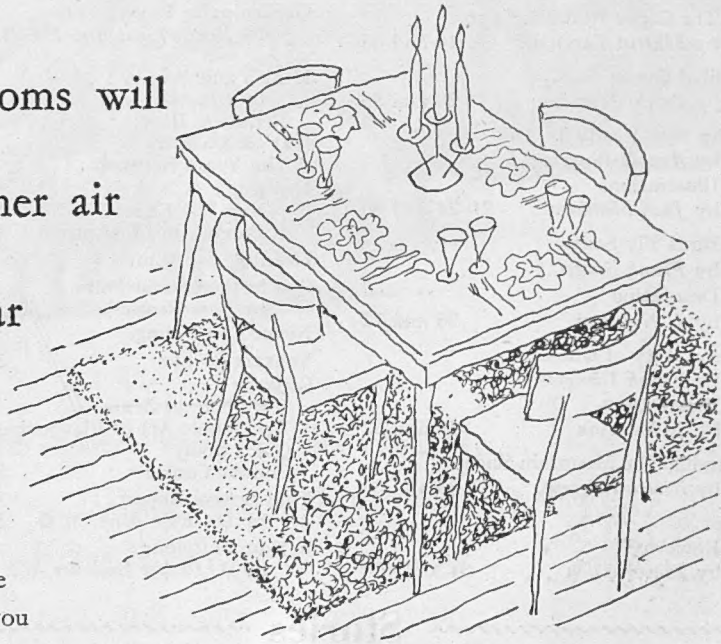
**BEDCOVERS**

*Vantona 'Court' Bedcovers are available in a choice of blue, rose, gold or green at prices from* £4.17.6*d. for* 70 *x* 100 *to* £10.15.0*d. for* 90 *x* 108.

VANTONA TEXTILES LTD. 107 PORTLAND STREET, MANCHESTER 1

VANTONA · HOUSEHOLD TEXTILES

## The most graceful Dining rooms will be wearing a dressed-for-dinner air with curly pile rugs this year



Luxury and comfort spread their welcome, when the room is wearing Tankraft curly pile rugs. Tankraft — pure mohair — are so soft, so deep to the tread, so glowing in their colours . . . your most informal dining-at-home becomes the occasion of the day. And when you entertain, your well-dressed room expresses all the grace and the warmth of true hospitality, from the moment your guests make their entry.

*J. L. Tankard & Co. Ltd., Bradford*

**Tankraft**

curly pile rugs

3 SHAPES * 14 COLOURS * 7 SIZES * From £1 · 3 · 11 to £7 · 8 · 11 (both inc. P. Tax) * From most Furnishers and Stores

# Nothing Lovelier

to dream over than a log fire in November.

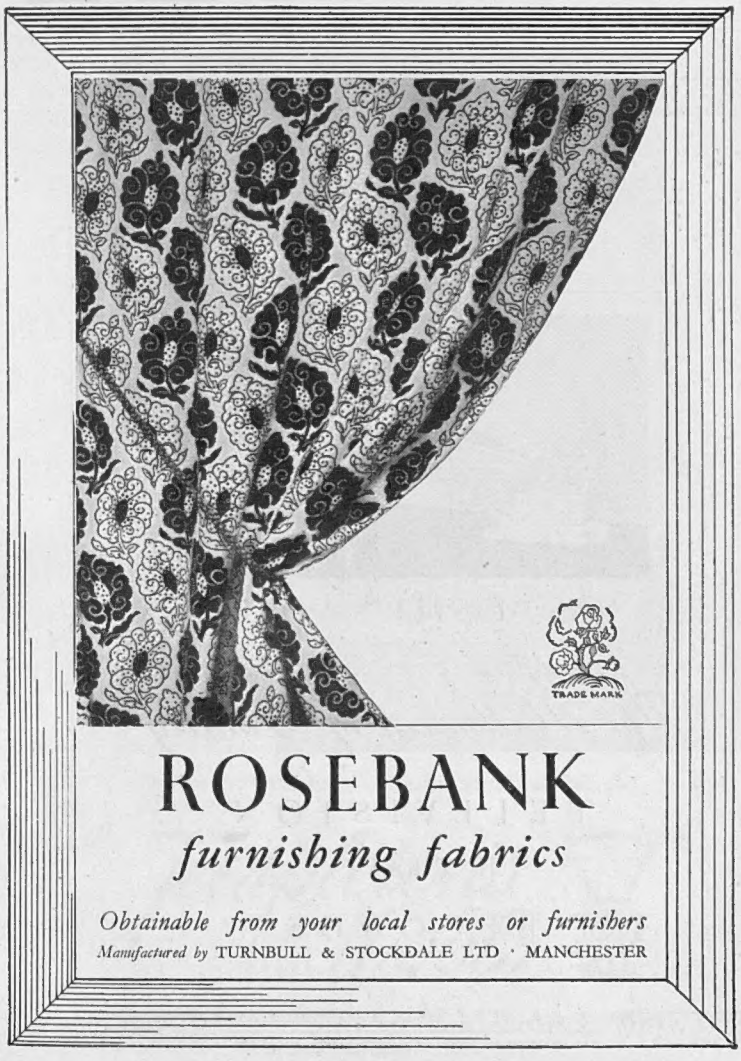
Nothing lovelier to wake up to than English Rose *any time.*

The fashionable *rounded* bustline in a brief brassiere of nylon satin and embroidered net of original design. "B." Cup fitting in sizes 32 to 36 in., nude and white; "A." Cup fitting in sizes 32 to 38 in., nude, white, sky, black. Price approx.: 14s. 11d.

A girdle newly designed to give the latest *slim hip* line, with rigid panel to control sides. In beautiful French elastic lace and satin. Nude, white, sky, black, sizes 25 to 30 in. waist. Price approx.: 79s. 6d.

## English Rose

*the flower of modern foundations*



# ROSEBANK

*furnishing fabrics*

*Obtainable from your local stores or furnishers*

*Manufactured by* TURNBULL & STOCKDALE LTD · MANCHESTER

# Created for the new *'natural'* beauty

Here's beauty news for *you!* New cosmetics from Atkinsons to bring you the latest thing in make-up. Extra-light creams that smooth on *so easily*—simple and lovely to use. Shades created specially for *your* skin and colouring —to give you the fashionable new natural beauty.

# ATKINSONS

SALON-TESTED COSMETICS

ATKINSONS BEAUTY SERVICE

If you have any kind of beauty problem, write to our Beauty Expert at 24 Old Bond Street, Lond. n, W.1. She will be only too pleased to help you.

**CLEANSING CREAM** — *Extra light for deep cleansing. It keeps your skin clear —smooth—young* 5/10

**FACE POWDER** — *Perfect shades—a petal-smooth texture that stays matt. And at last! No more spilt powder with the new compact filler* . . . 4/1

**TINTED FOUNDATION CREAM** — *Smooths on lightly at a touch. Will not dry your skin or clog the pores. Three flattering shades* . 4/6

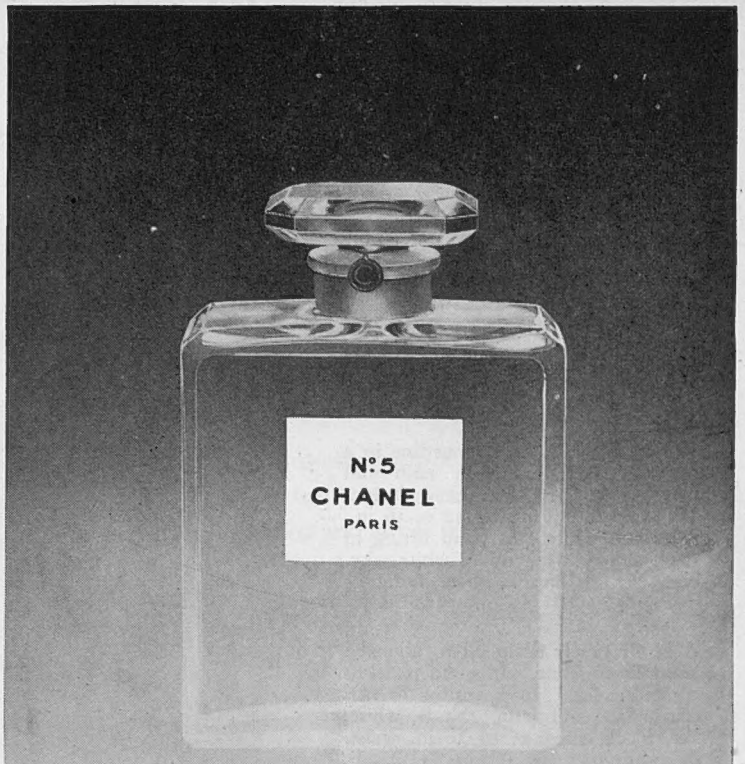
**LIPSTICK** — *Lasts longer—smoother on your lips. The dimplestick case is a joy to hold—and it's made to fit your fingers* . . . . . 5/10

**ROUGE**—*In three shades to blend perfectly with your natural skin tones* 3/3

AC 6-469-100 J. & E. ATKINSON LTD., 24 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

'Celanese' TRADE MARK Fabrics

create the loveliest things to go a-dreaming in




THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

H·M·V H·M·V

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED
SUPPLIERS OF GRAMOPHONES. RECORDS

RADIO AND TELEVISION APPARATUS
TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

BY APPOINTMENT

*The Hallmark of Quality*

TELEVISION
RADIO
RECORDS

★

H·M·V THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, HAYES, MIDDLESEX H·M·V

● AS THE BELL PUSH SAID TO THE BREAKFAST TRAY

THEY KNOW HOW TO LOOK AFTER YOU AT THE

CAVENDISH EASTBOURNE

Where they know what the last word in comfort is

Proprietors: Pimm's Ltd. • Manager: P. Churchman • Telephone: Eastbourne 2740

half-way

to heaven

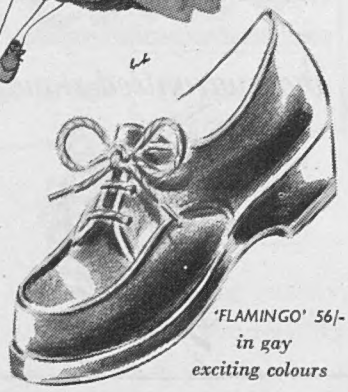
in

Clarks

Clippers

the good-time shoes

that go to your head



*'FLAMINGO' 56/- in gay exciting colours*

Design in "Opalsheen"—Leaflet 885, post free 5½d.

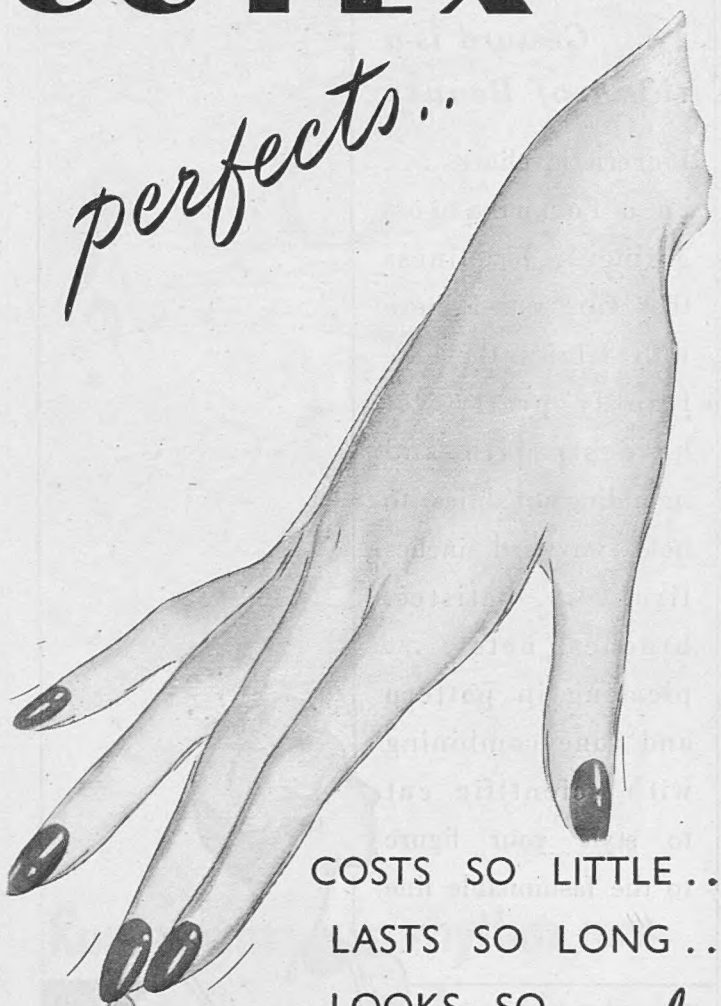
*Templeton's 'AYR' Wools*

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD., Ayr, Scotland

*Worsted Spinners since 1827*

# CUTEX

*perfects..*



COSTS SO LITTLE..

LASTS SO LONG..

LOOKS SO *lovely*

Literally, you will be thrilled to the finger-tips with the long-lasting lustre of CUTEX *standard* NAIL POLISH. This hard, wear-defiant lustre comes through household chores and office tasks . . . immaculate and gay. Where else could you find such satisfying finger-tip glamour at such little cost? **2/3** *(inc. P.T.)*

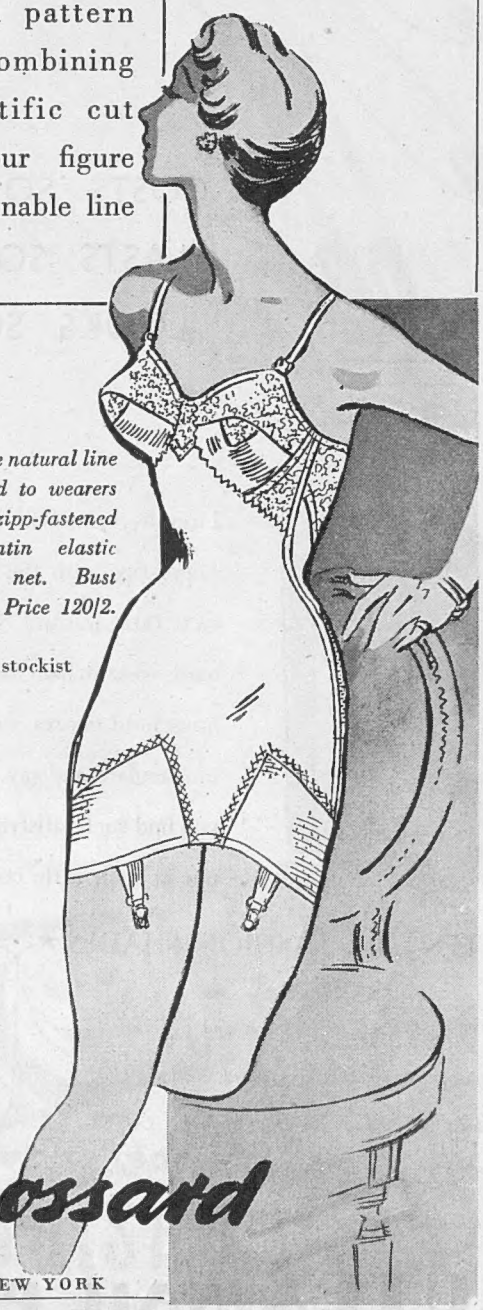
★ TEN *exciting* FASHION SHADES ★

*CUTEX HAND CREAM, rich and nourishing, combines with CUTEX standard NAIL POLISH to keep your hands lovely—always. CUTEX LIPSTICK, smooth, creamy, lasting . . . lovely match-mate to your Nail-Polish.*

**CUTEX NAIL POLISH**

## *Your Gossard is a thing of Beauty*

Lingerie loveliness . . . in a foundation garment, loveliness that GOSSARD achieve with fabrics that are frankly pretty yet have strength and moulding qualities to hold wayward inches firm . . . batistes, broches, nets . . . pleasing in pattern and tone combining with scientific cut to style your figure to the fashionable line



***Model 1554B.*** *The natural line of 1950 is assured to wearers of this elegant zipp-fastened all-in-one in satin elastic and firm elastic net. Bust sizes 34-40. Price 120/2.*

There's a GOSSARD stockist in your town

**Gossard**

LONDON · NEW YORK

*Where you usually shop, ask to see clothes, etc. with this label—it's your sign of a high and guaranteed standard of manufacture.*

**Men's, WOMEN'S and Children's Wear and Accessories; Household Linens, etc.**

*Knitters excel with 'Excelsior'*

Copley's

**'EXCELSIOR' KNITTING WOOLS**

L. COPLEY-SMITH & SONS LTD., 47 LOWER MOSLEY ST., MANCHESTER, 2.

# ✳ Mealtime elegance — so modestly priced with this beautiful gleaming...

## GLASS DINNER SERVICE by PHOENIX

REGT. TRADE MARK

it's clear—it's heat-proof

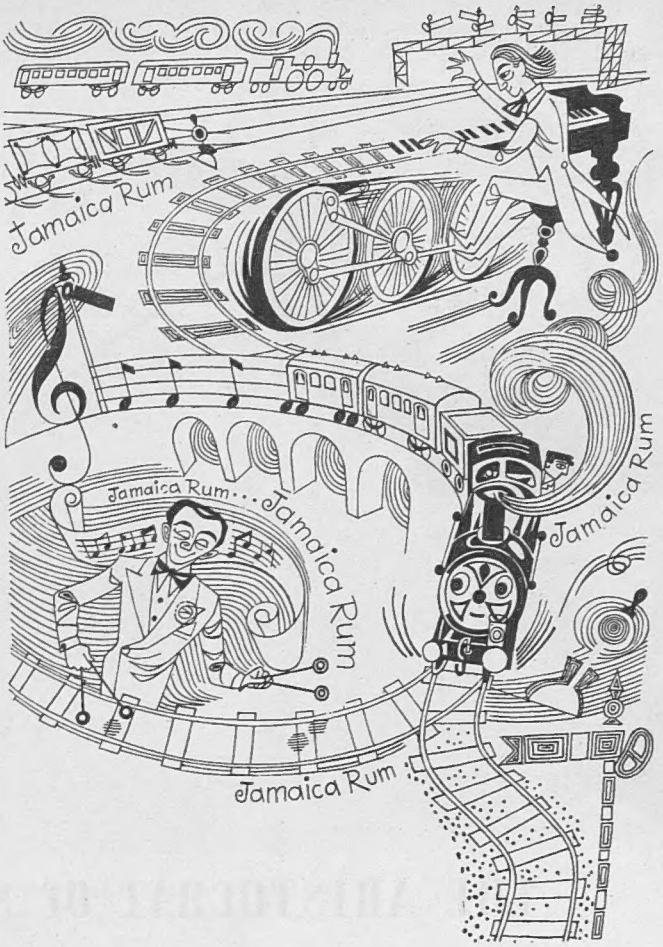
25 PIECES FOR ONLY **65/6**

It's high time British housewives had top quality, lowly priced! And here it is. No need for plain utility china or imperfect 'export rejects' when you can have this beautifully designed, crystal-clear Phoenix Dinner Service for such a truly modest sum. With a Phoenix Dinner Service you can leave the late homecomer's meal in the oven . . . Phoenix glassware won't crack or craze—and it's *still* clear when it comes out of the oven. Your dealer has plenty of 'spares' and you can add to the Dinner Service whenever you wish.

✳ **PHOENIX DINNER SERVICE — DS. 656**
(25 pieces) comprises:
6 Meat Plates · 6 Sweet Plates · 6 Cheese Plates · 2 Vegetable Dishes (2 reversible lids) · 1 Meat Platter · 1 Gravy Boat & Platter

*** SEE THIS DINNER SERVICE (AND ALL PHOENIX HEAT-PROOF GLASSWARE) AT YOUR USUAL DEALER'S SOON!**

BRITISH HEAT-RESISTING GLASS COMPANY LTD · BILSTON · STAFFS




# Rum rhythm rum rhythm rum there's rhythm in Jamaica rum

**The wheels turn round**
**Sound as they pound**
**JAMAICA IS THE WORD FOR RUM**
**Again, again**
**The same refrain**
**JAMAICA IS THE WORD FOR RUM**
**The whole long train**
**Repeats the strain**
**JAMAICA IS THE WORD FOR RUM**
(Now we're running over a bridge)
**We're willing to bet**
**You'll never forget**
**JAMAICA JAMAICA JAMAICA MEANS RUM**

**It's wonderful what JAMAICA RUM will do!**

# Fashions change but the well-dressed woman remains unchanging in her choice of Aristoc stockings to match their elegance against good clothes. And if she loves the finer things of life she asks for Aristoc nylons . . . they put in a rare but regular appearance at most good shops.

Aristoc

THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS

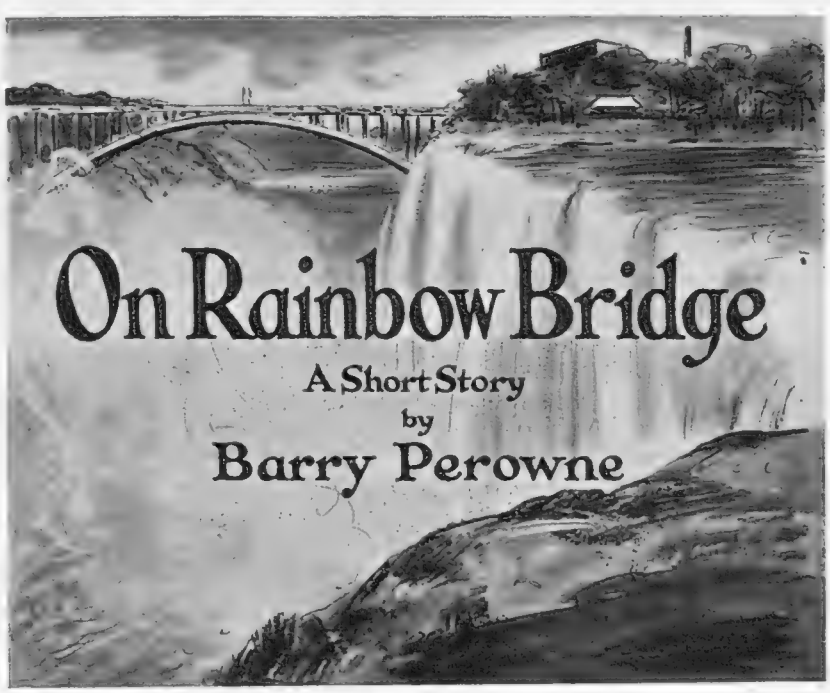
## "the most successful suit I ever had"

Heads were turned . . . questions asked . . .
but no one guessed the secret of that much-admired suit
I made it myself! I chose Lissan to express the smart details
of Vogue pattern 7050. Washable, crease-resisting, it is
a joy to work with—and costs 6/10d. a yard.
Be sure the name 'Moygashel' is on the selvedge
of material by-the-yard, and the tab
of ready-to-wear fashions.

*in fashion – in fabrics by*
MOYGASHEL REGD.
PURE LINENS – SPUN RAYONS – WOOL MIXTURES

*Wholesale only* *'Moygashel' is the registered brand name of fabrics manufactured by*
STEVENSON & SON LTD., 208A REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1, DUNGANNON, NORTHERN IRELAND

Through the mesh which screened the open window, Sylvia saw a man sitting at a table in a lighted, simply-furnished room




SYLVIA ought to be kept at home. Eighteen-year-old blondes of the slender, violet-eyed type, brought up in the quiet English countryside, lack the worldly knowledge to act as arbiters of adult destinies. Sylvia no sooner gets to Niagara than she falls.

Engaged to Sylvia, as I flatter myself I am, I sit here at home in rural England and, piecing together the abhorrent facts from her letters, deeply deplore the gift of her young brother Julian for placing Sylvia in invidious situations.

As is all too often the case in well-regulated English families, it is the son of the house who generally is regarded as the brainy one, worthy to be dowered with the higher education, while at best only moderate store, if indeed any at all, is set by the intellectual potentialities of mere daughters.

Sylvia's young brother Julian, a seventeen-year-old product of playing-fields of the Eton type, is a tall, personable youth of impenetrable self-possession and a casual taste in clothes. Without a woollen scarf three yards long in the school colours wound round his neck, he would feel naked. His shoes invariably have crêpe-rubber soles of an exaggerated thickness and sponginess, his grey flannels are always of doubtful vintage, while on the elbows of even a brand-new hacking jacket he glories to have large, redundant leather patches sewn. Sometimes she can hardly stand the sight of him, Sylvia says.

Travelling among the cosmopolitan set on an ocean liner, she found his appearance of undergraduate bankruptcy a particularly gross infliction on a well-groomed girl; and with a sister's privilege of constructive comment, she did not hesitate to say so.

"You mistake glamour for taste," replied Julian. "The modern girl's fallacy in all appraisals of the masculine."

Such was the easy confidence of his tone, and the tolerant gesture with which, leaning there with his back to the promenade deck rail, he dismissed her protests in order to return to the intricate calculation he was making on his slide-rule, Sylvia almost wondered for a moment whether he could be right. In dealings with her brother, she lacked the courage of her convictions. The family's poorly-concealed estimate of their relative mental calibre had had its effect upon her formative years; and in matters calling for the exercise of cold logic and pure brain power, there were times when she felt herself on unsure ground in debate with her young brother Julian.

She looked out over the wide, restless mid-Atlantic, sun-flashing to the horizon. To her, it was just so much sea—almost too much. To Julian, no doubt, it suggested geometric problems in plane surfaces. Vexed, she went aft to dally with a much more amusing young man who wore beautiful gabardine suits and pointed bow-ties patterned on a theme of Zodiac symbols.

This tendency on her part to give her brother best in intellectual matters was what led directly to the predicament, irrevocably involving the lives of a charming American lady and a celebrated Canadian actor, in which she found herself placed at Niagara Falls. Actually, Sylvia says, she never had expected to see Niagara Falls at all.

What had happened was that, on the strength of an essay of extraordinary penetration, Julian recently had won a scholarship in physics. Some wealthy Canadian relations, naturally wishing to set eyes on this prodigy who promised to shed unheard-of lustre on the family name, had invited him—and Sylvia, too, since they couldn't very well leave her

*Illustrations by D. L. Wynne*

out—to come over, all expenses paid, and spend six weeks with them at Vancouver.

This branch of the family already was distinguished by its possession of Uncle Malcolm, who during the war had been an officer in the Canadian Army, often had visited Sylvia's home in England, and always had been her hero.

He was a lean, tall man in the forties, with a lined, weathered, pleasant face, a hint of grey in his dark, crisp hair, and a quiet voice which so appealed to Sylvia that she had used to follow him whenever he went out to fish for trout, and sit on the bank and ask questions just for the pleasure of hearing him speak. Often he had asked her, a child at the time, whether she wouldn't rather run away and play somewhere, but she had assured him in all sincerity that she liked nothing better than to be with him.

There was no one like Uncle Malcolm, Sylvia says. He had done practically everything in an adventurous life which had roamed from the Yukon to Patagonia ; and since the war, he had turned, oddly enough, to the stage, and in New York and Hollywood had made quite a name as an actor.

It was impossible to think of him as afraid of anything on earth, and Sylvia had been piqued, one day back in England, by the odd little smile with which her mother, reading a fan magazine article speculating on the stubborn bachelordom of their Canadian relative, had set the paper aside.

" Well, *why* has he never married, anyway ? " Sylvia said. " He could pick and choose. Heavens, I 'd marry him myself, to-morrow, if it weren't for the laws of sing-sang-song——"

" Consanguinity," said her highly-educated brother, looking up from his slide-rule, over which he was relaxedly musing in a deep easy-chair. He added, with his usual charm, tossing back the lock of dark hair which had a habit of falling aslant over his finely-modelled brow : " Not that he 'd have you as a gift."

" Now, now," said their mother automatically. And she turned to Sylvia. " Your Uncle Malcolm will never marry," she said. " He 's a man's man, always has been. No one would guess it, but, like many attractive men, he 's secretly afraid of women. Considering all the ravishing creatures he must have met since he went on the stage—such an odd thing for Malcolm to do—I really marvel how he 's managed to stay single so long. I suppose he must have perfected his

Julian did a strange thing. He reached out a long arm to Uncle Malcolm's jacket lying on the grass, and slid something from the inside pocket

defence technique. Anyway, he must be so set in his bachelor ways by now that he 'll never marry."

"Sound man," said Julian. "I shall ask him to brief me on his defence technique."

"*You 've* got no call to worry about a defence technique," said Sylvia scornfully. "Mother, look at him! Why d'you let him go about like a rag-and-bone man? Look at his socks! If they *have* to be darned, why can't they be darned with matching wool, like any normal man's?"

"These are hard times," said Julian. "Darns are always with us. But where the plebeian mind makes a guilty secret of them, the free soul blazons them forth. Besides," he added, dismissing a subject in which he had only a languid interest, to return to the greater fascination of his slide-rule computations, "I like the colour effect. So Van Gogh."

THEIR Uncle Malcolm was to have met them in New York, where he had an apartment. The plan had been that he put them up for a few days and show them the sights before dispatching them onward to his family in Vancouver, who little knew what they were in for.

On the morning, however, when the hapless great ship was butted and shoved by the testy little tugs into its berth at Hoboken, nowhere among the welcoming throng on the wharf could Sylvia see the tall, distinguished figure of Uncle Malcolm. She felt a stab of dismay. The prospect of skyscrapers soaring dizzily above the dock roofs, against the blue sky, daunted her. She was used to a quiet life.

"Suppose he doesn't turn up?" she said uneasily, when their vaccinations and other highly personal details had been looked into. "What'll we do, Julian?"

"No cause for alarm," said Julian, putting on his green pork-pie hat. "I know New York like a book."

"You 've never been out of England before in your life," said Sylvia, in no mood for his bombast.

"My dear Syl," said the highbrow, "if you were to come occasionally to the Progressive Film Club showings with me, instead of honing and pining at sentimental musicals, your mind would be a keener instrument. I once saw a documentary called *Through the Shadows in New York*. It laid the city open as with a scalpel."

"What 's a scalpel?" said Sylvia suspiciously.

But at that moment a steward in a three-cornered white jacket approached them, where they were standing in line to go down the gang-plank, and handed Sylvia a letter. She tore open the envelope and drew out two twenty-dollar bills, two bus tickets, and a note from Uncle Malcolm.

The note said that he was unfortunately detained at a house which he rented for the fishing at a small town called Brookville, in New York State. "Some unexpected personal arrangements," said the note. And after giving them meticulous instructions about taking a taxi to a bus depôt on 42nd Street, where they were to catch the 11 a.m. bus to Brookville, the note added, "I 'll explain when I see you. Delighted you 're here. Blood is thicker than water."

"I wonder what made him add that?" said Sylvia.

However, in all the excitement of taking a taxi, shooting under a long tunnel and hurtling into the uproar and

With his quiet, good-humoured smile, Uncle Malcolm took a hand from the wheel to feel in the inside pocket of his jacket. His hand seemed to freeze there

daylight dazzle of Broadway, she thought no more about Uncle Malcolm's cryptic utterance. There was plenty of time for their bus, and, leaving their suitcases in lockers in the depôt, they went out to look round. Fully-fashioned nylons were openly displayed in windows on all sides. Sylvia invested some of her share of the forty dollars, and what with this, and with seeing all the new sights that were to be seen, they got back to the depôt to find that they had missed their bus.

A later bus, leaving in the afternoon, deposited them outside a small café in Brookville in the middle of the night Except for the café, neon-lit, the main street was dark and deserted when the bus had boomed on in the direction of Buffalo. There was no sign of Uncle Malcolm.

Julian said: "He 's given us up—probably thinks we 're spending the night in New York seeing the confidential side of things."

"We are awful," said Sylvia guiltily. "After all those instructions he gave us, we turn up at this hour! I bet he 's furious with us. We 've made a bad start in North America, Julian."

Julian picked up the suitcases. "Let 's go into the café here and ask them if they know where he hangs out."

The proprietor of the café did know, and he gave them cordial directions.

It seemed strange to Sylvia to be walking through a small town on another continent in the middle of the night. She felt very foreign. Each side of the street were tall trees, through the leaves of which moonlight glimmered on pretty, white-painted wooden houses quite different from houses in England. These houses all had deep, shadowy porches, and on each porch, it seemed, was a rocking-chair. Indeed, on one porch a rocking-chair was going meditatively to and fro all by itself, with nobody in it—a curious thing to see, Sylvia says, and peculiar to North America. It gave her a feeling difficult to describe, and she got on the other side of Julian.

They passed the last of the houses, and now arose on all sides a pompous sound as of throat-clearing.

"Bullfrogs," said the well-informed Julian. He put down a suitcase to point. "I think that must be Uncle Malcolm's place."

It stood back a little from the highway—a small, white, frame house crouching in the shadow of tall trees and a dark, enormous barn. Behind it, the moonlight glimmered on a river fast-running through lush meadows.

"There 's a light in the window," said Julian, as they walked up the track toward the house. "He 's probably sitting up for us."

"If it 's him at all," said Sylvia. "This may not be the place. Let 's take a peek through the window and see if it *is* him, before we go banging on the door." (*Continued on page* 76)

# Soldier's Lot

*By Guy Livingston*

Corporal Leslie Mathias of the R.A.F. stationed at Hendon, looks pleased with his pay which included the "extra"

(*On left*) A trio of would-be R.A.F. recruits getting the "griff" on Service pay from Sergeant W. Alexander at the R.A.F. recruiting centre in Kingsway

LIKE the ill wind in the proverb, the cold breeze of hostility from behind the Iron Curtain has blown some good to someone. To the British Serviceman it has brought the biggest pay rise he has ever known. As a result, it can be said that now—for the first time in our history—the man who voluntarily dons the King's uniform is adequately rewarded and, by and large, receives as much (in cash and kind) as he might expect in an alternative civilian career.

This betterment of the soldier's lot (and of the sailor's and airman's) has not been effected by the same reforming zeal that has steadily improved the conditions of, say, the industrial worker. It has taken the hard logic of events, which now dictates strong defence at any cost, to raise the relatively poor status of the Serviceman so that he is no longer the Cinderella of the national family. And who will say that the cost, reckoned at about £68 million a year, is not worth it if it draws to the colours enough of the right kind of man?

STARTING with Cromwell's New Model Army of 1645 as our first regular Army, it has taken us 300 years to put the British soldier on his proper footing. Even up to the beginning of this century Tommy Atkins was often slighted, often derided and sometimes despised.

Kipling's bitter lines of half a century ago paint a melancholy picture :

*"I went into a public-'ouse to get a pint 'o beer,*
*The publican 'e up an' sez 'We serve no redcoats here,'*
*The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,*
*I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I :*
*O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy go away' ;*
*But it's thank you, Mister Atkins, when the band begins to play——"*

For this deplorable public attitude to Tommy Atkins the real blame must go to those politicians who had for so long, in the interests of national economy, axed the Army whenever they could, kept it short of funds and generally made it a career that few self-respecting men without means could enter. Throughout the eighteenth century and much of the nineteenth, they regarded the British soldier as a necessary evil in war and a financial burden in peace, to be hired and maintained as cheaply as possible, and highly expendable at all times. Living conditions in the bad old days were so rough, discipline so harsh and pay so miserly that only the poorest types joined up. Wellington, it will be recalled, described his men as the scum of the earth. "English soldiers," he said, "are fellows who have enlisted for drink. That is the plain fact, they have *all* enlisted for drink." But in fairness he had to add : "It is really wonderful we should have made them the fine fellows they are."

These same "fine fellows" who fought and beat Napoleon, so despised in peace, got their due when the decorated coaches toured the villages and towns of England with news of the victories of Salamanca, Vittoria and Waterloo. In the flush of success they were popular as no British soldiers had been before and none was again until the first World War.

But after Waterloo, the fighting man did not long enjoy the unaccustomed glory of being a fêted hero. Taking its cue from economy-minded politicians who saw little use in encouraging a strong peacetime Army, the public again lost interest in the men in uniform, and soldiering became once more, and remained for the best part of the nineteenth century, an unenvied and unenviable calling. From (*Continued on page 75*)

# KINGS, CROUPIERS,

KING FAROUK'S rushes at the head of a fleet of cars in quest of people with enough money to gamble with him—from Deauville to Le Touquet, across to La Baule, down to Biarritz, over to Santander, finally on to Italy—did nothing if not put casinos of 1950 in better focus. Here was a young monarch asking no more than that gamblers be found, ready to risk ten or fifteen thousand pounds in a night—and what happened?

Things started promisingly at Deauville. The Aga Khan and Count Agnelli (big chief of Fiat) were two who had the chips—white ovals £600 apiece, red oblongs £1,000, smaller, orange oblongs £500—and the croupier looked as happy as a croupier can, with the guest of guests on his right.

He sat—the croupier—with his back to the wall, but there was nothing in that. Just a matter of arrangement of the "big" baccara table, and a breast-high brass rail running round it, and chandeliers blazing down on it.

Chemin de fer is the simplest of games; any fellah could play it. A shoe of cards is slid towards you, you toss a chip on the table, deal two cards to your opponent, two to yourself. All is stillness; the faintest departure from table manners would sound as a brick dropped from the ceiling.

Your opponent glances at his cards with a careworn, careless look, gambler's breeding. Smoke gets in his eyes. If he has a nine or an eight he wins. If he has a five he asks for another card. Then you look at your cards. If you have a nine or an eight you win. If not, you pass another card to your opponent.

So it goes on hour after hour, most expensive of worldly delights, punctuated by barely audible requests for more chips and by the mild clack-clack of same beneath fingers toying on the green gaming cloth (if King Farouk broke the hushed remarks and coughing by loudly laughing at certain special wins of his, that was royal licence indeed, whose very echoes were best stuffed from the ears).

So it went on at Deauville; but only for quite a short while. Whether a Paris Press complaint of "majesties—be they constitutional majesties, divine majesties, or capitalist majesties—openly gambling with tens of millions of francs at a moment when there is great poverty and fear of war in the world" . . . whether this had anything to do with it, is anybody's guess, but the stakers facing King Farouk suddenly altered to seven wealthy Egyptian business men and the harrowing thought occurred that the King might be playing with his own entourage.

"In single file the seven moved round the brass rail and when all was set the King was told."

King Farouk of Egypt, wearing a black cloak lined with crimson, leaving the casino at Deauville, just after two o'clock in the morning on August 20. He was reported to have won 15,000,000 francs at the baccara table

Thereafter the falling-off was swift. Couldn't the King play with Egyptians any time he liked in Cairo or Alexandria? This wasn't what he had come for. Moodily, he sat watching petty European staking; and waiting. And newshawks were reduced to cabling royal menus; a whole dish of caviare, a whole lobster, a whole chicken apiece, and as much cream as the chef could apply—anywhere—without hiccoughing; and to giving map references daily of young women presumed to have engaged the royal attention.

One such appeared as if to be on call hundreds of miles away, a second to have taken up a strategical position in a room directly below King Farouk's, a third held herself in instant readiness to evoke the Nile in dance until cruelly incapacitated, a fourth liked waiting on the boardwalk.

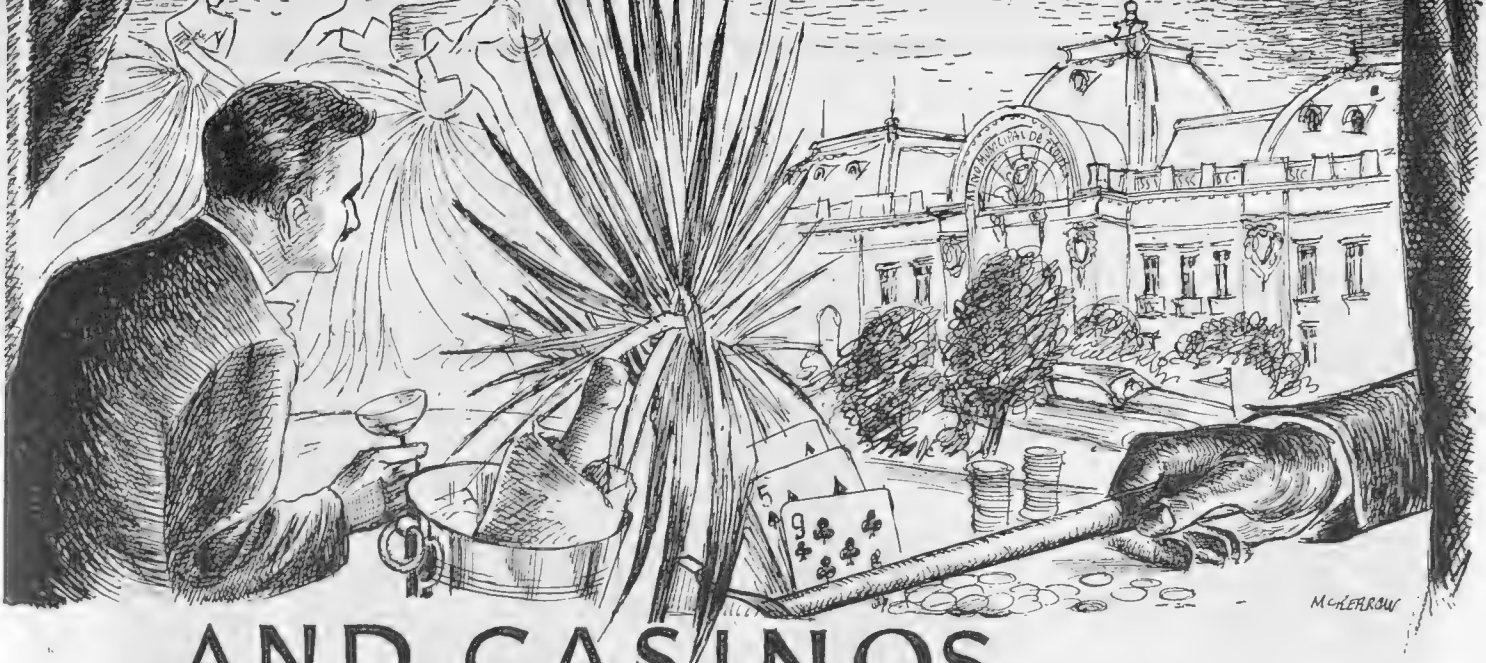
Other kings had surely had better luck than this—with the gambling, I mean? Hadn't Alfonso and *le petit Shah* taken on Deauville, too? And other majesties, now "ex"? The answer to that was that none save mid-east and oriental potentates had ever come near King Farouk, whose day darkened further as one of those Channel clouds came up over Le Touquet. Here the King found he could stake no higher than £200; and here we shall leave him—saying he was bored and would like to be entertained by "some nice young girl singers."

He may well have been off again on his gambling quest before any samples could arrive from Paris. But one success Le Touquet did chalk up. King Farouk, it seemed, not only found French stakes too small, but French beds also, and Le Touquet had seen to it that he was provided with a bed eight foot long.

The King could spread his young immensity in bed, but not at the gaming table. After a prolonged lobster diet he might dream of the great gamblers of the past, of the Hennessys and Citroëns, the Syndicates and Dollies, who might have stood up to him, but that was as far as he could get—in France now.

CASINO gambling on Faroukian lines declined rapidly after the twenties and the man to tell of it is M. François André, maker of the casinos at Deauville, Cannes and La Baule, and of private clubs in Paris, where higher stakes have probably been played than ever in rooms open to the public.

Tall, bald, seventy-three year old gourmet André, who has no heir, is said to have cleared over £400,000 last year at Deauville alone, for himself and his shareholders, after paying eighty per cent of takings to the Government and municipality. What gives his tale a Haroun-el-Rachid glint is that André arrived in Paris fifty years ago to take on a job as funeral mute. To start by moving noiselessly amid sorrowing clients, arranging wreaths in




# . . . . AND CASINOS

*Unstable times like the present feed the desire for flings and flutters in the popular sense, and have reduced casino gambling from its ostentatious heights of yesterday*

By Ferdinand Tuohy

funeral parlours, and to finish by receiving clients in the smartest night places, arranging bouquets for the latest toasts of the town —*that* is a career fully run.

To have started as a croupier and to have finished at the head of a flourishing Society crematorium seems a much more natural progression. But neither André nor either of the Blanc brothers, who between them laid the course of casino gambling, ever were croupiers; which is odd in a way because those impassive gods of the rake are casino "kings" at no mean level. Not only do they inherit the job from generation to generation, they go to schools to learn it, are thereafter much of a closed shop, and affix themselves to their employers as much by being trusted, as by what they know.

Time was, when they were not trusted sufficiently to be allowed to have pockets to their evening clothes. But those days are over. Gone or going the brilliant sessions reaching until 6 a.m., gone or going the sumptuous tips from millionaire winners, yet the croupier still has one rock to lean on : he is not a man whose services are lightly dispensed with.

The Aga Khan and his wife, the Begum Aga Khan, arriving at the Deauville Casino to join King Farouk of Egypt. At centre is Mr. Alexander S. Lockwood

Watch the average croupier raking in the chips. An impassive type, a wry smile is all he allows himself, a faint smile in which there is pity for some of stupid humanity. The croupier's is a sardonic humour; he has smacked to me of a financial policeman. Think what he *knows*! He knows that at cards you—the public—can never win over the bank which takes a fixed cut up to five per cent on every deal. He knows that the bank must always win at roulette, too, though not so systematically.

That was what Edmond Blanc turned into a favourite jest during his long tenure at Monte Carlo : "*Rouge ou noir, c'est blanc qui gagne!*" Red and black may win, but white—Blanc—wins always because zero is neither black nor red but the bank's profit. In £. s. d. this means that players who stake on red or black numbers lose almost three per cent of their money each time they play. It also means that on the average the whole one hundred per cent will be lost after playing thirty-three times.

Besides their omniscience at the green baize table croupiers are human receptacles of a diversity of secrets. One of the most valuable of these concerns their capacity to control what are called "tendencies" of the wheel at roulette. Experienced gamblers say they can soon detect a "tendency" due to how an individual croupier spins the little white ball. Winning numbers may show a tendency to progress by, say, two or five, to repeat, or to follow some other pattern. But a "tendency" never lasts long and you must push on your stake directly you spot one.

IF huge staking is dying out—in Europe, at any rate—it would be quite wrong to picture the—ah—recession as applying to casino gambling for the general. Lamentably unstable times like these feed the desire for flings and flutters in the popular sense. Rather has casino gambling been broadened down from its ostentatious alpine scenery of yesterday. The launching of new casinos, and the struggle to legalize others, testify to the fact.

Recently I looked in at what I imagine to be the first roulette and baccara rooms that Germany has had since 1864; anyway on the first attempt the Germans have made to revive gambling in the Monte Carlo sense since Bismarck drove the Blanc brothers from Hamburg because he thought gambling sapped the serious-minded Germany he wished for his war-waging. The new rooms have one single, ordinary door beside the rebuilt Hesse Theatre. It is rubbish to talk of a "German Monte Carlo." Yet the town aspires to rake in high profit in hard mark currency, to say nothing of convertible dollars and scrip.

Or take the case of Holland. One lot of Dutchmen is fighting another lot—the religious element—to get permission to build gaming rooms on to the casinos at places like Scheveningen. The first lot argues that it could attract much foreign currency—£500,000 annual profit at Scheveningen alone. They say it doesn't make sense that lotteries and private gaming clubs should be allowed to flourish all over Holland, and casino gambling be barred. They add that (*Continued on page* 65)

Epsom Downs have been a legendary Derby-week Romany resort as long as the oldest race-goers can remember. Now their encampments have been warned off

# Has The Gipsy Run His Course?

## By Martin Thornhill

WHERE are the gipsies? A farmer or an administrator would reply that he knows only too well. Others have noted fewer and fewer Romanies as the years pass. The overall answer is that there *are* fewer, and that the fact presents mystifying elements which are only partially explained by the unsettling effects of two world wars. The last war was as hard on gipsies as on Jews; but peace, which brought relief to Jews, made life little easier for gipsies.

Nomads of Europe for five centuries, these hardened rovers seem to have spread originally from India, driven out by Genghis Khan and the Moguls. Their language, long since a bastard tongue because of the need to learn the speech of the countries they lived on, still retains Hindustani vocables. Up to the fifteenth century gipsies were producing "safe conducts" signed by ruling princes, who must therefore have been reasonably well disposed towards them. But by 1500 the roguery they practised, out of their necessity as habitual wanderers, had brought its own reward and a general persecution began to scatter the tribes over Europe. Still clinging as obstinately to their bad manners and customs as to their few good points, the clans gathered uncomplimentary labels from the countries they traversed: heathens, scoundrels, robbers. It was Britain that called them simply gipsies, from the mistaken notion that they hailed from Egypt. Some territories banned them with unwritten laws permitting pursuit beyond the borders, and the shooting of any who dallied. Two adjacent countries threatened ear-lopping to all displaced persons who put foot over the boundaries. As one country prescribed the right ear, the other the left, it went ill with a gipsy who arranged his travels badly.

In Spain and Hungary attempts were made to treat the wanderers kindly.

But neither (*Continued on page* 85)

During the winter they make baskets, strip wood from trees and make clothes pegs

Gipsy Lee, scion and fortune-teller of the Fletcher tribe. Had seventeen children all born in a caravan. This portrait was taken when she was seventy-seven years old

# The Honest Man

"Well, I'll be blowed," Bert said when he heard the news. "What next?"

*Until he became the owner of an ancestral home, Bert Garnham, a self-made man, could not reckon being sentimental about anything much*

## By Norah Lofts

IN Waterbury, whenever Bert Garnham was under discussion—which was pretty often, he being a local "character" and topics of conversation somewhat limited in the town—someone was sure to say, sooner or later, "And the odd thing (or the funny thing, or the mystery of it is), the man's honest!" Having thus admitted to the fundamental human doubt that honesty and success were compatible, someone would go on to relate an instance, known to himself or to someone of his acquaintance which proved Bert's fantastic straightforwardness; and someone else would hark back to Bert's beginnings, recalling the lorry he had bought in 1919, a rattling, broken-down contraption with which he had started doing haulage jobs for anyone sufficiently optimistic to trust their goods in it. And look what he owned now: a whole fleet of lorries that operated all over East Anglia; the Chelston Sand and Gravel Company; four cinemas and Mackie's Brewery. And the mystery was that the man was honest!

Bert was honest because—or perhaps one should say largely because—his father had been a scamp, a weak, shuffling rather pitiable scamp, and his mother a shrewish, embittered woman with a vitriolic tongue and a talent, unusual in a peasant, for finding the exact, the most hurtful word. Bert senior's tricks and subterfuges were always sooner or later exposed and came under the lash of Eva's tongue. Bert junior did not realize until much later that it was the failure of the schemes rather than their dishonesty which had occasioned Eva's scorn and derision, and through his formative years his main concern in all his doings was to avoid the slightest chance of his ever having to sit, shifty-eyed and red-eared while Eva spoke her mind. And by the time the sharp tongue was stilled Bert's pattern of behaviour was fixed forever, the more firmly since some initial success had already shown honesty to be good policy, on the whole.

Almost as rare and noteworthy as his honesty was Bert's self-satisfaction; he was satisfied with his achievements, with his way of life and with his relationship to his fellow men. Like many other successful business men he was profoundly simple at heart and limited of mind. He lived in a hideous Victorian villa on the Dereham Road and was cared for by a doting, efficient housekeeper named Ada and a handyman named Ben. Just around the corner was the Farmers' Club where his good

nature, and a certain generosity in the matter of buying drinks, made him a very popular member; there was the Constitutional Club where he could enjoy the company of his fellow Tories, and his position amongst the local Masons fully satisfied what little social ambition he had ever possessed.

THE first disturbing pebble fell into the calm pool of his complacency one evening at the club when, on his entry someone asked, "Heard about Miller?"

"No. What about him? Broke?"

"Broke! Good Lord no. He's bought Tot's Castle."

Tot's Castle stood about six miles out of Waterbury and had been in the possession of a family named Semple ever since Charles the Second had given it to one Richard Semple as a reward for his faithful adherence during the exile. It had been for sale for three years. Now Miller, a flashy fellow who had once owned a fish-and-chip van and now ran four Fish Parlours, had bought it.

"What's he going to do with it?" Bert asked. "Make another parlour?"

"No, live in it. That's right. Now I think of it my missus said Mrs. M. was buying stuff regardless at the last furniture sale. Probably had Tot's Castle in mind then."

"Well, that's a lickser! Set 'em up Joe," Bert said.

The faintest feeling of discomfort began to move in his mind and persisted throughout the evening. Miller living in Tot's Castle. And Miller wasn't even sound; why, his first reaction to the suggestion of Miller being in the news had been the idea that he was broke. Archie Miller of Tot's Castle: Bert Garnham of 54 Dereham Road: didn't seem quite right somehow.

Mr. Miller's move was much discussed, not only in Bert's circle. Over the dinner tables of the county there were remarks about "Fish Hall": and one lady, calling to collect a subscription and being offered tea by Mrs. Miller who had, to be frank the wildest social ambitions, reported, more pungently than kindly that the carpets in the drawing-room were "up to your hocks."

Six months later, when this topic was dying a natural death it was at once eclipsed and revived by Bill Melton's purchase of Mere Hall, where lately the most dignified widow of an ex-Governor of India had resided in penury and supreme discomfort. Bill Melton ran a garage and had never shown any sign of flashiness or wealth; a meek, dumb, grey little man with some engineering genius, but a shocking muddler.

"Well, I'll be blowed," Bert said, when he heard the news. "What next?"

"Why you, Mr. Garnham," said a cheeky young man bent on free whisky. "Your turn next."

"Old Bert is waiting for Clou'water," said a wag.

"My turn next . . . so it is, set 'em up Joe," said Bert, neatly rounding a dangerous corner. Only the most acute observer would have seen that a trace of deeper colour had crept into his firm, florid face and that some expression—not entirely at home there—had come into his small, shrewd eyes with their ginger lashes. The truth was that long, long ago Bert Garnham had lost just a bit of his heart to Cloudwater, which everyone called Clou'water and which was the most magnificent as well as the most beautiful house in a county renowned for lovely houses.

It had happened away back in 1921 when he'd been driving the old lorry here and there, picking up anything that was for sale and counting himself lucky to make a shilling profit. He'd heard that Lady Halsham's poultrykeeper had some old White Leghorns for sale and he'd dashed over the very same evening to make an offer for them. He'd made the deal, after some higgling, and with the protesting fowls in a crate was on his way home, well-pleased with his bargain. He'd had to stop and open the gate between the grounds and the park and so had stood for a moment in full view of the house itself. The sun, going down in the west in all the splendour of a June day's ending had touched the building with an unearthly light; there was no exact word for the colour of the old bricks at that moment; and the many windows shone like jewels. Against the brilliance of the house the background was sombre, great ragged hawthorns bore the wreck of their wreaths, and green paths led away into dimnesses where cuckoos were calling madly. Here and there—where in a better tended estate they should not have been—there were great scatters of wild roses palely, sweetly in flower.

"Mr. Garnham, isn't it?" asked his lordship, moving forward. "That's right, my lord," said Bert, putting his hands, which felt awkward, into his pockets

Something of the beauty—a doomed beauty, though he did not know that—touched the unimaginative mind of the tough young man who propped open the gate and drove through the broken-down, smelly lorry with its crate of squawking fowls. If ever I made a heap of money that's the sort of place I'd like, he thought. But the thought had been utter fantasy, product of an enchanted moment; no real desire and certainly no purpose had been involved. When he could afford a house of any substance he had bought the villa and been entirely

satisfied with it.

Now, after all these years the casual joking reference to Clou'water had power to make his face go hot. Very strange.

WITHIN three months of Melton's purchase of Mere Hall—now jestingly referred to as Petrol Place, Cloud-

water was for sale; and this time everybody in Norfolk was genuinely shocked. The Halshams had been there before the house was built; the church was full of Halshams who had gone on Crusades, fought at Crécy and Agincourt. If King George had taken the Crown of England to Christies people could hardly have felt more astonished and perturbed.

Most astonished and by far most perturbed was honest Bert Garnham, for he alone saw a moment's flashing dream set down in concrete terms of rooms, domestic offices, outbuildings and acreages. And since now no other topic was regarded as worthy of conversation he had to listen to a lot of sickening talk. What would it make? The house was big and awkward and—they said—entirely unmodernized; it'd cost a fortune to make it really habitable. But the staircase alone was worth thousands; they said the old lord had once been offered two thousand for it by an American millionaire he'd entertained.

And what about the timber, the park full of oaks. No, Smollet the timber merchant said they were all past their prime, should have been felled thirty years ago. Why didn't the old fool sell the timber then? Now he wouldn't be in this mess. Somebody said that Crayson who had bought Gog's Place over in Suffolk and broken it down and sold it piece by piece had been over, inspecting. Most likely he'd buy it; pity; but then who could afford a place like that in times like these?

Bert found, at the last moment, that he could not face the sale; so he fetched his haulage manager from Lincoln down and gave him his instructions; and Crayson the wrecker who had made a fortune out of Gog's Place and knew to a penny what he could make of Cloudwater was finally outbid by five hundred pounds by Mr. Smith of Lincoln. But the smacking great cheque was written out in Bert Garnham's painful, elegant Board School hand; and after he had written it he took a little walk and went and stood by the entry of Sowberry Place where he had been born and had spent the first twenty-four years of his life. One up, one down and a communal wash-house. And he thought—I own Cloudwater, my God! And Eva's acid voice said in his ear: "Setting yourself as a country gentleman, huh?"

THE sale was in July and it was September before Bert went to look at his new property. Possession was for Michaelmas and he would rather not have gone near before that, but for the fact that he had plans for the kitchen garden. The glass, he had heard, was in poor repair and since he was a practical man and meant to make Cloudwater pay its way, with early tomatoes, strawberries, carnations, possibly mushrooms and most certainly new potatoes by Christmas, it was essential that he should get the glass in order. So the girl in the office of the brewery who, in common with some six or seven others called herself "Mr. Garnham's secretary" telephoned Cloudwater and asked if it would be convenient for Mr. Garnham to look at the kitchen garden that evening.

The glass was impressive in extent and simply awful in condition. Bert went round breaking the rotten, cheese-like wood and lost all count of broken panes. There were some peaches ripening sweetly on the wall but he resisted temptation and thought—next year! Then, with the cost of repairs estimated to a shilling, he got into his big new Rolls and drove back to the gate which led to the park and so stood for a moment on the very spot where he had stood as a young man whose sole assets were a decrepit lorry, a crate of fowls and four shillings in cash.

Just on the park side of the gate an old man was very vigorously dealing with some nettles. He wore the narrow plus-fours fashionable in the early years of the century and known in Norfolk as "knickerbockers," and an ancient deerstalker hat. By these alone Lord Halsham would have been recognizable and at sight of him Bert swore horribly under his breath. Just what he didn't want.

"Mr. Garnham, isn't it?" asked his lordship, moving forward.

"That's right, my lord," said Bert, putting his hands, which felt awkward, into his pockets and standing there looking as like a self-made man, a newly rich man, an over-fed, prosperous upstart as any human being could look.

"I wanted to see you, Mr. Garnham." The old man's voice was high, a little tremulous, a little sibilant. "Trying to keep the nettles down for you. Get out of hand this time of year. Like rabbits. Hope you're not sentimental about rabbits."

"I wouldn't reckon myself sentimental about anything much."

"I wanted to (*Continued on page* 94)

# Cannibal Queen

## The Praying Mantis

*By Cecily Morrison*

THROUGHOUT the swarming legions of insects, none is more strange, more paradoxical, than the Praying Mantis. And not only is it strange for its peculiar "praying" posture. It is the only insect which can look over its shoulder like a man; wash its face like a kitten; take food, like a dog, from a human hand, or bend its head to drink like a horse.

In spite of the terror and ferocity portrayed—and exaggerated—by the camera, the mantis is harmless to man and beast. But in its own world—the world of insects—it is a veritable ogre. From the day of its birth it is a killer. Nothing escapes the gaze of its black boot-button eyes as it stands motionless, arms folded in an attitude of prayer, waiting for an insect to come within reach. Then suddenly—out snap those long, saw-toothed front legs to snatch to its doom a butterfly, a bee or a bluebottle.

Only one insect—the ant—fails to tempt this three-inch-long "garden dinosaur." This single antipathy dates from the day of the mantids' birth when, as the babies emerged from the cocoon, scores of ants wait to devour the soft bodies of the new-born creatures. A day or two later when their skins have hardened, the little mantids may pass an

The Praying Mantis from the day of its birth is a killer. Nothing escapes the gaze of its black boot-button eyes as it stands motionless, arms folded in an attitude of prayer, waiting for an insect to come within reach. (*On left*) A Praying Mantis laying her eggs, which she does in a head downwards position

ants' nest unmolested, but nevertheless, the ant and the mantis are enemies for life. Apart from this one inherent weakness, the mantis appears to be fearless and will not hesitate to battle a cat or a dog, and some of the larger species have even been known to fight and capture small birds, lizards and frogs.

FROM the time it is brought into the world as an egg, to the autumnal cannibal feast, the life of the mantis is a sequence of surprising events.

The egg basket which the female attaches to a twig or stone, is about the size of a large walnut and is one of the strangest containers in the world. Whitish and fragile, like the icing on a cake, the nest is composed of nothing more than a solidifying frothy substance exuded by the female.

As she clings, head downwards, to her nesting site, the froth is squeezed from her abdomen like icing from a baker's tube. For two hours or more, constantly rotating feelers shape and mould the nest into intricately constructed corridors and tiny caves. At regular intervals eggs are deposited in the different layers, but throughout the whole proceeding, the mantis will not hesitate and never will she glance back at her handiwork.

Here, in this perfectly insulated, waterproof shelter the next generation of mantids will spend the winter, and as the eggs mature, the strangely fashioned basket mellows from rich honey colour to deep chocolate brown. The papery case becomes hard and horny, until when the young are ready to emerge in the spring, the walls are so tough as to be difficult to cut with a knife.

But the frothy covering of the eggs is not always a complete protection, for the female of a tiny parasitic wasp lives only to find a mantis cocoon in which to lay her own eggs.

Having located an adult mantis, the wasp settles on its back and proceeds—for some unexplainable reason—to discard her wings. Then she waits. If her host is a male, or a female which has already laid her eggs, then the wasp is out of luck. But if, by chance, she has found her ideal—a gravid female—then her mission is fulfilled, for as the mantis lays her eggs, so, too, does the wasp. Her young then feed (*Continued on page* 86)

Nelson died a hero's death, earned a Nation's homage. But was it also the virtual suicide of a heart and soul whose bright honour had grown a little tarnished?

# Nelson Was Ready To Die

**Written by ARNOLD WAREING.** **Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW.**

ONE of the enigmas of history is Nelson's recklessness at Trafalgar: a recklessness that went beyond bravery and seemed not merely to scorn death but to court it. Did he realise, on his last visit to Emma Hamilton at Merton, that the love which jeopardised his career and involved the risk of social ostracism had run its course, and all was now set for a glorious end to life's chequered chapter?

In those quiet Merton days of 1805, the calm before the storm, he had leisure in which to look back: to Naples, where Emma first captivated him; to Palermo, where they became lovers, when the King and Queen of Naples and the Hamiltons fled there from the French.

Card parties, late nights, the diversions of a Court in temporary exile. The great fête the Queen gave, after the French had been driven back, with statues of Nelson, Emma and Sir William in a Temple of Victory, and young Prince Leopold crowning both Nelson and his effigy.

**Emma was singing his praises and visiting him, night after night, in the flagship *Foudroyant*.**

Emma singing his praises and visiting him, night after night, in the flagship *Foudroyant*. . . . "Nelson," wrote Lady Minto, "used to sit up with large parcels of gold before him and generally go to sleep, Lady Hamilton taking from the heap without counting and playing with his money to the amount of £500 a night. Her rage is play and Sir William says when he is dead she will be a beggar. . . . She sits at the councils and rules everybody and everything." A picture touched up with feminine malice, no doubt, but—significant.

Then, from England, friend Davison writing after a serious talk with Lady Nelson: "She bids me say that, unless you return home in a few months, she will join the standard at Naples. Excuse a woman's tender feelings . . . too acute to be expressed." His financial state, Nelson replied, would not permit his setting up an establishment in Italy. Later, after his stepson Josiah had tackled him about the Emma affair and the suffering it caused his mother, Nelson told Davison: "There is no true happiness in this life, and in my present state I could quit it with a smile. Believe me, my only wish is to sink with honour to the grave; and when that shall please God, I shall meet death with a smile."

Prophetic words, so early in the romance which was soon to precipitate final separation from Lady Nelson in 1800, and her last piteous appeal a year later: ". . . . I now have to offer for your accommodation a comfortable warm House, do My Dear Husband let us live together. I can never be happy till such an event takes place I assure you again I have but one wish in the world, To please you—let everything be buried in oblivion it will pass away like a dream I can now only intreat you to believe I am most sincerely and affectionately your wife FRANCES H. NELSON."

Whatever the rights and wrongs of a marriage break such things are not forgotten; they leave a scar.

But there was also the effect of the *liaison* on Nelson's professional prestige and self-esteem, so vital to a naval officer. Ordered to sail for Minorca, which might be attacked by Bruix, he preferred to stay by his charmer and dispute the order. He was blamed for not troubling to intercept Napoleon's flight from Egypt. Fellow officers deplored his infatuation with Lady Hamilton, fearing that he thought more of his mistress than of his country. We know from his letters that he was not insensitive to the judgment of others, mistaken or not.

When he was ordered to blockade Malta he remained at Palermo, pleading ill-health. When Sir William was recalled to England he also obtained leave to return with them on a sort of triumphal progress through Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Hamburg. Emma now gave some the impression that she was conceited, arrogant. At Prince Esterhazy's party in Vienna she is said to have ignored Haydn at the piano and played faro. Mrs. St. George wrote of the Dresden visit:

"It is plain that Lord Nelson thinks of nothing but Lady Hamilton, who is totally occupied by the same object. She is bold, forward, coarse and vain. Her figure is colossal—she is exceedingly *embonpoint*. She resembles the bust of Ariadne. The shape of all her features is fine. . . . Lord Nelson is a little man without any dignity. Sir William is old, infirm, and all admiration for his wife." When Emma sang songs in Nelson's honour: "She puffs the incense full in his face; but he receives it with pleasure." Again, doubtless, a tincture of malice, but not a worthless picture of the Emma who had now told Nelson of their coming child, Horatia.

At the Yarmouth official reception she sat beside him in an open carriage, which produced the worst possible impression. Home again with Fanny, he seemed to think she would have no objection to a *ménage* of four, with the Hamiltons sharing. She had to endure humiliations. At the theatre he was so attentive to Emma that Fanny fainted. At Lady Spencer's he refused a glass of peeled walnuts with such a violent gesture that it smashed against a dish. Emma spread the story that Fanny was unloving and hindered his career. There were domestic quarrels, one of which sent Nelson pacing the streets till early morning, then to the Hamiltons for solace. Finally, Fanny told him she was sick of

**In April 1802 Sir William Hamilton, who had lately complained of the time Emma gave Nelson, died in her arms, holding Nelson's hand and committing Emma to his care.**

his constant references to Emma, and left him.

After the birth of Horatia in January 1801, Emma saw herself as a lady at Court, and set out to cultivate the Prince of Wales's favours—a step which provoked from her jealous lover the broadside: "I know his aim is to have you as his mistress. God strike him blind if he looks at you! May God blast him! Be firm!" While he was away at sea she bought and furnished the Merton house in his behalf.

In April 1802, Sir William, who had lately complained of the time she gave Nelson, died in her arms, holding Nelson's hand and committing her to his care.

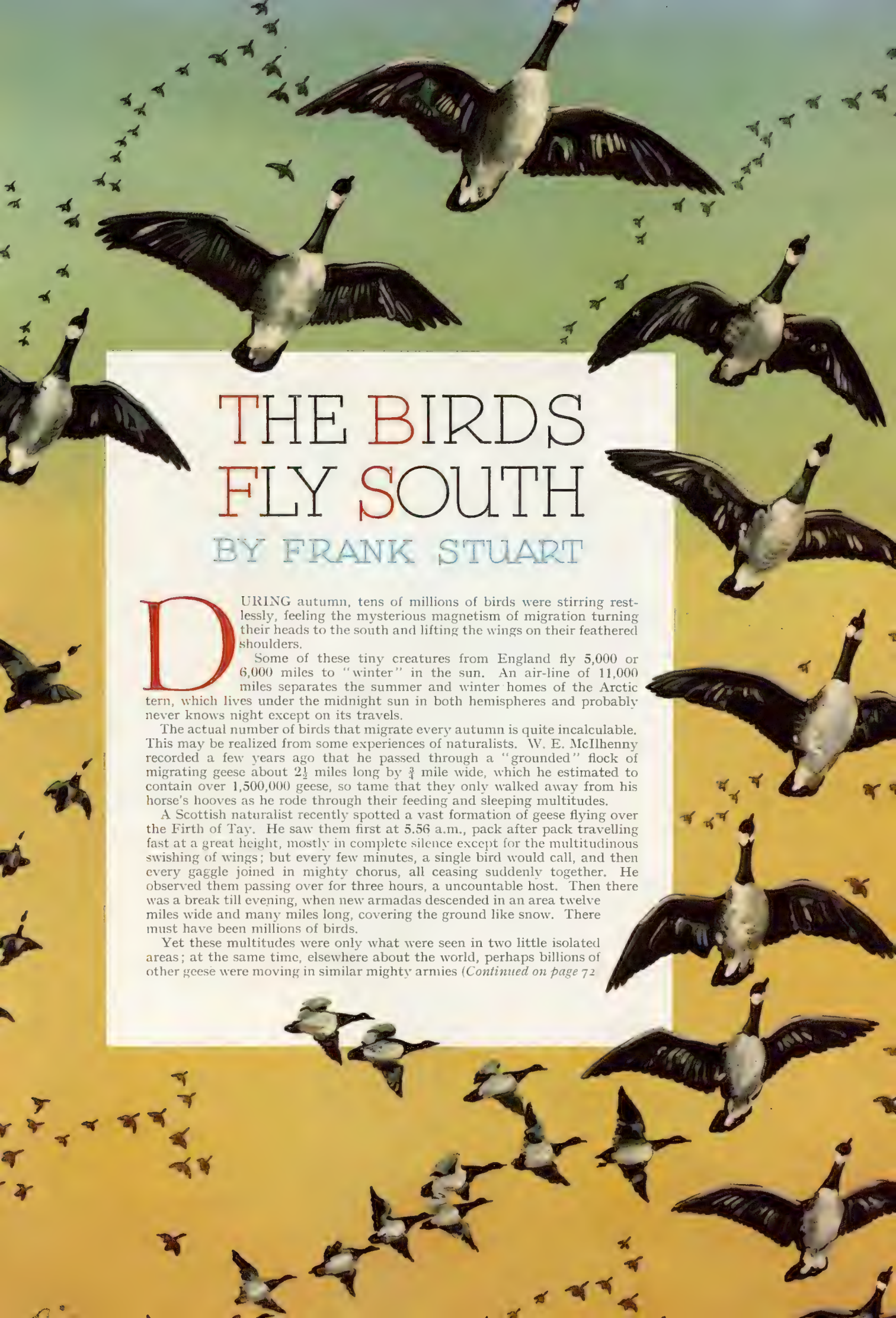
This left her free to plunge headlong into the Prince's raffish social set during Nelson's two years' absence as C.-in-C. Mediterranean in the *Victory*. She took a house in Clarges Street, Mayfair, gave extravagant parties, got deeply into debt, wrote Nelson for money. When at last he returned to Merton it was in a sober, less passionate mood. There were mutual scoldings, in which she treated him much as she would the naughty Horatia, whom he worshipped. "I am as happy as possible," he said and, according to Emma herself, declared dotingly: "Brave Emma! Good Emma! If there were more Emmas there would be more Nelsons!" Behind all this one senses a change in the tempo of their love: calm habit replacing infatuation, a consciousness of something lost. There is little doubt that he inwardly deplored much in her new social life, which pandered to her innate vulgarity and, incidentally, increased her weight to a round 14 stone.

Before Trafalgar he was preoccupied with the idea of death. In town he called on the upholsterer who had stored the coffin made from the mainmast of *L'Orient*, which Captain Hallowell had given him, that he might be buried in one of his Nile trophies. It was highly probable, he remarked grimly, that it would be required on his return. Off Cadiz he made a codicil to his will, commending Emma to the nation for her services at Naples and stipulating that his "adopted daughter" Horatia Nelson Thompson should use the name Nelson only. To Captain Blackwood, as he left the *Victory*, he said with emotion: "God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never speak to you again!" Showing him Emma's portrait in his cabin, he had said: "This is what inspires me; she loves glory, and will either triumph in my fame or weep over my grave."

He went into action in frock-coat uniform, boldly displaying all his orders in a way his officers thought unnecessarily conspicuous and dangerous. When Hardy urged that the *Victory* keep out of close action as long as possible to enable Nelson to preserve an overall view of the battle, he agreed to let *Leviathan* and *Téméraire* go ahead, then forthwith ordered further sail in the *Victory*, making the signal impossible to obey, and headed for the enemy.

He paid little heed when a shot passed between him and Hardy, bruising Hardy's foot with a splinter and tearing a buckle off his belt. "This," he remarked, smiling, "is too warm work, Hardy, to last long." He refused to take warning when Scott, his secretary, was shot down, and there were (*continued on page 96*)

**He went into action in frock-coat uniform, refused to take warning when Scott, his secretary, was shot down.**



# THE BIRDS FLY SOUTH

## BY FRANK STUART

DURING autumn, tens of millions of birds were stirring restlessly, feeling the mysterious magnetism of migration turning their heads to the south and lifting the wings on their feathered shoulders.

Some of these tiny creatures from England fly 5,000 or 6,000 miles to "winter" in the sun. An air-line of 11,000 miles separates the summer and winter homes of the Arctic tern, which lives under the midnight sun in both hemispheres and probably never knows night except on its travels.

The actual number of birds that migrate every autumn is quite incalculable. This may be realized from some experiences of naturalists. W. E. McIlhenny recorded a few years ago that he passed through a "grounded" flock of migrating geese about 2½ miles long by ¾ mile wide, which he estimated to contain over 1,500,000 geese, so tame that they only walked away from his horse's hooves as he rode through their feeding and sleeping multitudes.

A Scottish naturalist recently spotted a vast formation of geese flying over the Firth of Tay. He saw them first at 5.56 a.m., pack after pack travelling fast at a great height, mostly in complete silence except for the multitudinous swishing of wings; but every few minutes, a single bird would call, and then every gaggle joined in mighty chorus, all ceasing suddenly together. He observed them passing over for three hours, a uncountable host. Then there was a break till evening, when new armadas descended in an area twelve miles wide and many miles long, covering the ground like snow. There must have been millions of birds.

Yet these multitudes were only what were seen in two little isolated areas; at the same time, elsewhere about the world, perhaps billions of other geese were moving in similar mighty armies (*Continued on page 72*

*Illustration by Frank Lea*

*THEA looked obliquely across the dance floor. Alison seemed to have plenty to say to John and to be saying it forcibly. The sight inspired Thea with an instantaneous decision*

# Seventeenth Honeymoon

*By*

***Jossleyn Hennessy***

THEA MORROW was exhilarated. Every three years she preceded John home on leave from India by six months in order to see more of their boys. These periodical separations, long enough to be felt, not long enough to create differences, enabled them the better to appreciate what each meant to the other and gave zest to their reunions, so that each leave seemed like a new honeymoon. The day, to which she had been looking forward for weeks, had begun admirably when John's aeroplane arrived on the tick of scheduled time, and had since surpassed everything expected of it. He had slept most of the way, stepped out fresh and, as Thea thought fondly, handsomer than ever. They had lunched and spent the afternoon at the school where the two boys had received them with enthusiasm, and they had got back to London in time to dress leisurely for Covent Garden. The ballet had been superb and now they were dining at Florestans.

In London, as in Calcutta, men clustered round Thea. She responded with pleasure to their admiration; but any who ventured on a liberty were put in their places by a good-natured indifference that was more cutting than any reproof. She was so obviously wrapped up in John that there was no malice in their wives' envy of her looks and her clothes. To-night she was wearing a low-cut dress which fitted her like a sheath. With her figure, she could afford to. There was a glow in her heart as, looking at John, she reflected that after sixteen years of marriage, he was as thoughtful, attentive and gallant as he had been when he was trying to persuade her to marry him. It was from India that he had mapped out the whole day for her; all that his letter said was: "I am due in at 9 a.m. Please leave all arrangements for the next twenty-four hours to me." And from hour to hour, never revealing their next move, he had sprung delightful surprises on her.

Florestans had a minute dance floor and a discreet trio who murmured cunningly at the piano, violin and drums. Round the walls were a score of tables open to the floor, but curtained off from neighbours on either side. The lights were subdued; the atmosphere luxuriously cosy. John was flirting with her in the most acceptably outrageous fashion, and, since Thea had not heard the voices of their neighbours for some time, she had a suspicion that they were listening in.

"Do talk more quietly, John," she smiled. "The people next door must picture me as a pin-up girl whom you're trying to seduce."

"So you are! So I am!" John exulted, and, mingling tenderness with gaiety, he launched out afresh. He was drunk, not with wine, but with her and with the occasion, and Thea surrendered to her happiness without further thought of appearances.

When the coffee was served, John discovered that he had left his cigarette case in his overcoat and, (*Continued on page* 65)

Dawson City showing the mouth of the Klondyke River

# DAWSON, CITY OF GHOSTS

by

FRANK ILLINGWORTH

The largest nugget found at Bonanza Creek. Its weight was 64¼ ounces

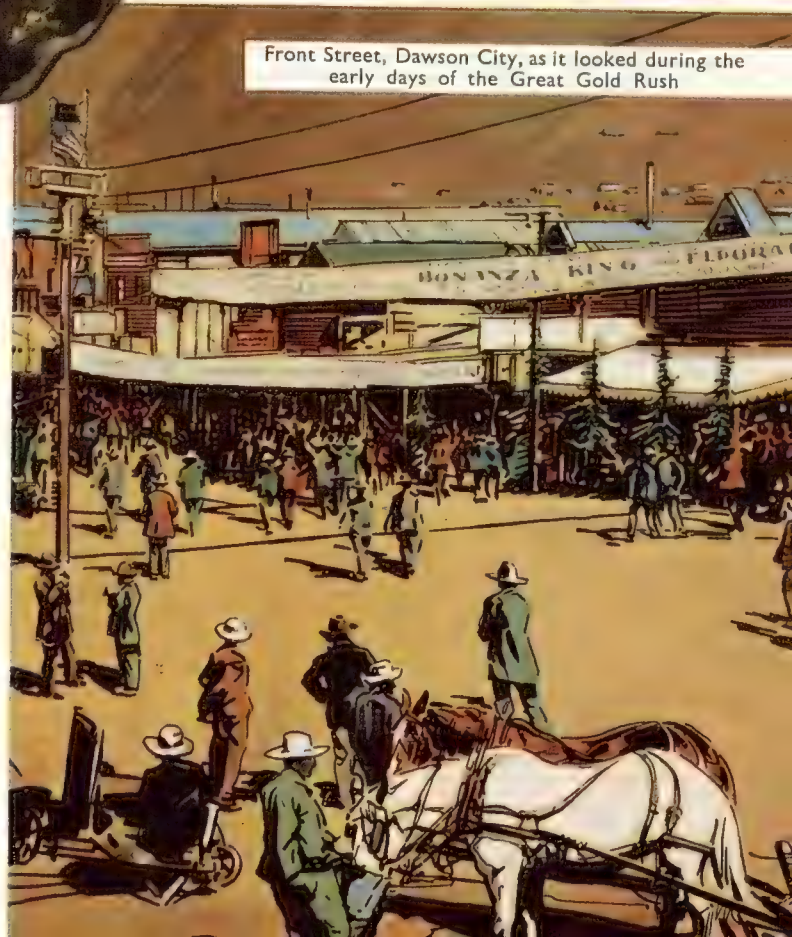
THEY have struck gold at Dawson City, hell-raising town of the fabulous Klondyke Gold Rush of fifty-odd years ago. It was found beneath rotting floorboards when a demolition gang began to tear down the shack in which gold dust was weighed in the days of Jack London, Dangerous Dan McGrew and Klondyke Katie. Gold "pans" were brought out, and in an afternoon the demolition men had "panned" £2,000 worth of yellow dust that in the Bad Days of Dawson had spilled on to the floor and fallen between the cracks.

They still mine gold commercially in Dawson City. But Dawson is a city of ghosts. Built in 1896 to 1900, in its heyday it exceeded 40,000 gold miners and adventurers. A virulent frontier town, it was vibrant with life. Champagne ran like the waters of the mighty Yukon River and the Klondyke, at the confluence of which Dawson was built. Here it was that Belinda Mulrooney became the Countess Charbonneau and made a fortune by clawing gold dust under her long finger nails, Cecily Marion promised to marry Christ Johnson for her weight in gold and Cad Wilson wore a $30,000 belt of ingots, where diamond-toothed Gertie displayed her legs, and where Klondyke Katie was queen.

What can Klondyke Katie think of this, her kingdom, when every summer she returns by river paddle-steamer from Seattle to review the memories of her heyday? For Dawson is a shadow of its former self, its population fallen from 40,000 to 700. Many of the log cabins of fifty years ago, the dance halls and gambling houses where fortunes in gold changed hands at a flick of a card, are still there, but always every one of them is dilapidated, boarded-up, empty except for its ghosts.

The Red Feather Saloon still stands, but where there was once music, laughter and blasphemy there is now masses of second-hand machinery, some of it piled on the old mahogany bar against which leant the gold-crazy men of Dawson City.

The fabulous Flora Dora is still there. The life-sized oil paintings of nudes in the gold frames of fifty years ago hang in the lobby, and the words Flora Dora still stand forth in golden splendour, a tarnished splendour but nevertheless (*Continued on page* 62)




Front Street, Dawson City, as it looked during the early days of the Great Gold Rush

Mrs. Adams, the office-cleaner, was alarmed, so she called a policeman. They found Densitter lying dead on the floor, stabbed with a metal paper-knife

# Speaking Of Murder

*How The Recorded Words On A Dictaphone Cylinder Solved The Mystery Of The Death Of Hugo Densitter*

## By Ray Sonin

THE police photographers had folded up their equipment and gone, the fingerprint expert had taken his powdery departure and the inert, blood-spattered body of Hugo Densitter had gone through the door of his thickly carpeted managing director's office for the last time.

Detective-Inspector Graham Linwood, C.I.D., turned thoughtfully to his sergeant, who was flicking through the pages of his notebook.

"Well," he said, "that's all the available witnesses interviewed. Now where does it get us?"

"Shall I read back what I've got, sir?" asked the sergeant.

"Don't bother. I'll recap, just to get the facts firmly in my mind. Now, let me see, this chap," he made a vague gesture in the direction of the departed corpse, "was working here late last night, as apparently he often did. Judging by the bottles and stuff we found in that cupboard, he wasn't always working when he stayed late—but that's nothing to do with anything. The facts are that there's no caretaker in this building, and that Densitter himself had the keys.

"Right. Now, we've checked up with his wife that just after seven o'clock last night, he phoned through to say that he would be home late—not until about ten o'clock. He told her that he had a couple of people coming to see him on business during the evening, and wasn't very happy about the nature of his interviews with them. His actual phrase was——"

"'The business was a bit awkward,'" read out the sergeant, helpfully.

"Exactly, and that was why he had left it until the rest of the office had closed down. His secretary, Betty Patrick—rather a nice bit of . . . oh, well, never mind—says she was the last of the staff to go. That was about six thirty. She offered to stay late, but he wouldn't have it. Apparently, it was quite a habit of his to clear up his outstanding work during the evening, and leave it for her to attend to when she came in the next morning. Anything I've missed out from her evidence, Sergeant?"

"Yes, sir," answered his henchman, consulting his notebook. "Densitter didn't tell her that he had those two people coming to see him during the evening."

"No, he didn't, by jove," remarked Linwood. "And that's strange because she was his confidential secretary, apparently. I'll remember that; it may be important. Now to the murder. At eight o'clock this morning, Mrs. Adams, the office-cleaner, came in as usual and found the back entrance unlocked. She was alarmed by that, so she called a policeman and they came up together. They found this room in a state of confusion, showing obvious signs of a struggle. Densitter was lying dead on the floor, stabbed with a metal paper-knife—nastily and often. The paper-knife is his own, it was always kept on his

desk, and the murderer had conveniently left it embedded in the body—so for once we don't have to start searching for the murder-weapon. There is apparently nothing missing from the room or from the corpse's possessions, so we can rule out robbery as the motive."

"That's right, sir," agreed the sergeant. "All that loose money in his desk wasn't touched, nor was his gold cigarette-case or his wallet or his keys. . . ."

"Quite so. It definitely wasn't robbery. Now the doctor says Densitter had been dead roughly about ten hours when he was found, so that puts the murder at ten o'clock last night. The murderer wore gloves, and there doesn't seem to be a fingerprint of any use anywhere. All of which is extremely helpful, I *don't* think!"

He looked round the room frowning, but his eyes lit up as they alighted on a Dictaphone standing by the desk. The speaking-tube hung snakelike down to the floor.

"I wonder——?" he muttered to himself.

"What, sir?" asked the sergeant.

"From my knowledge of business men," answered Linwood, "they often use Dictaphones to save 'em the trouble of getting to the office early in the morning. They dictate letters and instructions on it overnight, and these are typed straight from the cylinder the next morning. I wonder if there's anything on this thing?"

He went over to the Dictaphone, and examined it. He found the earphones, slipped them on, pressed a switch and listened intently.

The thick, rumbling voice of the dead man came over clearly. "Write to Garshaw," it said, "and tell him we accept his quotation, if he can promise delivery by the 23rd. Send a memo to the Leeds office to keep on Garshaw's tail and make sure that he *does* deliver, by that date. Do those first thing in the morning; I'll give you some more later." There was a pause, then Densitter—his voice sounding rather ruffled—spoke again. "Make a memo of this for my personal file, Miss Patrick. You won't like doing it, and nor did I, but what else could I do? I arranged for Thompson to see me to-night, and he has just been here. I told him I was most dissatisfied with his handling of the East Coast area, and I am terminating his engagement as from this Friday. Send a confirmatory letter to him, and arrange for the cashier to

She flashed Linwood a grateful half-smile and was about to leave when Severance remarked lightly: "Just a minute, Miss Patrick—how long has Mr. Thompson been your young man?"

draw him a month's salary in lieu of notice. Most upsetting interview it was, I'm afraid; bad-tempered, hulking young fellow he is—or can't you see it? About a replacement—well, I'll find a better man." The voice went low and strangely sinister. "There are many better men about, you know."

There was another pause. "Have just seen Masters," went on the dead man, his voice now back to its rumbling smoothness, "and have demanded a clear statement of accounts by Monday in view of what I have heard. Strongly suspect from his manner that the hints I have had from his department are true, and I have warned him that I shall have no compunction in putting the matter into the hands of the police if I find that any money is missing." Another pause ensued, and when it was broken, the volume of the voice had changed as if it was speaking away from the instrument. "Hallo," it said, "haven't you gone yet? I thought I told you I had no more to. . . . Hey, what are you doing with . . .? Leave that alone!"

The voice broke off. The cylinder whirred away smoothly to its end, but there was no more talking.

*Illustrations by S. Tresilian*

"Now that sounds most helpful," said Linwood, excitedly. "Sergeant, get your book out and take this down carefully as I dictate it to you."

"Was it the corpse speaking, sir?" asked the sergeant, his eyes alight with interest.

Linwood was juggling with the Dictaphone controls. "It certainly was," he answered. "And he was speaking of murder, if you ask me."

He began to repeat the dead man's words as they came over his earphones, and the sergeant's flying pencil kept pace with them to such good effect that in a few minutes the job was done. They looked up from their labours with an air of satisfaction that suddenly changed to one of consternation. Their jaws dropped, for standing in the room with a benign expression of the deepest interest on a chubby face was a dapper little man with a dark red rose in his buttonhole. He beamed at them, and greeted them in a precise, high-pitched voice.

"Good morning, gentlemen. That was most illuminating!"

"What the devil are you doing here?" exploded Linwood.

"I thought I could be of some assistance to you in your investigations."

"Oh, you did, did you? And is that any reason why you should barge in here while police officers are carrying out most important and very confidential investigations?"

"Every reason," replied the little man, placidly. "I wanted to hear what was on that Dictaphone cylinder."

As Linwood grew red in the face and swelled up with anger, the sergeant bent his head over his notebook to hide a smile. The cheek of the little fellow! You couldn't help liking him.

The detective's anger resolved itself into a spluttering that began several sentences and didn't finish them. While the intruder watched him calmly, he compromised at last with a question that suggested that he had decided to take the line of least resistance.

"Who are you? What's your name?"

"My name," replied the little man, primly, "is Simon Severance. I am a business efficiency expert, and I was called in a month ago by the late Mr. Densitter to tighten up the methods of this firm."

"Business efficiency expert," snorted Linwood. "That's nothing but a snooper."

"Quite so," agreed Severance, blandly. "Just like a detective."

Linwood reddened. "Look here," he burst out, "I'm going to have you arrested. . . ."

The imperturbable visitor cut him short. "The powers of arrest are very clearly defined," he said. "Any abuse of such powers is most dangerous, as I was saying only last night to your superior, the Assistant Commissioner of Scotland Yard. He's my cousin, you know."

There was an uncomfortable silence. The words that were trembling on Linwood's lips remained unspoken, and he swallowed hastily. The sergeant hid another smile; this was good, this was.

"Anyway," went on the little man, cheerfully, "you won't need me now that the murder is so completely solved."

"Solved?" gulped Linwood.

"Of course. The Dictaphone has given us the whole solution. It's all quite clear now, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes. Er—quite so." The detective collected himself. "It's obvious we've got to get on the track of those two men that Densitter interviewed last night. One of them is the murderer, and it won't take us long to find out which one."

"Action, my dear Inspector," approved Severance. "Let us have action by all means. The two men, you say, hold the key to this riddle?"

"Of course," answered Linwood. He forgot his annoyance at the little man. If anything, Severance's relationship to the Assistant Commissioner, far from frightening him, had put him on his mettle. Now was the chance to show him what a *real* detective could do. "As I see it," he went on, pacing the carpet, "Densitter finished dictating his letters and memoranda and looked up to find one of the men he had previously interviewed. 'Hallo, haven't you gone yet?' he asked, because he had obviously expected that the chap would have left the building by then. His next words make it clear that, as far as he was concerned, the interview was at an end and he did not wish to discuss the matter any further."

"His actual words," remarked Severance, were: 'I thought I told you I had no more to. . . .'"

"Good memory," observed Linwood. "What he was actually going to say was: 'I thought I told you I had no more to say on the matter' or '. . . no more to discuss with you.' The rest is even more simple. The murderer picked up the paper-knife. Densitter said: 'Hey, what are you doing with . . .?' (obviously 'what are you doing with that paper-knife?') 'Leave that alone!' That was the last he was able to say, because the murderer leaped at him, there was a struggle and . . . you know the rest. The murderer rushed out of the building. He hadn't got the keys—he didn't stay to take them from the body—and so he couldn't lock the outside door. It explains everything."

"Yes, it is certainly most interesting," mused Severance. Linwood looked at him sharply, but the little man's expression was as bland as ever. "And what is your next step, Inspector?"

"To locate the two fellows who came here last night—Masters and Thompson. We'll search the country for them."

"I don't think (*Continued on page* 90)

## Gathering The Mountain Sheep

Under the shadow of Ben Klibreck sheep make their way down to the plains near Lairg, Sutherlandshire

(*On right*) Blackfaced ewes from the central Highlands gathered in a pen for shearing

# Gathering The Mountain Sheep

By

## Richard Perry

ALL through the summer the hill sheep-farmers and shepherds of Britain are gathering their sheep off hill, fell and moor, down to sheep-fold, pen or *fank*, to be sheared or dipped or graded for the sales. To gather their sheep they rely entirely upon their sheep-dogs. Without their collies they would be helpless. To work with sheep-dogs on the hills is to enjoy the rare experience of man and beast working in perfect harmony (sometimes !). Some of my happiest days have been spent on the hills with my dogs. Come out with me to a day's gathering—a fine day we hope, for there is not much fun to be found huddled up on a hilltop in the rain, waiting for the clouds to lift before we can see the sheep we have come out to gather !

Gathering morning ! Crawling out of bed at four o'clock one staggers sleepily into the farm-kitchen for a snack of tea and scones. Everyone is in a very bad temper, and it is a relief to escape outside into the freshness of a perfect summer morning, and swing away up the stony track, which soon loses itself in the pathless waste of the moors, with the dogs, six of them, leaping ahead. There are three of us—the farmer, an old man of seventy-five, but as hardy as only a hill farmer can be, his son and myself. Two shepherds are making their way up from their lonely dwellings on the other side of the mountain that towers above the farm-steading down by the sea ; for our sheep range far and wide over 10,000 acres of glen and forest, moor and hill, and to the very summit of the mountain, 2,500 ft. above the sea, into which it falls almost sheer on the shepherds' side. On two sides the "marches" of the sheep-run are bounded by the sea : on the third side by a great glen, a rift between two ranges of hills. The shepherds are fifteen miles from the nearest village.

Shearers busy shearing blackfaced sheep in the Cairngorms

A RED sun was just rising over the nearest hill, and the cattle were stretching stiffly on the braes above the farm, as we topped the moor and went down into the glen that lay between us and the mountain. Already there was a burning heat, such as I had rarely experienced on the hill before, and the heavy undergrowth of fragrant bog-myrtle (the sweet-gale) and waist-high bracken was drenched with dew. There was a stillness and a freshness upon Earth at this hour, in exquisite contrast to the toil and sweat and hurly-burly with which the day would end among the hundreds of sheep seething in the pens. The morning mists still lay over the hills cradling those other lonely farms, from which the morning smoke curled up. No other hills were being gathered this morning, and the mighty sweep of moor and mountain lay silent —not a voice or whistle, nor even the bleat of a sheep or dog's bark, save when some alert collie, miles distant, gave tongue. Once I conquered anew the mental apprehension of tackling so steep a climb so early in the morning, a gathering was always the high spot of a hill shepherd's life.

We climbed up through the ancient birch forest on the other side of the glen in tolerable coolness, heaving ourselves up over fallen trunks that caved in beneath our boots, squelching through black peat-mosses, and scrambling up and down the slippery black rocks of the waterfalls in a steep glen that we crossed and recrossed ; for the narrow deer-path we followed wound up and up through the thick heather on either side of the glen. From time to time we went down on our knees to lap at the ice-cold waters of a spring.

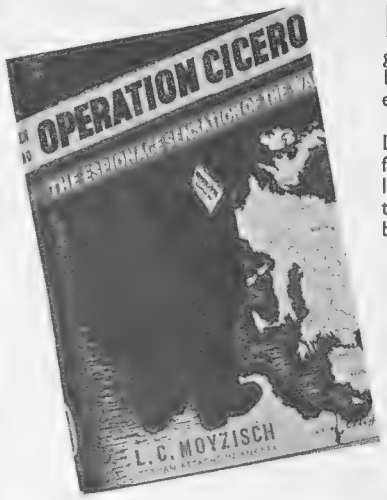
Monadh of Uist, the author's collie. To gather their sheep the farmers rely entirely upon their sheep-dogs, and without them they would be helpless

THOUGH so early in the morning, the blazing heat made it hard for us to climb what seemed an endless succession of heights, each steeper than the previous one, and it was an astonishing feat of endurance by the Old Man, who was reduced to discarding his jacket and waistcoat and caching them under a tree. We were thankful that there were only a few sheep to be gathered out of this jungle. Hill sheep go up to rest at night on breezy flats and hilltops, free from flies and midges, so that if the shepherd gets up sufficiently early in the morning, the sheep can be turned, before they have had time to go down into the woods and glens again for their day's feeding. A sign to one of our hunting collies, and he soon had these few stragglers galloping out on to the moors, where we could gather them in when we came down from the tops again.

By six o'clock we were 2,000 ft. up on the stony plateau below the summit peaks, watching for the two shepherds ; and soon little files of sheep were to be seen coming up from the other side of the mountain and trotting across the plateau. Strolling leisurely after them, I stood on a crag, a thousand feet above the moors, looking down on the shepherds and their dogs deployed so far below. But the world of Man was remote : the world of Nature all-pervading : the solitude infinite. The croak of a raven, the quavering whistle of a curlew on the moors, the thin yelping of a gull on the seashore fell singly on the silence and were as detached from reality as the toy boat, with its pencil-plume of smoke, steaming in from the Isles. I was hardly conscious of the shepherds whistling to their barking collies. The blurred bleating of sheep was a natural undertone to the murmur of burn waters.

By this time the five of us were strung out on a three-mile front, two on either slope of the hill and myself on top. With my two dogs circling out on either hand, I gathered before me these higher-feeding sheep, driving them down to the moors to be picked up by the other men. From time to time a wild old ewe would break back, taking with her some of the younger sheep and lambs, and head (*Continued on page* 88)

## The Ambassador's Valet




IS it possible that the Albanian valet of our wartime Ambassador in Ankara, Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugesson, was craftily photographing Top Secret documents with a Leica when he should have been pressing trousers, and selling the negatives to von Papen's enemy set-up for £300,000 in British banknotes?

Alas, we have to accept the astounding story German attaché L. C. Moyzisch tells in **"Operation Cicero"** (Wingate, 8s. 6d.), for a Foreign Office official whom I consulted told me that, by and large, it is broadly true. And it is but small consolation to know that Berlin did not put the vital information to full, deadly use because Ribbentrop and Kaltenbrunner were too busy quarrelling over credit for it.

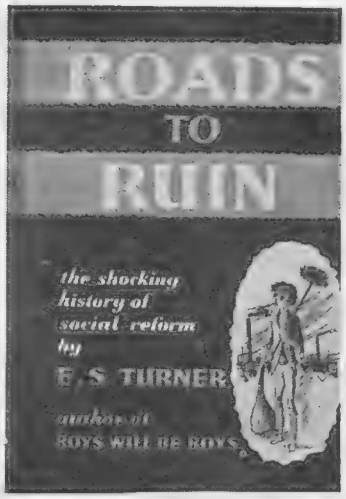
The valet, "Cicero," said he hated us because a blundering Englishman shot his father in mistake for a game-bird, but at least he loved English money, unaware that all but £40,000 of it was German-forged. The secret meetings in dark Ankara byways have all the drama of an Oppenheim thriller. Minutes of the Moscow, Cairo and Teheran conferences, details of Allied supplies to Russia, even a hint of Overlord, our coming Second Front . . . *Phew!* What that valet was peddling makes one gasp. Didn't the Ambassador's trousers begin to lose their razor-edge, telling him something was wrong?

The book makes highly diverting reading.

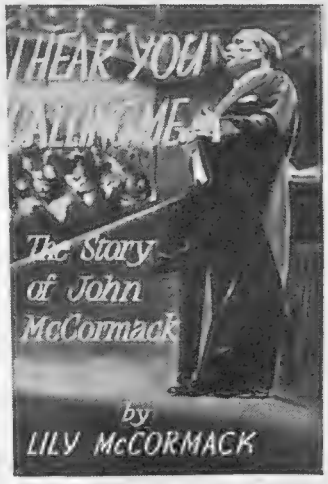
EARLY in Count John McCormack's career, when he had a bad cold and couldn't sing at an Athlone concert, William Ludwig, who was giving it, told him: "What you need, young man, is someone to look after you. And here is the very little lady. Miss Foley, may I introduce John McCormack?" Both blushed furiously, but the introduction proved prophetic, for eventually they fell in love and married; and now Lily McCormack tells the story of John's life in **"I Hear You Calling Me"** (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.): a very human memoir of broad interest to musical people, especially if they haven't already read L. A. G. Strong's biography.

# Books:

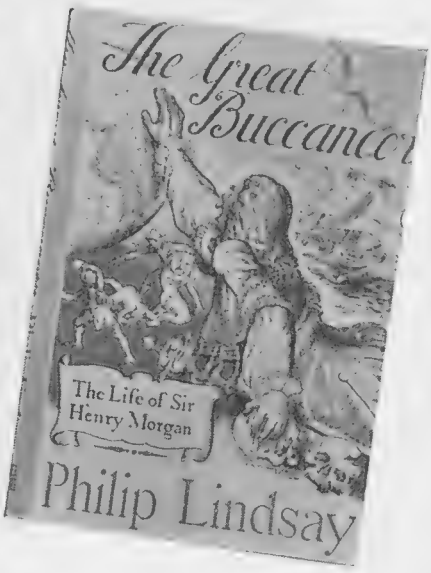
*Reviewed by*
*Trevor Allen*




WE hardly suspected that social reforms had a "shocking" history, but the "shock" is in the *furore* created at the time by measures we now take for granted, wondering what all the fuss was about. E. S. Turner surveys a dozen in **"Roads to Ruin"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), including the Plimsoll Line for shipping, sweeping chimneys with brushes instead of small boys, the abolition of disembowelling for traitors, legalizing marriage to the deceased wife's sister, the Saturday half-holiday, and Daylight Saving. But the *bonnebouche* of scandal is, of course, Mrs. Ormiston Chant's "Prudes on the Prowl" campaign to close the notorious Empire promenade in Leicester Square, haunt of Victorian demi-reps and men-about-town. How people raged and argued about that! And in the calm after the storm, when the Empire had been so morally "cleansed" that it had to change to films to keep going, the last "live" show was —significantly—*Lady, Be Good!*

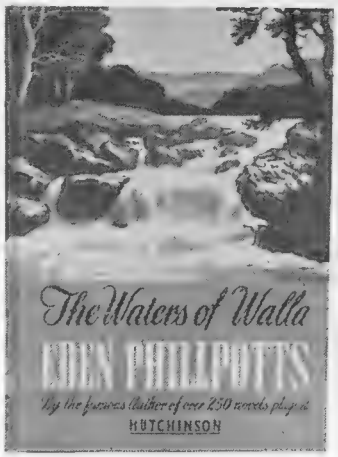


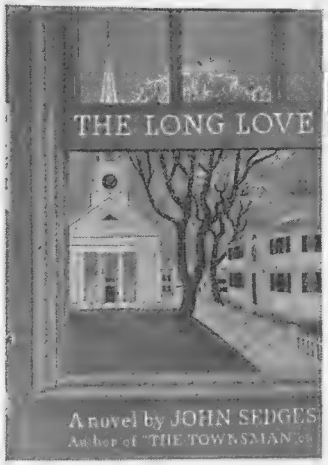

TRAILING President Auriol across the Sahara, trying to interview Russian generals, covering the official closing of the Paris brothels, checking up a new herbal "cure" for the bald, reporting abortive balloon ascents in France, exploring quaint little Andorra, eluding a blonde Red spy: William Attwood certainly enjoyed himself as U.S. Pressman in Europe and Africa, 1946-48, and **"The Man Who Could Grow Hair"** (Wingate, 10s. 6d.) records the humorous side of his assignments in *New Yorker* fashion, with Roger Duvoisin's amusing drawings. It took some courage to say "Press" to Paris madams who thought he was a customer, but he got out scatheless with his "story."




TOUGH to the core was that bold pirate king Sir Henry Morgan, who made a cult of pillage, ransom, rape, torture in his climb to knighthood, and wasn't above diddling his merry men of their rightful "cut" from spoils. One of his strokes of genius was forcing nuns and priests to act as shield and carry scaling ladders in his attack on Puerto Bello. The amazing thing is that the blackguard should have been given a state funeral with a salute of twenty-one guns before a weeping, ruffianly multitude. Philip Lindsay's **"The Great Buccaneer"** (Peter Nevill, 16s.) resounds with lusty exploits and enterprises of the kind that made him also an Empire builder—of sorts.

Builders in a homelier, more modest way are the wives of Colonial officials who serve husband and (*Continued on page* 100)



# Times Past And Present

Clocks can be as decorative as they are functional. This article discusses timepieces of the past and how they can best be used in modern and period schemes of decoration

HAVE you ever been in a clock shop at noon when, as if one were among a cosmopolitan group of strangers, all suddenly talk at once? Amidst the clamour of clock voices you hear the cultured, well-mannered chime of an eighteenth-century timepiece raised against the shrill, excited clamour of a little French clock, determined to be heard. In the mass, like this, clocks reveal their personalities and I have often imagined the surprise—and perhaps discomfiture—of a beautiful little clock suddenly isolated by its purchaser in a setting with which it has nothing in common! Though clocks are the most indispensable of household effects they very often come as an afterthought in a scheme of furnishing, whereas if they have their due, their personalities should be pleasantly harmonized with the surroundings.

A modern scheme of furnishing presents no difficulties, but what about period schemes? Not everyone can afford genuine antique clocks, but attractive and excellent reproductions of the smaller domestic clock are made now and, happily placed, they settle cosily into their setting, ready to fulfil a very practical function.

Modern reproduction clocks are mostly confined to designs used before the end of the eighteenth century but with a little knowledge one can pick up very charming original Regency and Victorian timepieces if the scheme of furnishing requires something from a later period.

OF the earlier timepieces, the "lantern" clock is one of the most successful to be reproduced. As the illustration shows it is made of brass with the dial fixed on the body of the clock and surmounted by a dome-shaped bell. This was one of the first clocks to be used domestically (about 1600) and is charming in a scheme of Jacobean oak, or for that matter, in any "cottage" scheme.

With other arts and sciences clock-making received a great impetus with the Restoration of Charles II. Thomas Tompion "Father of English Watch-making" was patronized by the King and this eminent man and his contemporaries developed the grandfather clock and the bracket clock which was, with variations, the standard domestic clock from the Restoration to the latter part of the eighteenth century.

EARLY bracket clocks were made of walnut, ebonized wood, or marquetry with brass dials and perforated domed top which later developed into a bell shape. Keep these earlier clocks with your Queen Anne walnut, but if you have mahogany furniture and enough money, search for a Chippendale clock. This great designer dreamed up some fabulous Chinese and rococo designs, too ornate for most tastes but there are beautiful simple ones. Unfortunately there are no reproductions but only costly originals.

A SIMPLE mahogany bracket clock of the Chippendale period is the "broken pediment." The name is misleading, for the top of the clock is barrel shaped, following the line of the dial. Later comes the Sheraton "balloon" design. The case again follows the line of the dial and is waisted below, spreading out again at the base. Belonging to this period, too, is the "Lancet" clock, which is Gothic in shape. These later eighteenth-century clocks feel at home with light mahogany and Adam furnishings.

A charming feature of the eighteenth century was the musical clock, which tinkled airs such as "A Rigadoon," "Hunt ye Squirrel," "A Young Virgin of Fifteen," and "Don't you Tickle Me." These, again, are collectors' pieces, but there is always the chance that one may pick up one cheaply. (*Continued on page* 98)

Both the clocks illustrated are modern reproductions. The one on the right simulates a Cromwellian lantern clock in polished brass, blending the atmosphere of the past with a reliable modern movement. Above is a replica of an early eighteenth-century model by Charles Gretton in polished walnut with brass dial and fittings. Smiths Clocks

None of the objects illustrated costs more than £2 and some considerably less. Right is a casual group of junk-shop finds any of which would make a charming gift, the spider glass jug, the Bristol wine-glass, the dainty Venetian vase, the Bohemian oil carafe or the English custard glasses. Chinoiserie, temporarily out of vogue at present, is correspondingly inexpensive and bronzes such as the incense burner above can be picked up for a song. The two French coffee cups and saucers in a delicate pink and gilt lustre make a luxury gift in these utility-conscious days, while decorative ornaments, like the seahorse in Irish Beleek ware, or the silver match stand, will always be appreciated

# A Gift For A Song

*The junk shop as a rewarding hunting ground for inexpensive gifts that are both unique and acceptable*

ONE of the chief joys of junk-hunting is the element of the unexpected. You may be looking for Georgian silver spoons and find instead the odd cup and saucer that will complete a favourite aunt's cherished tea service, or a roseate Bristol glass to make up your dearest friend's set of six. This kind of Christmas present costs very little in terms of cash but flatters the recipient by its personal nature as well as by its intrinsic charm.

Singleness is indeed blessed so far as the junk shops are concerned. For while perfect pairs of china ornaments so beloved by our ancestors are now collectors' pieces and priced accordingly, the odd Rockingham dog or lonely Dresden shepherdess may be picked up for a very modest sum.

This disdain of the dealer for the odd survivor of sets or pairs makes it possible for the junk-hunter to find really lovely examples of old English or French cups and saucers. Given singly they make the ideal gift for discerning friends who would enjoy hunting for further examples to make up their own unique harlequin tea or coffee service.

Such reminders of bygone elegance, grouped together on an old papier mâché tray (still to be bought for a pound or two) will provide pleasure for the eye and prove to a utility-conscious generation the truth that a good cup of tea tastes better drunk from a real china cup.

A recent West End exhibition of sea shells proved the fascination these miracles of natural form have for people of all tastes and ages. I have found many fine examples washed up on to back street barrows, or stranded on the dusty shelves of provincial salerooms. Some of the larger kinds are not only beautiful to look at but like the familiar scallop shell make useful ashtrays or original containers for pepper and salt. And what better present for a child than one of those glossy, dappled cowrie shells with delicately serrated lip, holding within their convolutions the thunder of the ocean?

Now that jewellery no longer has to be precious to be fashionable, junk shops and market stalls offer exciting prizes for anyone with the patience to hunt for them. Beads are "in" again and jet high fashion as well as highly flattering, so keep a look-out for good examples of both. You may also have the luck of finding a set of silver Victorian buttons, a fine old gilt or French paste buckle, or a pinchbeck brooch—all presents that will cost little but be rapturously received.

In fact, with average luck, your only difficulty after your treasure hunt will be in parting from your finds!

LAUREL PASCAL

*The four water-colour studies below are examples of Marian Bloom's work, although no monotone reproduction can do justice to their colour. The magnolia study, the largest of the four pictures, is 25 gns., roses 12 gns., polyanthus 10 gns., and cosmos 6 gns., in each case the price includes a very attractive frame. These pictures can be seen at Oetzmann's, where orders for special paintings can be placed.*

# Wall Bouquet

FLOWER paintings fulfil all the conditions set by pictures that are to be enjoyed as decoration in the home. They are easy to live with, both in subject matter and style, and based on colour harmonies borrowed from nature, they blend happily with most decorating schemes.

A beautiful picture deserves a place of honour in a scheme of decoration. In fact, the only way to obtain a perfect setting is to use the painting itself as a basis for the colour scheme. This seldom proves practical, and the only alternative, up till now, has been to rely on the chance good fortune of finding a picture that fortuitously matched the existing furnishings.

A new and far from costly solution to the problem is to have a picture painted to order, of flowers whose colours match exactly the room's décor. Marian Bloom, the artist who has painted these charming water-colours, will paint a flower picture to match any furnishing colour scheme, using her own choice of blooms, or she will make a study of any flowers particularly specified. In all cases her pictures are designed in terms of a domestic setting so that they merge happily into the room for which they were painted.

# Jewellery Takes

A white nylon net gown has a youthful simplicity matched by a necklet of matched pearls with a pendant motif of diamonds. National Jewellers' Association.

"COSTUME jewellery" is a phrase that has only recently entered the language, and in itself indicates an established trend in fashion. The term is used to cover a multitude of clips, pins, necklaces and trinkets designed for the clothes rather than for the person. This class of jewellery need not even be jewelled; it can be fabulously valuable or represent no greater worth than the workmanship that went to fashion it. Its intrinsic value is not the measure of its effectiveness. The one standard by which it stands or falls is that it should complement the ensemble with which it is worn, enhancing the fabric or the colour scheme, emphasizing the line of the clothes and, in its turn, receiving a perfect foil for itself.

This is a minor revolution in the approach to jewellery. Couturiers admit to designing clothes around jewellery, and jewellers, in their turn, study the fashion trends closely so that their creations may keep in step with the changing mood of fashion. The result is a close partnership between jewellery and clothes, to the mutual enhancement of each.

When the great French dressmakers introduced the fabulous collar necklace, which was virtually a "cape" of jewels designed to be worn with the extreme decolletage of recent fashion, the principle of jewellery as the complement of fashion was fully established. This season, jewellers have gone on to explore new effects of colour and to discover how colour in jewellery can offset and enhance beautiful clothes.

TO-DAY the focus of fashion is upon colourful gems—rubies, sapphires, emeralds and the more brilliant of the semi-precious varieties such as topaz, amethyst and the fire-flashing opal. One famous jeweller has designed flower-spray brooches in which the "flowers" have detachable heads, so that the gems can be unscrewed and replaced by others to match or harmonise with the wearer's clothes. These are costly jewels, but the principle of using colourful

The low decolletage so fashionable for evening has brought the necklet back in vogue. An Aquamarine pendant and clips harmonise with claret-coloured jersey. National Jewellers' Association.

An imitation pearl necklace with a tassel which can be worn at the front, side or back. Matched with pearl and paste drop ear-rings. Paris House.

# A Partnership

A collar of velvet ribbon sewn with pearls is effective, though simple enough for clever fingers to fashion. Pearls are sewn at the intersections and around the throat.

stones as dress accessories is the same, whether the gems are real or synthetic.

A collection of costume jewellery, varied enough to offset the clothes with which they are teamed, is a tremendous asset. A simple gown takes on a new elegance if ear-rings, necklet, brooch or clips are matched and harmonised in colour.

Picture an evening dress of nut-brown satin—a very fashionable colour this season—with sherry-yellow topaz jewellery. Cut crystal beads and ear-rings have a scintillating delicacy with white, and amethysts enrich the pastel mauves and are heavenly with grey.

An attractive clip gives the individual note to a simple, classic suit ; a jaunty beret instantly becomes fashion-conscious with an attractive brooch pinned into it. A wardrobe of clever costume jewellery, whatever its intrinsic worth, gives a new importance to clothes.

In breaking away from the mere imitations of precious jewellery, designers have discovered the endless decorative possibilities of materials which have never before been used, such as straw, braid, imitation fruit and flowers, beside the increasing and improving plastics.

Colourful, dashing jewellery is in the current fashion mood. It can be used in much the same way as haute couture so brilliantly uses precious gems, boldly and imaginatively to unite jewels and clothes into a delightful, integrated whole.

Semi-precious stones have been in great demand since the war years made them very scarce. The beautiful settings which distinguishd the Victorian jewellery, so much of which we have been buying and wearing for the past few years, has set a new standard, and now that new, semi-precious and synthetic jewels are appearing again in greater quantities, they show a distinct improvement in design from pre-war standards. New craftsmanship has had to establish itself again in competition with old.

Clinging to a bare, young throat, a charming evening necklet and matching ear-rings of straw with artificial fruit and leaves. Paris House.

This two-strand flexible gold chain with pendant inlaid with diamonds typifies the modern trend for bold jewellery borrowed from the past. Worn outside the collar of a black dress, the effect is dramatic.

# Patchwork

An article by Luba Stone for
been inspired by the new

The tablecloth photographed above is an intricate example based on hexagons and their derivatives. A plain, dark border gives unity to the multi-colour diamond shapes. Crazywork at home, below, in a cottage décor.

PATCHWORK can create some lovely designs, as anyone who visits the Victoria and Albert Museum can see, and it has a history as fascinating, and as scrappy, as it is itself. Moreover, have you ever thought that a piece of patchwork is symbolic of life itself, a welding together of many-coloured experiences, some bright, some dull, into a mosaic?

The earliest example known to-day is the funeral tent of an Egyptian queen, made of gazelle hide, dyed and sewn like modern gloves. From the time of King Solomon we jump to the Crusaders, who brought back the art with them from the East, using it for their elaborate banners and for the cloaks worn under their mail. From them it spread throughout South and West Europe, but does not appear to have been practised in Scandinavia.

In the past the art of "piecing" has been used in conjunction with appliqué or quilting or both, particularly in America, which for the past two centuries has been the home of the patchwork quilt, some of which are exquisite in their design and stitchery.

There are two main types of "piecing," crazywork and that based on geometric designs.

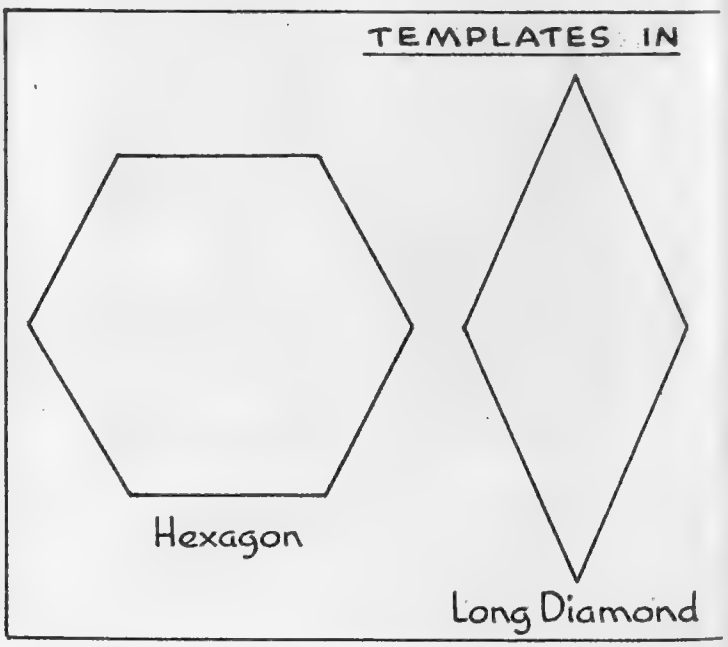
Crazywork, as the name implies, is built up of odd-shaped pieces of material, disposed to no particular pattern. It was probably the earliest form and can look very well if some simple rules are remembered.

Use plain fabrics as far as possible, and if patterned pieces are used, see that they do not exceed a third of the total (save them for geometric work). If you must use patterned pieces, choose small, delicate designs without any great variation of colour.

Vary the patches as much as possible in size and shape; curved patches are a relief from too many angles. Try to keep the texture of the patches the same.

Remember that black next to a brilliant shade will appear to heighten it and white will make it look paler.

To-day crazywork is usually made on a strong foundation which is completely covered by the patches. Cut half a dozen patches of varying shapes and sizes and pin them in position as you find a suitable arrangement. Don't attempt to fit one into another, but overlap each slightly over the preceding one, creasing in a single narrow turning, and pin it in position on



# Renaissance

## needlewomen who have recently craze for patchwork.

the foundation. Leave raw the edges to be overlapped by other patches. Cut more patches from time to time so that there is sufficient choice, but don't cut them all at the start, as you cannot then judge what will be needed of any particular colour. If you have few patches of one colour, avoid using them all in one part of the work. Crumpled or creased patches should be ironed before pinning so that they will lie flat.

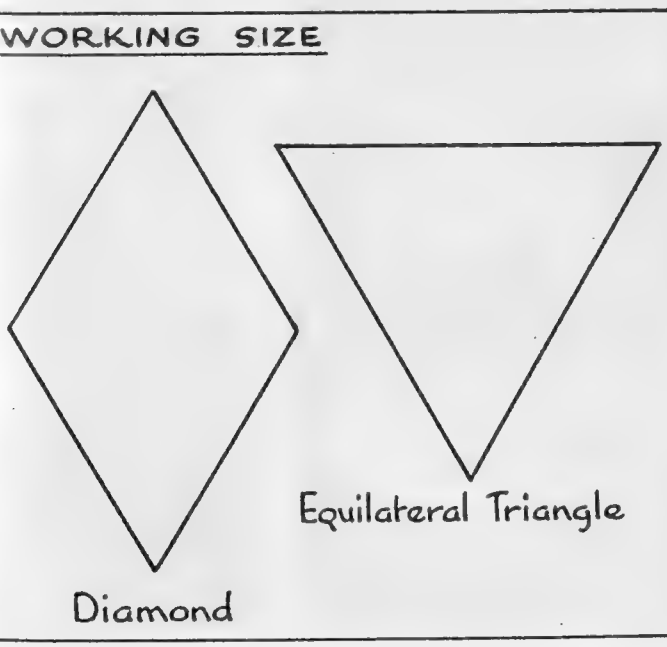
When a portion has been pinned, tack the patches in position, then the work of sewing them may be done in odd moments. When they are all in place, hem down, using matching cotton and taking care that the stitches go through the foundation as well as any underlying patches. The seams can then be embroidered to hide the many joins. Feather stitch and chain stitch are excellent for this purpose.

GEOMETRIC designs are based on very simple shapes—the square, triangle, diamond or hexagon, but the results can be both beautiful and intricate. A template, or master pattern, in strong cardboard should be made of the shape and size required and from this the shape is cut in strong paper and the fabric cut from the paper pattern. Templates in the most useful shapes and sizes can be bought, or can be traced and cut from the illustrations. Do not cut the paper patterns from each other, and check at intervals to see that they correspond for size. Cutting is a precision job and each patch should be cut separately as success depends on the perfect fit of each patch. The fabric should be cut with a ¼-in. turning and tacked on to its paper pattern.

Alternate patches of light and dark form a simple and pleasing pattern or the traditional patterns with their fascinating names can be copied from museum examples.

When sufficient patches have been prepared, two are placed together, right sides facing, with the edges accurately matched and one side oversewn firmly with strong thread. Continue to build round the first patch like this till the work is the right size. Remove the tacking threads and paper patterns and press on the wrong side. Most piecework is lined; turn under the edges and tack the lining in place, then slip-stitch all round on the wrong side.

**The secret of lovely patchwork lies as much in colour matching as in intricacy of design, as shown in the exquisite quilt above. Patchwork lends itself to sophisticated settings as shown in the pair of quilts pictured below.**




**(Left.) Templates can be bought in useful shapes and sizes, but master patterns can be made by tracing off these diagrams accurately on to stiff cardboard. Working patterns should always be cut from the master templates and should be checked frequently for size.**

# How To Choose A Carpet

Christopher Bethell writes carpets and explains their

DID you realise that before the war no British carpet manufacturer advertised to the nation at large? If we wanted carpets we put ourselves in the capable hands of the carpet department; had we known who had made the carpets we should have been no wiser.

But a centuries-old silence has been broken. One big manufacturer of British carpets is now advertising. You may be sure that when supplies and restrictions ease you will be bombarded by every firm in Scotland, Kidderminster, and the Yorkshire Ridings.

How will that affect you? Well, you will no longer be able to bask in the bliss of innocence. You will find yourself demanding "Wustid's Washable Wilton," or turning up corners looking for labels and other magical spells. You will be learning about black-faced sheep and 256 pitch; you may be heard muttering "rigid backing" and "stuffer warp."

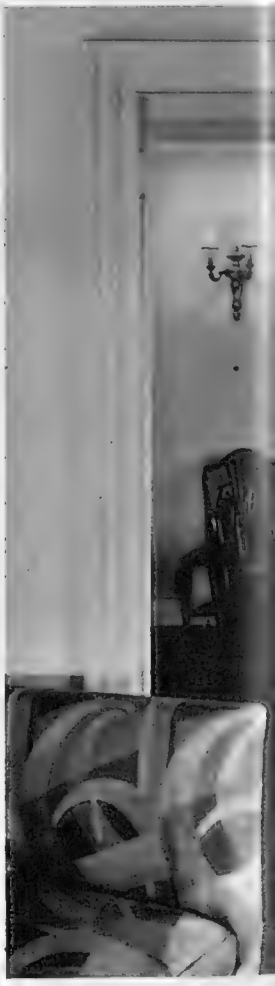
Are you ready? Can you really say why an Axminster is not a Wilton? Would you buy a Brussels to lay in the lounge or put a Chenille in your children's playroom?

Nowadays we are snobbish about Brussels carpets, but this first of our present-day types has been made in poorer and poorer qualities only to meet the demand for cheaper and cheaper goods. After all, Wilton, which is far more popular than some of its grades deserve, was once only the Brussels made in that town, where they first thought of cutting the loops forming the surface and so making pile.

IT was the American power loom, imported into Yorkshire in the '70's, that brought carpets "within reach of everyone in the land"; nowadays in Britain all except a few hand-made carpets are woven on power looms.

So, let me warn you, are many of the imported ones from the East. The best Oriental hand-knotted carpets are the finest in the world—works of art that will outlast any carpet so far made on a machine—but if you cannot afford to walk on a work of art it may be as well

Cream Indian carpet squares on a background of polished wood floor solves the problem handsomely of covering a very large room.



## about the various characteristics of modern

## distinguishing qualities for intending purchasers

to know how to choose the next best thing.

Axminsters, "spool" or "gripper," are composed of short tufts inserted into a backing and bound down by one end, while the other end makes the top of the pile. The chenille "fur" of a Chenille Axminster is also made from short tufts. Where, from your point of view, the Wilton scores over these is in being woven not out of bits very little longer than the pile itself, but from continuous threads as long as the whole carpet. Where a colour is needed to make the pattern, a loop of that colour is pulled up into the pile: the loop is cut, and there, roughly, you have a tuft of Wilton pile. Meanwhile, the threads of the other colours—maybe four or five—pass on below, adding to the body of the carpet.

Turn over a Wilton and you can trace the "unwanted" colours in reverse of the pattern. Any colour on the back of an Axminster will be the same as that in the pattern. This is a rough-and-ready way of distinguishing a figured Wilton from an Axminster.

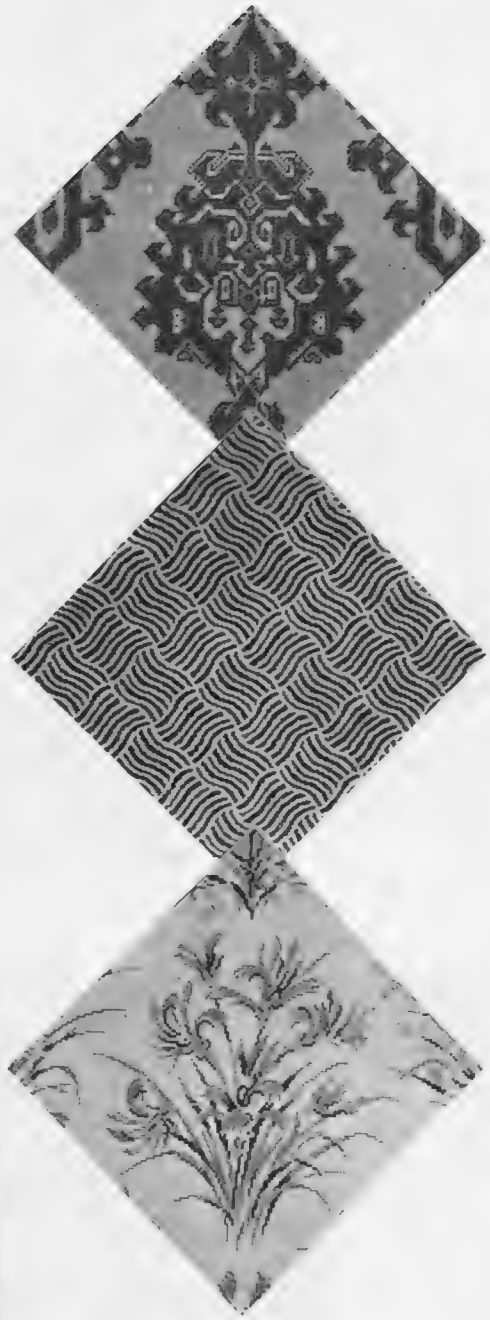
The Wilton method makes for close, fine weaving, and that, not depth of pile, is what you look for. Closer weave means better wear and finer design; but you must never expect more than about six shades in a Wilton, and the usual is two or three.

"Plain Wilton" is perhaps the best-known carpet in Britain to-day, but the makers like it less than the public. It saves on design but it is more competitive in price and is apt to show "shading." Pile treads down and light striking the fibres at various angles makes the carpet appear patchy. All carpets have this, but the patterned ones get away with it.

A good working rule in choosing Wiltons is to take a worsted. For really long hard wear there are the "saxonies," woven from a heavy Saxony worsted yarn. And then there are woollen Wiltons. These are thinner in pile and poorer in wear, made to compete with the cheapest Axminsters. Yet there are Wiltons, made from wool, which are closer to the Eastern carpet than the finest worsteds for softness and luxuriousness. This may seem a puzzling contradiction, but you are not likely to mistake the luxury woollens, and when in doubt choose worsted.

IN Axminsters don't bother about "spool" and "gripper"; but you should know that there are Royal Axminsters, which are Moquette, and Imperial Axminsters, which set the standard for the industry and form about half the output.

The normal Imperial has a pile that lies back like that of a hand-made carpet. But only a slight mechanical variation gives to another type an upright pile which is (*Continued on page* 92)



The three best-known types of carpet are typified in the three examples pictured above. At the top is an Axminster, of which colourfulness is the outstanding characteristic. In the centre a Wilton—the term is synonymous with close, fine weaving. Both these are manufactured by Brintons. And below, a Chenille Axminster which achieves a luxury appearance with the least expenditure of wool.

In the dining-room on the left a patterned carpet relieves the severity of plain walls and polished surfaces.

# Keep It Under Your Hat

A Winter Hair Style should never be chosen without considering how it is going to look under a hat. Here are some Hair Styles specially chosen to wear with the New Season Millinery.

THIS winter, hair is going to be longer, and more feminine, to suit the new mood of fashion; smooth-browed and softly waved to suit the new mood of millinery. Either way, the styles will be wearable and adaptable, as the three illustrations prove.

Hats this year are small and head-hugging, with variations of the peak as the predominating line. For hair styles to wear them with, the invariable rule is that in front the hair should be entirely concealed beneath the hat, while at the back a few loose curls and half-curls can peep beneath the brimless crown to soften what otherwise might be too austere a contour.

While the hair is still styled closely to the head, loose waves will strike the feminine mood, and will prove easy to tuck beneath the little hat and yet remain undisturbed. The smooth, brushed-back line at brow and temple is capable of infinite variations to suit individual faces, and the extra length will lend itself to exotic adaptations for evening wear.

The feminine hair style, designed by Steiner, has a severe forehead line, softened by two curled horns on either side of a dual parting. Width is achieved with soft puff curls at the sides without prejudice to the smooth temple line.

For those who cannot wear the hair off the forehead, Vasco's charming style above gives the fashionable neatness of contour without severity. The "small head" look interpreted by Elizabeth Arden, right. The back hair is brushed into a soft side curl to give softness at the nape of the neck.

*House plants are becoming increasingly popular for interior decoration. Ernest Chaloner, F.R.H.S., gives some hints on successfully keeping potted plants for those who have cherished specimens they are anxious to preserve*

# Gardening In Flower Pots

THE sad casualties among favourite house plants led a friend to say: "I think the nurserymen have a conspiracy to keep all their lovely things tender in their heated greenhouses, so that we often have to buy new ones." There is some truth in this, for the cold fact remains that the change from the greenhouse to an ordinary living-room is a shock to most potted flowers. We can only console ourselves with the thought that beauty is fleeting, and gather a few practical tips on how to prolong the lives of our indoor plants as long as possible.

Re-potting is one of the first secrets. This is generally done in early spring. The plants are lifted carefully from the pot laid on its side on a newspaper. As much old earth as possible is removed. The pots are scrubbed inside and out, and the plants replaced in a fresh mixture. This is made of two parts loam, one leaf mould (or old manure) and one coarse sand.

WHEN geraniums have finished flowering trim them down quite severely and leave them in a light, cool room, with just a spot of water to prevent them from drying out. When they start growth at re-potting time give a small teaspoonful of mixed fertilizer to each pot, stirring into the soil with an old table fork, and watered in. In bloom the plants require a sunny window and the spraying of foliage daily, the pot soil being kept just moist. The rose geranium and the nutmeg geranium have pleasant scents. The trailing geranium is a success in pots on a high stand and in hanging baskets.

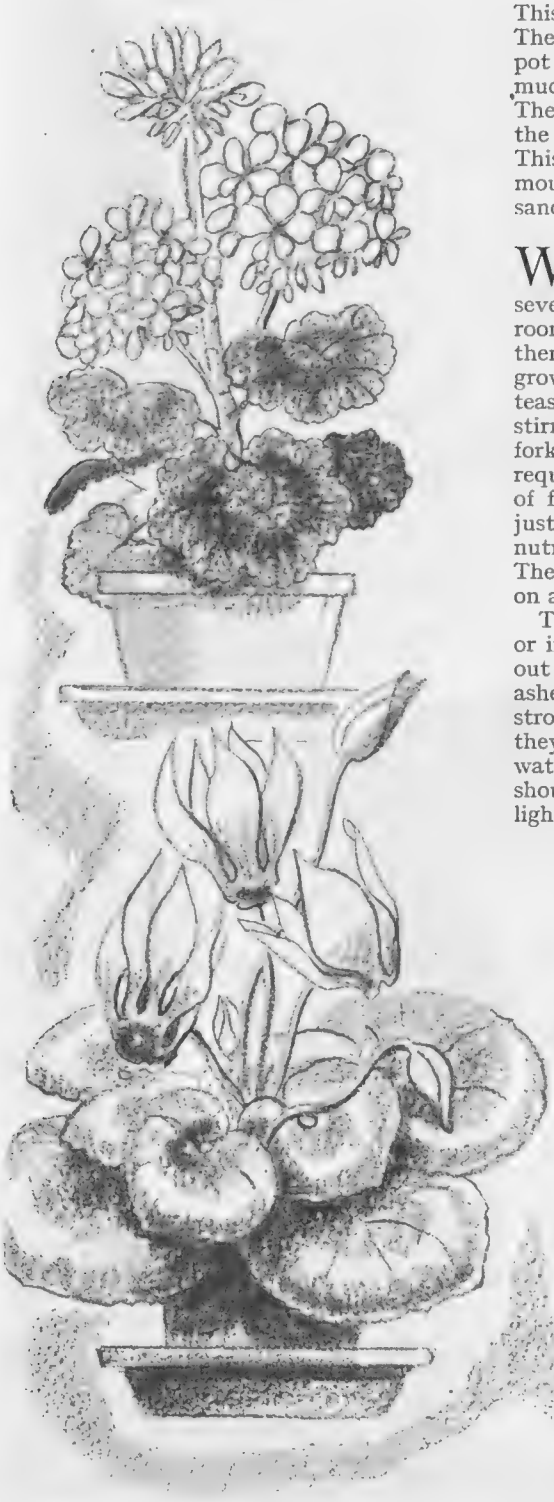
The bulbs that were planted in fibre, or in the potting mixture, should be left out of doors, covered with six inches of ashes, or sand, for six weeks, to make a strong root growth. If this is impossible, they require a dark cupboard and a little water to keep the earth moist. The pots should be first brought into a dimly-lighted room for two weeks, and then into their living quarters, but not into bright sunshine.

CYCLAMEN should always be watered from the bottom, as water on top causes the corm to rot. Put water in the saucer beneath the pot, and keep the plant cool and out of the sun. This is not easy if you want to enjoy its beauty in a snug sitting-room, but cool sprays will solve this problem. When the flowers are over leave it two weeks, then clean up the plant of all dead leaves and place the pot on its side in a cool cupboard. Give just enough water to keep the earth moist. In May place the pot outside on its side. In August new leaves should appear. Re-pot into a larger pot and bring indoors in September.

Cineraria is a lovely house plant, and certainly one of the nurserymen's favourites to sell. When the blossoms are over you can only throw it away. But it has a rich period of flowering, if the dead flowers are always picked off, and it is kept out of the sun and just lightly watered.

DWARF CHRYSANTHEMUMS are a successful winter indoor decoration, but they must have an outdoor spell of fresh air in the summer.

This is the month for re-potting fuchsias, and at least half of the top growth needs cutting away. Then set the plant in a cool, dark place, with just enough water to stop it drying out, until it wakes up again in March. (*Continued on page* 98)



# Reducing Risks.

A GOOD figure, like good health, is an asset which every woman can claim as her right. Except in one or two cases so rare as to be inconsiderable, one's figure is what one makes it. An overweight woman is neither a credit to herself, her clothes nor her friends, and no one can criticize her for wanting to improve her silhouette.

But how far is it safe to slim in the interests of good health? Overweight is undesirable both for the sake of health and appearances, but overweight accompanied by lassitude and inertia accompanied by good health is obviously preferable to an ailing slimness, which can be the legacy of vicarious slimming.

In deciding how, and how far, to slim, a tape measure is a better guide than a weighing machine, and a critical eye better than either. Bone structure, build and general physical type must all be taken into consideration in deciding whether the figure is ideal OF ITS TYPE. The so called "ideal measurements" can never be more than a standard against which to assess individual figures and should never be taken as a target to slim for.

The tall woman can obviously carry more weight than the short, the large framed more than the small boned, the naturally "curved" will look better with more weight than the naturally willow-slim boyish figure, and to slim beyond this point endangers not only good health but good looks.

Where an otherwise perfect figure is marred by localized fat on perhaps the bust, or hips, localized exercise and massage are the most reliable method of slimming this region without affecting the rest of the body.

General slimming is called for only in cases of generalized overweight, when it must be decided how best the weight reduction can be effected.

When the scales begin to register an alarming rise in weight it is very tempting to blame it on to some unspecified "glandular trouble." This, however, is a foolish train of thought which can have dangerous consequences, because it is easy enough to be tempted into thinking that overweight due to glandular upsets can be cured by drugs. It can never be too strongly or too often stated, that slimming drugs should never be taken unless under the supervision of a medical practitioner. Most of these "slimming cures" act in a similar way by taking away the appetite, and no sane person will desire slimness at the price of clinical undernourishment.

(Continued on page 92)

## It's a Pleasure

A REFRESHING toilet water to soothe the fevered brow and a fragrantly perfumed deodorant to cover up odours without leaving a disinfectant smell, go a long way towards bringing comfort and even pleasure to the sick room. These two welcome requisites are combined in a new preparation called Eau de K.

Eau de K is something new in toilet waters. It is in fact a pleasant and unobtrusive perfume which retains its fragrance for days and yet it covers up odours in a remarkably pleasant way.

Economy has no place in the sickroom but as this toilet water is reasonably priced at 5s. it can be used, as all sickroom toilet requisites should be, lavishly and luxuriously whenever the need arises.

Graziani

# The Years Between

THE preservation of the skin's youthful suppleness and elasticity is probably the most important principle underlying modern beauty culture. The routine of deep cleansing, stimulation and nourishment of the skin, which every woman should adopt in the late twenties or early thirties, is devised, not only for the purpose of maintaining the complexion in good condition, but also as an assurance against the ravages of time.

The familiar skin changes which take place as the years go by are due to certain glandular readjustments which occur in maturity. The skin becomes fine, less well lubricated, discoloured, and as the blood vessels react less sensitively to heat and cold, it is more subject to changes of temperature. There is also a general loss of tone to the skin tissues, leading to "sagging" of contours, flabbiness and lines.

A SOUND beauty routine, adopted early enough in life, should preserve the skin's youthfulness well into middle life, but there comes a time when the years can no longer be denied, and the unmistakable signs of age begin to make their inevitable appearance.

This is the moment, when, in years gone by, women folded their hands and resigned themselves to a graceful old age. This is not the only alternative which is open to the women of to-day. Hormone cosmetics, which are the outcome of team work between physiologists and beauticians, offer the opportunity of prolonging youthful appearances almost indefinitely. More scientific in her approach, the modern woman can evaluate these new preparations and assess them in terms of her own personal needs.

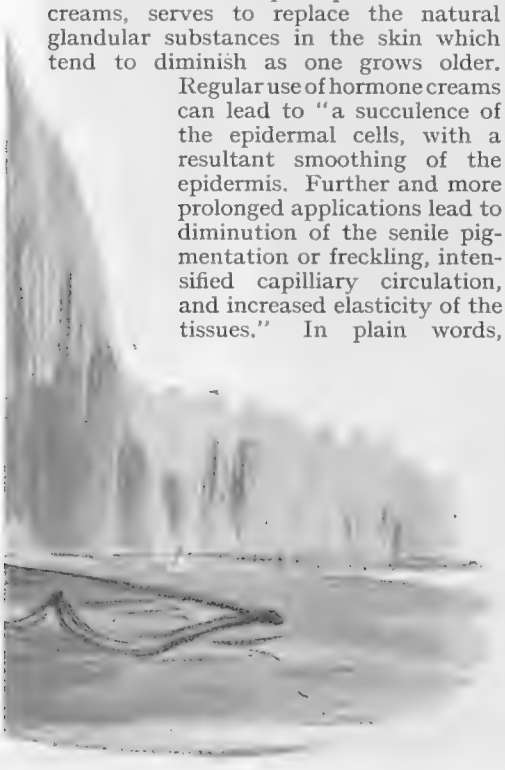
The estrogenic hormone substance which is the active principle in hormone creams, serves to replace the natural glandular substances in the skin which tend to diminish as one grows older. Regular use of hormone creams can lead to "a succulence of the epidermal cells, with a resultant smoothing of the epidermis. Further and more prolonged applications lead to diminution of the senile pigmentation or freckling, intensified capilliary circulation, and increased elasticity of the tissues." In plain words, hormone creams, such as "Cellogen," can lead to a rejuvenation of the skin where all other preparations are useless.

It is inevitable, that the appearance of so new and revolutionary a beauty aid should be accompanied by doubts and queries about its efficacy.

THE criticism most commonly heard is "Can the active hormone substance be effectively absorbed through the skin?" The answer is yes. By applying the cream locally, the active hormone substance is utilized exclusively by the skin. Administered in any other way, owing to the attraction by other organs of the body, little or nothing would be available to the skin for its work of rejuvenation.

It is also sometimes said that estrogenic hormone creams are liable to upset the glandular rhythm of the body. This, also, has been proved a false fear. The amount of estrogenic hormone substance in a whole jar of hormone cream is so small that no harm would result if it could be absorbed all at once, and that is so unlikely as to be impossible.

Hormone creams are not unused and untried. They may as yet be largely unknown to Englishwomen, but women in America and on the Continent have for some time had the benefit of this new branch of cosmetic chemistry.



## Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

# Fair Isle Effect

MATERIALS: 3 oz. Wendy Super Botany 3-ply in natural; 1 oz. Wendy Super Botany 3-ply of each in red, blue and green; knitting needles, Nos. 9 and 12.

MEASUREMENTS: Length from shoulder, 20½ ins.; to fit 34-in. bust.

TENSION: 7 sts. to the inch over st.st. worked with No. 9 needles.

**THE BACK**

Using No. 12 needles and natural, cast on 110 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3½ ins. Change to No. 9 needles and patt. thus :

**1st row** (right side of work).—K. in natural. **2nd row.**—P. in natural.

Rep. the last 2 rows once.

**5th row.**—K. in natural. Leave natural hanging. **6th, 7th and 8th rows.**—P. in red (ridge on right side of work). Leave red hanging. **9th row.**—Natural (k. 1, sl. 1) to end. **10th row.**—Natural (sl. 1, w.bk., k. 1, w.fd.) to end. Leave natural hanging. **11th and 12th rows.**—K. in red (ridge on right side of work). Leave red hanging. **13th row.**—Natural (sl. 1, k. 1) to end. **14th row.**—Natural (k. 1, w.fd., sl. 1, w.bk.) to end. Leave natural hanging. **15th and 16th rows.**—As 11th and 12th rows. **17th to 20th rows.**—As 9th to 12th rows. These 20 rows form one patt.

Continue in patt. as on the last 20 rows but using green and blue instead of red for the 2nd and 3rd insertions and inc. at each end of the next and every 10th row—6 times (122 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 11½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape armholes by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of (*Continued on page* 88)

# Banded In Moss Stitch

MATERIALS: 6 oz. "Target" Campanula 3-ply wool; 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 13 needles; 3 small buttons.

MEASUREMENTS: 34-in. bust; length, 18½ ins.; sleeve seam, 8 ins.

TENSION: 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

**FRONT**

With No. 13 needles, cast on 110 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3½ ins. Change to No. 11 needles.

**Next row.**—Inc. in 1st st., (k. 9, inc. in next st.) 10 times, k. 8, inc. in last st. (122 sts.). **2nd row.**—P. 11, (k. 1, p. 1) twice, k. 1, (afterwards called moss st. 5), (p. 10, moss st. 5) twice, p. 30 ; (moss st. 5, p. 10) twice, moss st. 5, p. 11. **3rd row.**—(K. 12, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1) 3 times, k. 32 ; (p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 12) 3 times.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows and inc. at beg. and end of 17th and every 10th row following, keeping moss st. panels correct by allowing for extra sts. on the side panels of st.st.

**42nd row.**—P. 16, k. 1, p. 12, moss st. 5, p. 10, moss st. 5, p. 30 ; moss st. 5, p. 10, moss st. 5, p. 12, k. 1, p. 16. **43rd row.**—K. 30, moss st. 3, k. 12, moss st. 3, k. 32, moss st. 3, k. 12, moss st. 3, k. 30. **44th row.**—P. 29, moss st. 5, p. 10, moss st. 5, p. 30, moss st. 5, p. 10, moss st. 5, p. 29.

Continue working as before, ending 2nd moss st. panel after a further in., and inc. on outside edge until there are 136 sts. and work measures 12 ins. (or length required).

Shape for armholes. Right side of work facing, cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows ; dec. at the beg. and end of next 4 rows (122 sts.) ; dec. at beg. of next 6 rows (116 sts.). **13th row.**—(K. 1, p. 1) 10 times, (k. 2 tog., moss st. 3) 4 times, k. 1, p. 1, k. 32, p. 1, k. 1, (moss st. 3, k. 2 tog.) 4 times, (p. 1, k. 1) 10 times (108 sts.) **14th row.**—Moss st. 39, p. 30, moss st. 39. **15th row.**—Moss st. 38, k. 32, moss st. 38. Rep. 14th and 15th rows twice. Work 7 rows st.st. **27th row.**—Moss st. 44, k. 20, moss st. 44. **28th row.**—Moss st. 45, p. 18, moss st. 45. **29th row.**—Moss st. 46, k. 16, moss st. 46. **30th row.**—Moss st. 47, p. 14, moss st. 47. **31st row.**—As 29th. **32nd row.**—As 28th. **33rd row.**—As 27th. Work 6 rows st.st. **40th row.**—Moss st. 49, p. 10, moss st. 49. **41st row.**—Moss st. 50. k. 8, moss st. 50. (*Continued on page* 86)

*Abbreviations K. = knit ; p. = purl ; sl. = slip ; w.fd. = bring wool to front of work ; w.bk. = take wool to back of work ; patt. = pattern ; beg. = beginning ; tog. = together ; inc. = increase, increasing ; dec. = decrease by taking two sts. together ; st. = stitch ; st.st. = stocking stitch ; rep. = repeat ; ins. = inches.*

# Heading For Winter

THE three hats at the top are from Hugh Beresford's Town and Country collection. The "Devil's point" cap (top) is in black velvet, a favourite fabric for millinery this season. The concertina cloche (left) is in silversand felt with wild duck and pheasant feather trimming, while the petersham-trimmed hat (right), is the perfect complement of a tailored suit, all 89/11. From Aage Thaarup's Teen and Twenty collection, ranging from 59/11 to 89/11, come the two hats (left); a becoming version of the peak cap in heron-grey fur felt with feather mount, and a softly draped peach-bloom velour hat in woodland brown with a petersham trimming.

If you would like to know where these hats can be bought in London and the Provinces, please send a stamped and addressed envelope, to BRITANNIA & EVE, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.1.

# Comfort Seen

THREE principle factors contribute to the visual sense of comfort. Firstly the proportions and arrangement of the room; secondly the colour scheme; and thirdly the texture of the various components. In a house where these three factors are successfully combined, one should feel a sense of ease and well-being.

Make something of your hall, however diminutive. Give it a welcoming look, a promise of even greater comfort within. Use gay, light paints, that will continue up the stairs, and if you hate your banisters, paint them, too, so that they merge into the general background colour. Striped wallpaper is also effective, in giving space and height to a small hall which might otherwise seem cramped and unwelcoming.

It is a temptation to put one's best ornaments in the grander rooms, but keep at least one for the hall. Flowers in the hall are friendly. Small pots of trailing greenery on wall brackets, placed fairly high, look very effective, and cast interesting shadows.

Visiting a house the other day I was appalled by the mixture of gigantic and quite small furniture that made a jungle of the nicely proportioned sitting-room, yet most of the pieces were good in their own way, and with a little throwing out and re-arrangement the room would have looked agreeably restful. To have a crowded room does not necessarily mean that you have a comfortable one. Don't be afraid of space.

Try by hook or shepherd's crook to have furniture in proportion with your rooms, and group your things imaginatively. By all means have a settee on either side of the fire, and an armchair that can be drawn in on the fourth side, or use the conventional and charming arrangement of a chair on either side of the fire, and facing it, a settee backed by a sofa table.

But don't cold shoulder the other end of the room! Build up a separate focus over there; a settee with some contrasting cushions against the wall, an occasional table at one or both ends, with becoming lamplight reflected in a mirror, and your best porcelain displayed in a cabinet, perhaps lit from the inside.

(*On right*) The comfort of the typical English hearthside is a happy blend of graceful proportion, and warmth in colours and textures typified in this modern fireside in the traditional style

Comfort is implicit in good grouping. (*Below*) A chair, with table and lamp conveniently placed makes an inviting subsidiary unit within the room

For the small sitting-room again, a bold treatment is most reposeful. Leave a cosy chair on either side of the fire, and put the sofa away against the fourth wall. It will give your room that much more space and distinction.

Too many warm colours in a room are apt to produce a sense of claustrophobia rather than comfort, whereas accents of rich colour added to a clear, gay colour scheme, can give the necessary warmth, without overcrowding the eye.

A decorator friend has just proved this with a new colour scheme for her town drawing-room. The room is painted in semi-gloss a light smoky lilac, with white mouldings. The curtains are lemon yellow satin, a sofa and armchair are in cherry velvet with contrasting cushions, while another armchair is the same as the curtains. The carpet is grey stone colour, and there is a bold hearthrug of flowers on a black ground. In this room the textures are varied to give lightness and warmth, and the sheen of the satin contrasts happily with the velvet and carpets, and both show well against the neutrality of the walls.

Fitted carpets always give an air of comfort and luxury, and well-chosen wallpapers add tremendously to a room's character. Bare distempered walls or large unbroken surfaces in high gloss paint give an unwonted impression of bleak austerity.

An effective and simple way of relieving the coldness of dis-

(*Below*) An example of comfort in the modern style, where the "rounded-off" design of the furniture gives the room an urbanity and reposeful ease

Delicate colourings need not appear frigid. Accents of rich colour in furnishings give the impression of warmth without overcrowding

# And Felt

**There are various ways of creating a comfortable house, but half the battle is making the rooms LOOK comfortable. In this article Sam Beazley discusses the factors which make for comfort, both visual and actual**

tempered or painted walls is to edge the ceiling, doors, windows, and any other features, with an appliqué border. Banish all your horrid visions of lodging houses with cut-out borders above a sickly wallpaper, for borders are now straight-edged, charming, and Victorian in feeling, and can be ordered from leading wallpaper firms in delicious floral motifs of rosebuds and fuchsias. This treatment dresses up rooms in the gayest way.

There is a trend in modern furniture design to round off the corners, and this "sloping to the floor" line gives a room urbanity and ease. With this type of furniture I advise non-shiny materials, rich and softer fabrics, velvets and folk-weaves to show off the beauty of modern woods to perfection. The broken and varied surface of long bookshelves adds contrast in texture, which is most valuable in this type of room.

For a really comfortable looking bedroom a close fitted carpet is essential. Upholstery can afford to be frillier, particularly if you use chintz, which is one of the prettiest possible choices. A draped chintz dressing-table, matching the curtains and bedspread, (*Continued on page* 94)

The arrangement of furniture and ornaments in the room (*right*), makes the fireplace the focus of decoration as well as comfort

*Early days prepare the way for grown-up beauty which a mother anticipates for her child*

# Never Too Young

IT is never too early to begin grooming for beauty. The care of the health in babyhood largely determines physical wellbeing and good looks in later life. Anything more than the mere observance of the basic rules of hygiene contained in all the baby books, will bring its own return to the proud mother of a beautiful child.

According to one authority, "the care of the hair and scalp should start on the day the child is born." The cells that form hair mature earlier in life than most people realize, and early neglect or damage can have permanent effects. The tendency to baldness in men, for instance, can be traced to lack of early care.

The first baby hair is very soft and downy. When this grows out or is replaced with longer, thicker hair, it should be washed only two or three times a week with pure baby soap. But important as this is, it takes more than shampoos to keep the baby's head clean and in good condition. Brushing the hair is an important step towards lovely, healthy hair growth.

Brushing will keep it clean of dust and particles, and has a beneficial stimulating effect upon growth. A baby brush must be specially designed for the purpose; of the right weight and size to handle lightly and with ease; of the right texture and length of bristle. If the brush is too big or shaped incorrectly, the mother will find it awkward to handle. The bristles, whether natural or nylon, should be long, silky and flexible so that it gives a gentle sweep without tugging or pulling the fine hair and without harming the sensitive scalp.

THE correct way to brush a baby's hair is simple especially after the first few months when the baby can be propped up. Starting at the back, always brush the hair gently upwards and outwards away from the scalp with a slight rotary movement. Then brush the sides, leaving the front of the head until last. No attempt should be made to part the hair and a comb should never be used. As the hair grows longer it is a good idea to brush it around a finger and so train it to form a natural curl. The baby's brush should be washed every day and kept in its individual box when not in use.

Only the blandest soap should be used on an infant's sensitive skin. A pure lanolin baby soap is perhaps the safest choice. Highly scented soaps should be avoided as they may contain ingredients which irritate delicate skins.

IN the first months of teething, too much cleaning can be more dangerous than too little. There is no need for the teeth to be cleaned with a tooth brush until the child has cut at least eight teeth. Then the brush should be a soft bristled one so that there is no danger of injury to the gums. The teeth should be brushed from gum to cutting edge, not sideways which can lead to damage to the enamel. The gums will benefit from the gentle friction. One cleaning a day is quite sufficient for the young child and that should be last thing at night. Chewing on a piece of raw apple is the gentlest and most effective way of cleaning the teeth after each meal.

# Venture In Fur

BUYING a fur coat is an expensive venture. The price of a Utility fur, small as it is by comparison with mink, is high enough to require that one's knowledge should be sufficient to ensure a wise purchase.

If we think in terms of luxury fur, there is less need for caution. The cost is a reasonable guarantee of value if the purchase is made from a furrier with a reputation to maintain. Even so, it is as well to remember that there is no such thing as a luxury fur "bargain." The rarer skins are costly and the highly-skilled work which goes into the working of them makes wide disparities of price impossible and, therefore, suspect.

But since few of us can aspire to the higher price levels, the widest interest centres in types of fur at a more down-to-earth cost.

Between the two extremes of several thousand pounds for an exotic fur and the £32 17s. of the Utility grades there is more variety than has ever before been known in fur trade history. Indeed, there is something for every pocket to-day, many of them good and beautifully styled.

Generally speaking, the art of the furrier has come a long way in the last few years and many coats which come within the average woman's financial orbit show remarkable skill in styling and workmanship.

*An unbelievably luxurious model (top right) from the autumn Utility range in the new Tescan phantom beaver lamb. Persian lamb lends itself to elegant tailoring in the Albert Hart jacket (above) while the National Fur Company model (right) in sheared racoon, is an ideal sports coat with slant pockets, wide cuff and storm collar*

By Muriel Segal

YOU will have realized, no doubt, that the startling difference in price between a fur coat with a Utility label and the one without is accounted for by the absence of purchase tax on the former. I refer, of course, to lower and middle-range prices and the sudden rather baffling leap from £32 to, say, £200.

For this reason one can be quite confident in selecting a Utility coat. In many cases, the styling is up to the standard of those which carry the crippling hundred per cent tax. The variety of furs available is, of course, limited in this category though the furriers' skill has wrought such changes in the more familiar furs that it is sometimes almost impossible to distinguish them from their richer fur relations.

The ever-popular beaver lamb, for instance, is far removed to-day from the Utility lamb coat of a few years back. The greatest disadvantage of this skin, heaviness, is now completely banished and a beaver lamb to-day weighs no more than any other fur. One specialist has now succeeded in banishing the smell which was once associated with this skin, and dyeing has reached such levels of perfection and ingenuity that any woman might be puzzled to make a choice between the attractive colourings offered between light and dark, not to speak of the variegated marking of the "phantom" skins.

All the same, lamb is, by its nature, one of the bulkier furs and less suited to the woman of ample proportions. This is where Embros lamb comes in—a flat, close-shaved skin with an embossed surface hardly distinguishable from the costly broadtail. Embros lamb is so light and (*Continued on page* 96)

# The Whole Art of Flavouring

IT is a common failing with the English cook to be too conservative in the matter of flavouring. She tends to keep to three of four recognized flavours, such as onions, parsley, thyme and lemon. I think part of this avoidance of the stronger or rarer flavours is that they are so easily misused and over-flavouring is indeed almost worse than the absence of flavour. This abuse of flavouring is due to many cooks not realizing that in many cases a flavour should not be perceptible in itself but something to improve or bring out other flavours. I do not advise housewives to introduce many of the highly piquant and exaggerated flavours of Continental cookery for this would not prove popular with the average family; on the other hand if we took more trouble to combine interesting flavours in everyday cooking we should overcome much of that monotony which is so difficult to avoid in to-day's cookery.

First and foremost the use of herbs could be greatly widened. If you have a garden it is well worth growing a few herbs. These can be used fresh or dried so that you have all-the-year-round flavouring. There is fennel which, when finely chopped, makes a delicious sauce to accompany fish or it can be scattered over a fish salad. Basil is a strong herb almost like cloves. A few leaves of chopped basil improves grilled or baked fish and also goes well with dishes containing tomato; for instance it may be introduced into fillings for stuffed tomatoes, tomato and vegetable pies, etc. Chopped chives are most valuable when a soupçon of onion flavour is required. Chives together with chervil and tarragon are included in Omelette Fines Herbes and the same combination may well be used for savoury pancakes. Marjoram and bay leaves greatly enhance the flavour in meat cookery. One bay leaf added when cooking stews and casserole dishes makes all the difference and sprigs of marjoram and tarragon included in a bouquet garni or finely chopped are excellent in soup. Sorrel also is good in soups.

The various spices are of great use for flavouring as much in sweet cookery as savoury. Now that fruit is short a good flavouring of mixed spice or cinnamon for cakes, fruit breads and biscuits is of great value. Spiced liquor produces the tasty "soused mackerel or herring" and through the medium of chutneys, pickles and sauces, can greatly enhance curries, rissoles and made-up meat dishes.

Almost as useful as lemon for bringing out flavour is ginger, though not nearly so generally used. A stick of root ginger can be used in meat dishes (and removed before serving) and in certain soups and with marrow for jam. Ground ginger is good in marrow pies, in pickles, or to enhance apple and can be used instead of spice or with spice for fruit cakes, etc.

Certain vegetable flavours are useful. Celeriac is one and this can be grated or cooked in dice or chunks. An unusua vinegar can be made from simmering sweet red peppers, in plain vinegar and sugar to taste, for 2 to 3 hours. Young celery leaves and nasturtium seeds (in place of capers) also come in.

Condiments should also figure in flavouring more than they do. Vinegar is, of course, useful in many cases for emphasizing flavour. Then there is mustard smeared over for devilled dishes or a little can be mixed into cheese and savoury dishes. Mustard sauce is delicious with herrings and celery salt with cheese dishes, savoury biscuits, etc.

Yorkshire Tea Cakes
Northumbrian Girdle Cakes
Cornish Yeast Splits

## Quick

IN winter it is useful to know a recipe for a good and quickly made soup. Simplest of all, if some good stock is ready, is to add this to a tinned soup instead of water, together with a few left-over vegetables such as diced carrots, tinned beans, diced celery, etc.

When preserving tomatoes fill several jars with tomato purée then, with one of these, a good tomato soup can be quickly prepared. Bring to the boil a pint of vegetable stock or milk and water with two shallots added. Add 1 oz. of fine sago. Simmer till clear; stirring constantly to keep smooth; remove shallots; add tomato purée; season. Bring to required consistency with top of the milk.

By HARRIET MUIR

Norfolk Almond Tart

Ginger Biscuits

# County Cookery

IT is always interesting to try out recipes from English counties famed for their good cooking.

The recipes which have been chosen here are not necessarily the best known, but ones which are unusual while doing credit to their counties. First a few interesting meat dishes :—

### LEICESTERSHIRE MEDLEY PIE

**Ingredients:** 4 or 6 oz. cold bacon or diced ham; 1 lb. of apples; 1 lb. cold meat; 6 oz. short pastry.

Line edges of a pie dish with pastry. Fill with alternate layers of meat and bacon and of apple which should be peeled and sliced. Season with salt, pepper and powdered ginger. Pour over 1½ gills of ale (or stock). Cover with pastry lid. Bake a good hour in good oven, Regulo 6 or 375° F.

Wiltshire has a similar pie but filled with pork, ½ lb. sliced onions, and 1 lb. sliced apples, seasoned with salt and pepper and a pinch of sage, moistened with a little stock.

### SUSSEX FRITTERS

**Ingredients:** ½ lb. cold mashed potato; 1 egg yolk; 2 oz. minced ham; pinch chopped parsley; seasoning.

Mix ham, potato and parsley together. Season, moisten with egg and form into balls. Coat with egg or milk and brown crumbs. Fry till golden all over. Serve with small rolls of bacon and peas.

### LINCOLNSHIRE GINGER BISCUITS

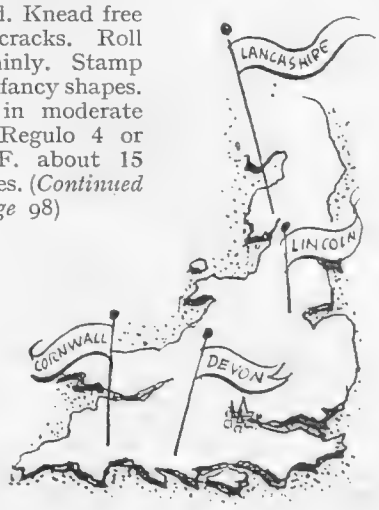
**Ingredients:** 5 oz. flour; 2 oz. fine oatmeal; 4 oz. margarine; about 1 tablespoonful milk; level teaspoonful carbonate of soda; dessertspoonful ground ginger; 1 egg; a few split, blanched almonds; 8 oz. Demerara sugar.

Add ginger to flour. Rub in margarine. Add sugar. Dissolve soda in milk. Add egg. Beat mixture. Add flour and oatmeal. Mix well. Flour hands and roll mixture into balls. Mixture should be like soft dough to allow for spreading to 3 or 4 inches. Place balls on greased baking tins well apart, press a split almond into centre of each. Bake about 30 minutes in slow oven. Regulo 3 or 300° F.

### CUMBERLAND GINGER SNAPS

**Ingredients:** 8 oz. flour (self-raising); 2 oz. lard or margarine; 1½ oz. sugar; small tablespoonful golden syrup; ½ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda; ½ teaspoonful ground ginger; 2 oz. currants (optional).

Melt syrup and fat together. Add other ingredients. Mix into a soft dough, adding a little milk if needed. Knead free from cracks. Roll out thinly. Stamp out in fancy shapes. Bake in moderate oven Regulo 4 or 325° F. about 15 minutes. (*Continued on page* 98)




## Soup

Cold potato can be used as thickening with seasoned stock or milk with a sprinkling of chives, parsley or other herbs. This recipe makes an excellent meal.

### FRENCH CHEESE SOUP

**Ingredients:** 1 pint milk; ½ onion; 1 bay leaf; walnut of margarine; seasoning; 2 oz. grated cheese; small tablespoonful flour.

Peel and mince onion and fry a few minutes in margarine. Boil up in milk. Mix flour into a paste with some of the milk. Stir into soup. Add bay leaf. Bring to boil. Simmer 15 minutes, stirring and add cheese. Season. Heat through and serve. Add more milk if wanted.

A terminal report is not the final judgment of a child's progress at school. There are other factors, apart from academic prowess, which must be taken into account before censuring a child for a poor school report

# That School Report

By Dr. Rose May, M.D.

BY virtue of tradition, a document known as "The School Report" may be fallaciously regarded as the judgment of one very small human being's capabilities in a very big world. If ability to memorize cold academic facts truly indicates future wisdom and happiness, then "The Report" accurately prophesies history for the next half century. But human endeavour cannot be assessed by mathematics. School marks coldly presented on a piece of foolscap are divorced from reality. They tell no story of spiritual and emotional well-being which alone determine the future pattern of that vital youngster —the growing child.

Theoretically schools are intended to hammer home the principal of the three Rs, while in practice they must teach children to live in harmony with others, to reason logically, to enjoy work and use leisure wisely. When they succeed in this ideal they justify their existence.

The majority of schoolchildren sail gracefully through the scholastic years, but wise parents should be prepared to face any difficulties which arise in a calm and attached manner. Most troubles are minor ones, resolving themselves easily, provided the adults concerned maintain a sense of proportion. Children are eager to be loved and win approval so that great tact and care is needed in handling even simple problems. Harsh and rigid views can easily turn an innocent misdemeanour into a tragedy having a lasting and devastating effect on an impressionable young mind.

AS a rule difficulties connected with the younger age groups have little or no domestic repercussions. When in the older age group things do not work according to plan the entire household is likely to be involved in a major upheaval. Often as not a disappointing school report is responsible for this unwarranted state of affairs. Even the best parents are apt to feel personally slighted and disinclined to believe that the child they have produced has failed to reach that high order of merit the teacher requires. They think the matter is very serious indeed, because the child will be leaving school shortly, probably unfitted for suitable employment and, horror of horrors, possibly incapable of earning a living at all!

Indignation with the teacher and anger with the child are useless, for not only may the child be intelligent, he may have above the average intellect. What then is at the root of the trouble, if as is quite doubtful, trouble exists at all? The answer may be found in one of several directions, all of which need expert investigation.

Knowing a great many facts unrelated to everyday life helps no one. It is merely an exhibition of mental gymnastics. Worldly wisdom, unconsciously possessed by many lucky youngsters, counts in the long run. Those who are fortunate enough to get along well with others and be liked in return, are destined to become successful adults. They have the gift of creating happiness, they will enjoy their work and one day establish harmonious family ties of their own. Consideration of a child from the human angle is far more important than any consideration based on ability for textbook learning. In spite of an apparent apathy to stereotyped lessons shown in his report, parents of the popular, independent and reliable child have little to fear.

Although modern methods of teaching have improved enormously, school routine is sometimes held responsible for the child's failure to make progress. Dissatisfied parents fall into two categories, each blaming "The System." Classes are either too large, individual attention lacking, discipline too harsh and lessons dull, or the work is too interesting and casual while discipline simply does not exist. The good school tries to find a way between these two extremes. Discipline cannot be maintained by adopting a "dictator attitude" as children will then work only while they are watched and consequently they are bound to hate what they are forced to learn by fear. When teachers and pupils decide together how they shall work, discuss difficulties ahead and what must be done to overcome these, each child learns to share responsibility for the common good. The best type of discipline results from co-operative effort because it prepares children to become responsible citizens later.

To some extent classwork must conform to a definite pattern but most youngsters are bored with lessons unless there is something more to them than mere textbook teaching. Children become enthusiastic workers when they see how lessons link up with real life. A good example is a boy who hates geometry but wants to design aeroplanes after he leaves school. When his class makes a tour (*Continued on page 70*)

# A new perfume for YOU!

THE RAGE IN PARIS !

NEW YORK ADORES IT !

# mais Oui

THE PERFUME WITH THE *longer - lasting* FRAGRANCE BY BOURJOIS

PERFUME 3 sizes: 21/- 35/- 60/-

EAU DE COLOGNE · · · · 12/6

# A NOTE OF COLOUR

**Tropical fish are in tremendous vogue with all who have an eye for the exotic. A. Fraser-Brunner, F.Z.S., the eminent ichthyologist, writes for amateurs starting an aquarium**

IN recent years, tropical fish have become enormously popular. The keeping of a home aquarium is not only a fascinating hobby for the whole family, it can also provide endless possibilities in the home. With attractive lighting arrangements, a tropical aquarium can present an exquisite living picture of jewel coloured fish among the delicate fronds of water weed.

The word "tropical" perhaps conjures up the capture of varieties in obscure jungles, and their importation at great cost, followed by elaborate problems of maintenance. But all that is a thing of the past. To-day we are able to buy beautifully made aquaria, fitted with heating and lighting, which have only to be plugged in, and when properly set up with growing plants and fishes are practically self-operating.

It is necessary to follow a few simple rules, for we are dealing with living things and must obey Nature's laws.

Firstly, I would advise that the aquarium be as large as possible; many people think they can start in a small way and work up, but this method is not the best in this case. A tank 24 in. by 12 in. by 12 in. is the smallest I would recommend. It should not be placed near a window, where it will suffer from draughts and too much light. It is better to rely on an electric lamp over the tank (60 watts for the size mentioned) which should be left on for ten hours each day. This will provide light necessary for the plants, and show the fishes to the best advantage. Too much light will result in the growth of microscopic plants (algae) and the water will turn green.

The plants are not just ornaments—they have a job to do. They utilize the carbon dioxide which the fishes breathe out, making more oxygen available. So without plants we could keep fewer fishes in the aquarium. Even so, it is important that the tank is never overcrowded; ten square inches of surface area is necessary for each inch of fish, because it is at the surface that oxygen is absorbed. So fifteen inches of fish is the safety limit in a two-foot tank.

The base of the aquarium is covered with well-washed heavy sand (which can be bought from the dealer who sells the tank), to a depth of two inches at the back and one inch at the front. Never pour water straight on to the sand, but place a saucer or sheet of paper on the surface first. Then fill the tank, and it will be quite clear.

Temperature can be maintained by a heater built into the tank, or one immersed in the water; a thermostat will control it at 75° F., the most suitable temperature for general purposes.

Get at least three dozen plants of two kinds—I recommend Vallisneria and Hygrophila, which should be planted in clumps near the back. A single plant of the aspidistra-like Cryptocoryne can be used as a centre-piece. A nice piece of sandstone or granite may be added to the furnishing, but (*Continued on page* 60)

Everyone wants to keep these handsome Angel fish, but only experienced aquarists should do so—they cause many disappointments among beginners. This picture and the one on page 60 are reproduced from *Cussons' Book of Tropical Fish*

# Lovely New PUT-U-UP Davenport Suite

PATENT PENDING

A truly superb suite from the Put-u-up range—at utility prices too. Write for literature to the manufacturers (wholesale only) Greaves & Thomas Ltd., Dept. BE22, 103 Northwold Rd., Clapton, E.5.

*For your protection, genuine Put-u-ups are identified in the shops by a Blue Ribbon.*

*No one could ever suspect the existence of the hidden double bed with its luxurious soft spring-filled mattress.*

**FROM YOUR FURNISHERS**

---

KU 200
"Princess" Series

## Elizabeth Ann KITCHEN UNIT

The Aristocrat of Kitchen Units. Gleaming Stainless Steel work tops and sliding doors closing spacious cupboards distinguish this series of superb sink and cupboard units.

*Call at your local Stockist today or write direct for illustrated brochure.*

ANDREW BROS. (BRISTOL) LTD.
OLDMIXON • WESTON-SUPER-MARE

---

# Curtains as lovely as in a film set . . .

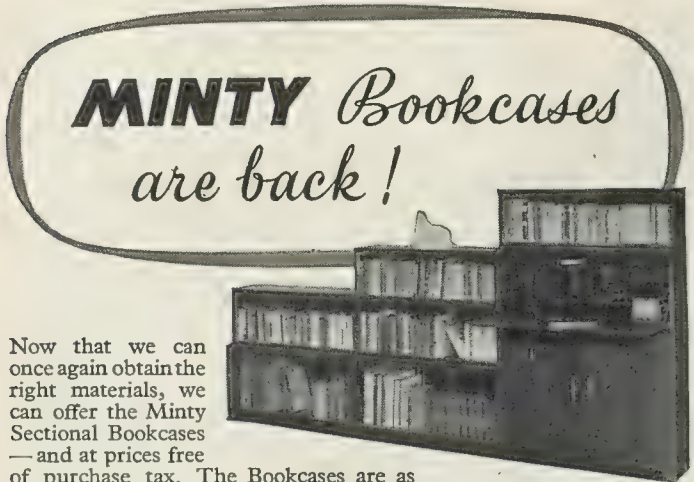
That's what you and everyone will say if you make them—or have them made up professionally—with "Rufflette" brand curtain tape, also hooks or rings. They will hang in those deep, even pleats, and never let you down. Remember, too, the hooks or rings fit without stitching—a great time-saver in laundering. No wonder "Rufflette" tape is the secret of *all* beautiful curtains. Obtainable from all drapers and stores.

## 'Rufflette' BRAND

CURTAIN TAPE with Hooks or rings

*By the makers of "Rufflette" Brand Cord Controlled Curtain Runway.*
THOMAS FRENCH & SONS LTD.
*Manchester, Wythenshawe, London, U.S.A. and Canada.*

The most comfortable chair on earth ! Full-sized lounge, softly sprung. Entirely new and improved method of construction. Settees also in two sizes. Models available from £11.15.0. No purchase tax.




Now that we can once again obtain the right materials, we can offer the Minty Sectional Bookcases — and at prices free of purchase tax. The Bookcases are as handsome as ever and compare favourably in every way with the pre-war standard which made the name of Minty pre-eminent in this field. Made in Oak, Mahogany or Walnut, the Bookcases are available as illustrated and in many combinations which can be added to as desired.

*Combination 30N. Three stacks as illustrated in Oak, Walnut or Mahogany, no purchase tax,* £59.3.0.
*Separate stacks* £13.19.0, £18.8.0, £26.16.0.

*Send for illustrated folders and full particulars to*
**Dept. B, MINTY LTD., 44/45 High St., Oxford**
Showrooms: LONDON — 123 Victoria Street, S.W.1
MANCHESTER — 7/9 Royal Exchange Arcade


# A Note Of Colour

*(Continued from page 58)*

not marble or limestone, which upsets the chemistry of the water.

This should give a beautiful natural setting for your fishes, which should be carefully chosen. A healthy fish will be lively with bright eyes, and the fin on the back carried erect, and it is well to select the largest specimens at the dealer's.

For the beginner the "livebearers" are the best, because they are hardy, pretty and easy to breed. The most famous of these is the Guppy, in which the male is very small and brightly coloured, the female larger and less beautiful; the Swordtail is also well known, in which both sexes are large and attractive, but the male has a sword-like growth on the tail, while the Molly, deep velvety black all over, is also very popular. These come from Central and South America, and are remarkable in that they breed rather like mammals, so that it is likely you will wake up one morning and find a "litter" of young ones swimming about. Unfortunately, in a "community" tank (containing several different kinds of fish) the young are liable to be eaten.

Another interesting group of fishes includes the Gouramis, which breathe air as well as the oxygen dissolved in the water; every now and then they take a gulp at the surface. When

The Veiltail, one of the most graceful of all goldfish, is a hardy variety for the amateur to start with. This and many other goldfish were bred long ago by the Chinese, but fine specimens are being produced in Britain.

they breed, the male blows a mass of bubbles, and in this floating "nest" the eggs are laid. The male defends his eggs and young very fiercely, so they may survive even in the community tank. Another species which takes great care of its eggs is the lovely Angel fish, but few people are lucky enough to breed them. Everyone wants to have a pair of these beauties, but they are not beginners' fish and are likely to prove disappointing. Most other fishes lay their eggs in large quantities among weeds and leave them to their fate, so there is not much chance of any surviving in a community tank. But these include some very lovely species, such as the Neon fish with its gleaming strip of greenish light along the back, and the Sumatra Barb with black cross-bars and bright red fins.

FISHES should be handled with a small net, and must never be touched with a dry hand. In transferring them from one container to another, always make sure that the temperature is the same—a sudden change of a few degrees up or down will upset them.

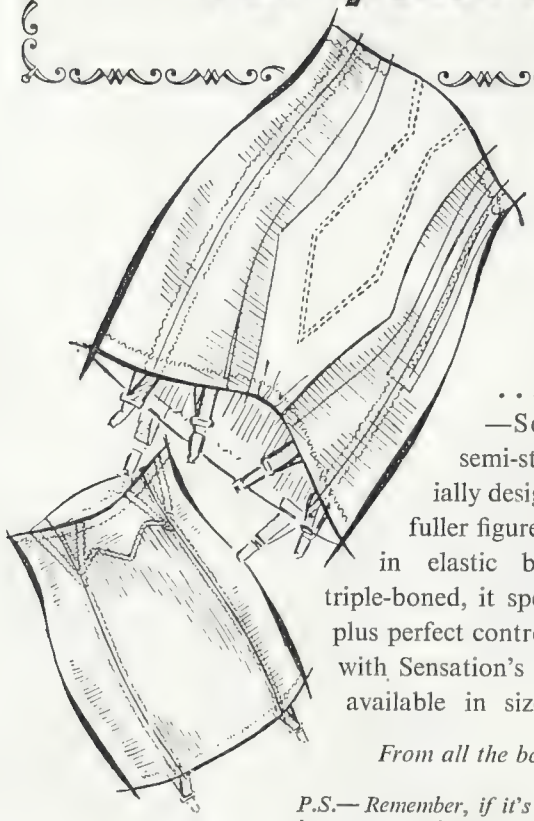
Very good dried food, a complete balanced diet, can be bought cheaply—but never overfeed, because if any is left it will decompose and foul the water. "A little and often" is the best rule. If possible some live food—Daphnia, Tubifex or Whiteworms (sold by dealers)—should be given now and then.

Space has allowed me to touch only on the bare essentials of the matter, but in the event of difficulty, I shall be happy to give further advice if a letter is addressed to me care of BRITANNIA AND EVE.

an occasion for
Straven
SCOTTISH KNITWEAR
Vayle Scottish hylons by John Skelton

*Kitten Hips*

**for you . . .**



. . . in Tribute —Sensation's semi-step-in specially designed for the fuller figure. Created in elastic batiste, and triple-boned, it spells comfort plus perfect control. Finished with Sensation's flat zip, it's available in sizes 27"–32".

*From all the better stores.*

*P.S.— Remember, if it's a belt, a bra, or a corselette, it's wonderful to wear a*

**Sensation**

KOPS BROS. (Great Britain) LTD.
CAVENDISH HOUSE, 51-55 MORTIMER STREET, LONDON, W.1

# Dawson, City Of Ghosts

(*Continued from page* 28)

golden. But to-day the once rollicking saloon goes by the elegant name of the Royal Alexander Hotel. Sam Broughton, once the kingpin poker dealer and gambler of the Flora Dora now serves there as boots.

A big man with a black moustache and a green fedora, Broughton arrived in Dawson fifty years ago with the intention of making a fortune as quickly as possible and leaving the moment he had accomplished his aim. But he failed; and to-day he spends his leisure hours sitting in the hard-seated armchairs opposite the three life-sized nudes, jawing with old Ed Andersen, one of the first gold-crazy men to cross the White Pass into the Klondyke and who now sits and gazes at the nudes unseeingly, unseeingly because he is going blind.

Both he and Sam Broughton never fail to tell the new arrival at the Royal Alexander about the old days, Sam concentrating on goings-on at the saloon, and Ed on the bad luck that prevented him striking half a million in nugget and yellow dust.

Soon after he arrived in the Klondyke he struck it rich, panning £5,000-worth of gold in a month from a claim in the Klondyke Valley. Arrived at Dawson to file his claim he spent the £5,000 on a binge during which someone hit him on the head with a champagne bottle.

"Since then I've not been able to remember where my strike was," he explains, "'though I've spent half my life searching for it." Shortly afterwards, a lady named Lou, show-girl of the Flora Dora, offered him a strip of land in Dawson for £100. Ed was broke and had to turn it down, and a week later someone struck gold there and Lou sold her land for £10,000. Back in the money he bought two claims and sold one to a pal for £200. He sold the wrong one. For the pal panned from it gold dust worth £50,000.

Here, among the old sourdoughs gathered beneath the life-sized nudes in the one-time Flora Dora, one hears such phrases as "Struck Colour at Fortymile" . . . "Sluiced for two months at Bear Creek." One hears about old Carl Hafsted, who willed a barrel of beer to everyone who helped to carry his coffin to the top of Haystack Mountain, and who attained his wish even though to reach the summit entailed a twelve-hour march across miles of frozen Muskeg and then a steep climb of 3,000 feet; tales from Fairbanks in Alaska and from the gold reefs on the shores of the Polar Ocean; and of the men who perished on the terrible trek across the White Pass when in 1896 a man named Henderson called out gold and came laughing and stumbling through the Klondyke blubbering to set the North alight.

To-day aircraft accomplish in two hours a journey which took the survivors of the Klondyke Rush six weeks.

Dawson is situated at the confluence of the mighty Yukon and Klondyke Rivers, on a wedge of marshland about half a mile wide and one and a half miles long. On the slopes of the nearby hills grow blueberries, redcurrants and cranberries. In winter the pines are clad in snow. There is beauty here.

A town of the baroque architecture of the eighties and nineties, its log cabins are decorated with fluted pillars, ornate cornices and the false front. Behind the latter is the dust of decades, and that of gold which slipped through the careless fingers of such as Silent Sam Bonfield who won the Yukonia Hotel in a poker game and lost it before the night was out, and who now spends his time between the Flora Dora, the Hospice of the Sisters of St. Mary, and the Arcade Café, which is run by Harry Gleaves who arrived in Dawson about 1910 with one dollar in his pocket, a pick under his arm and gold fever in his brain.

There are not above twenty in Dawson who remember the days of the Klondyke Rush. In their seventies and eighties they are beyond working on the Northern Commercial Company's gold dredgers, and for eighteen of them it is quite a trial to have to make the daily journey along the wooden duck-walk past the spot where Dangerous Dan McGrew "got his," and on up the hill to St. Mary's Hospital, the kindly establishment run by the Sisters of St. Anne.

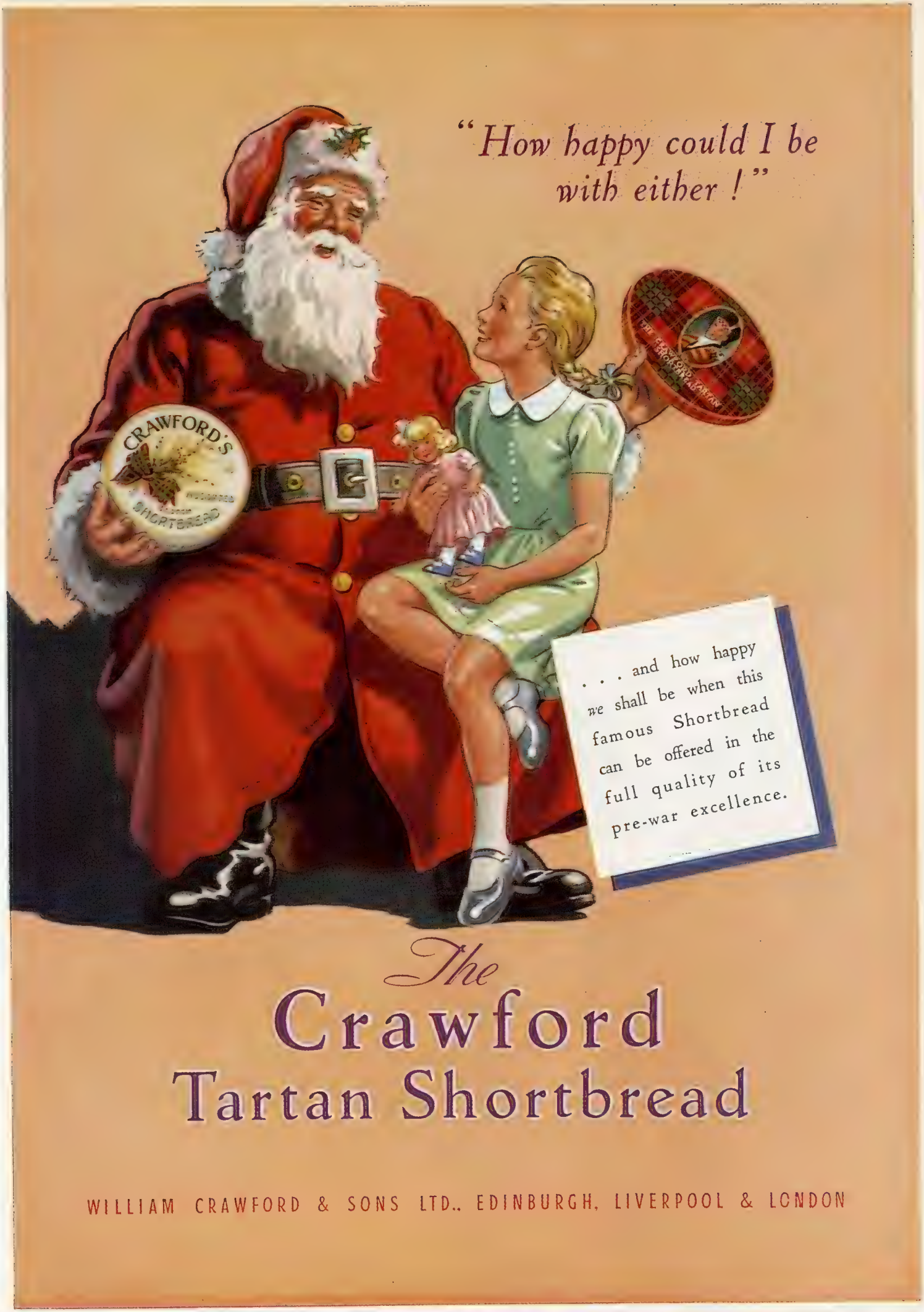
The convent is ten minutes' walk along the edge of the swiftly flowing Yukon, and it's almost directly above the Flora Dora. In fact one could throw a gold nugget from its windows straight down into the one-time dance hall. Built by a prospector who struck it rich, some will perhaps think it significant that it has outlived the dance halls, the saloons and gambling hells to become a last haven for the old-timers.

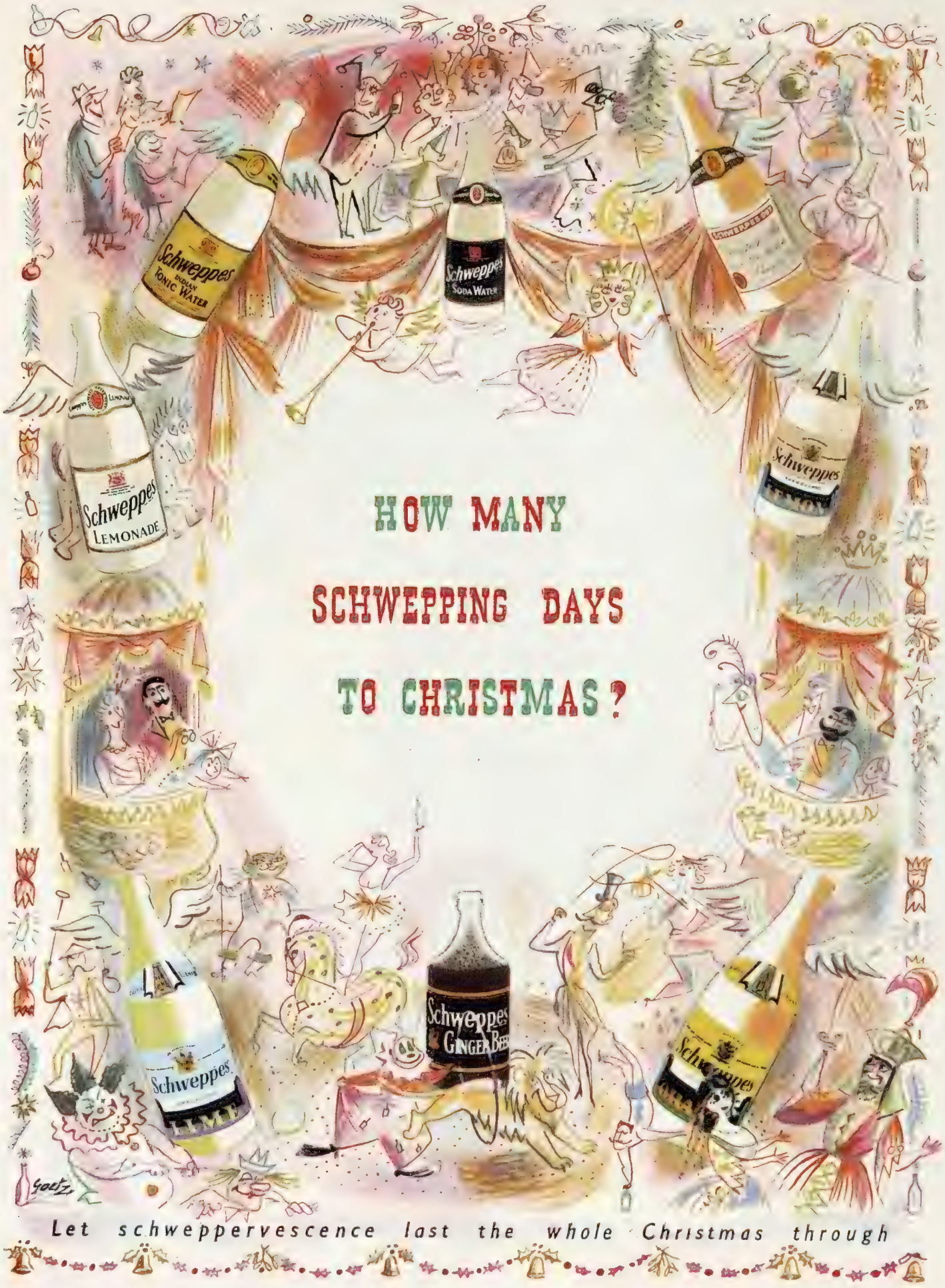
Through their fingers poured tens of thousands in gold dust. But there is not one among these men who does not welcome the shelter of the Hospice, and welcome the six dollars payable under Eddie Rickard's will every Christmas.

Eddie kept a second-hand store in Dawson, but seldom would he sell anything. "There'll be another boom in Dawson," he would say, "and I ain't selling till then." But there was not to be another boom in Dawson City. Eddie died and his store was burned down. But before he died he made a will under which each among the town's destitute were to be given six dollars for whiskies to be bought over the Flora Dora's bar at Christmas.

There can be few Christmases left for the old-timers of Dawson. They say they are "set along the Last Chance Trail," which in the local vernacular means the duck-board walk linking the Flora Dora and the convent. There is only one end to this trail—paupers' graves high up on a green hill looking down on the confluence of the Yukon and the Klondyke Rivers. "God's Claim," they call this quiet spot. Some among the sourdoughs tell how they once bought champagne at fifty dollars a bucket and then sprinkled its surface with gold-dust. But for most of them "God's Claim" will be the only successful strike they made at Dawson City.

END


"How happy could I be with either!"
CRAWFORD'S
SHORTBREAD
. . . and how happy we shall be when this famous Shortbread can be offered in the full quality of its pre-war excellence.
The Crawford Tartan Shortbread
WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH, LIVERPOOL & LONDON


HOW MANY
SCHWEPPING DAYS
TO CHRISTMAS?
Schweppes
INDIAN TONIC WATER
Schweppes
SODA WATER
Schweppes
LEMONADE
Schweppes
Schweppes
GINGER BEER
Schweppes
Goetz
Let schweppervescence last the whole Christmas through

# Kings, Croupiers And Casinos

(*Continued from page* 15)

they can't go on paying for the orchestras, concerts and other high-class entertainments which are so attractive but so costly.

Dutch religion has so far stood firm. But the pro-casinoists believe they have one final shot in their locker which must bring the scales down in their favour—Benelux. They point out that, with gambling Belgium and Luxembourg becoming ever more one country with non-gambling Holland, Dutch people will simply take their money next door, to gamble with, a thing they will be able to do without the slightest difficulty, there being no frontiers any longer.

For a comprehension of what effect casinos can have on the economy of a country, you turn to France. Not to Monte Carlo, which is altogether too hot-house a plant. There gambling was allowed to become far too much of the national life (or so it is averred by forces now set on altering the emphasis on gain from gambling, and gain from other sources). Monte Carlo should get out of it some way, with its superb climate and accoutrements. But the competition from ever more casinos was getting too strong and the present X-raying had to come.

France, then, possesses one hundred and forty casinos, where any citizen with his papers in order and money in his wallet is free to gamble to his heart's content. Of this record number, twenty-two offer the excitement of roulette (said to affect the blood pressure more than any other form of gambling), and only four the lightning way to wealth or bankruptcy—trente-et-quarante. All but fourteen have baccara tables, and only three disdain that tame game, boule.

Last year these casinos grossed £3,500,000. But only a score remain open all the year round, which makes a big difference in assessing their value to local and national economy. Surprisingly, the biggest take was recorded at Enghien-les-Bains, where baccara is the only game played. During their nine months of life, the baccara tables grossed all of £600,000.

Yet is this primacy of little-known-to-the-foreigner Enghien really so surprising? The place is less than eight miles from Paris, and it caters for the client of moderate purse in having excellent restaurants at non-cut-throat prices. Also, it lays itself out to attract women gamblers, even to putting on an after-dark protection service. By contrast, it has weeded out those solitary females who used to stand about the rooms and sidle up for a loan when they saw a man had won—or even when he hadn't.

Next to handy Enghien came Deauville which took, as I have said, over £400,000 from six months of roulette, trente-et-quarante, baccara and boule. The never-closed Mediterranean Palace at Nice rang up £330,000 profit, while Cannes Casino accumulated about £200,000 in seven months out of twelve, edging out Charbonnières, where all good gambling Lyonnais go. The take of the rest varied from Aix-en-Provence's tidy £190,000 to Grasse's £110,000.

No article of this kind would be complete without mention of the most extraordinary gambling emporium in the world. This is at Mar del Plata, Argentine's 700,000-holding summer resort situated 250 miles south-east of Buenos Aires. Last year the enormous casino, which cost £1,500,000 to construct, operated eighty roulette wheels and fifty other tables for other gambling games *all in the same room.*

Now that's the sort of place King Farouk would like to preside over, provided he could move from table to table—three hundred in all—and be sure of finding millionaire ranchers ready to stake with him at each.

END

# Seventeenth Honeymoon

(*Continued from page* 27)

excusing himself, went to fetch it. As he walked across the momentarily empty dance floor, Thea heard a woman's voice through the side curtains:

"You see! I told you it was John. . . . There are two men in every husband; the man that his wife knows and the man that any passably attractive woman not his wife knows. We have been listening to John alone with any woman not his wife. Nobody has better reason than I to recognize his gaudy style."

Her companion made no reply and the voice went on contemptuously:

"His repertory as a Don Juan is so limited! I mean all those clichés about the glint in her hair and the madness that she puts into his veins. Well, whoever's turn it is to-night, she'll soon find out when he's had enough. He'll just drop her. . . . What's his wife like?"

"She's lovely," a man replied shortly.

"And she makes him unhappy?"

"Good lord, no! I've never seen an annoyed glance between them. In a crowd, you can see how proud each is of the other. What gave you that idea?"

"Simply that a man who's happy with his wife doesn't usually make love to other women."

"You've been listening to gossip," came scornfully from the man.

"John was my lover in Calcutta for six of the happiest weeks of my life—and they ended only two months ago," the woman said with a frozen bitterness.

Thea felt as though she were in a lift (*Continued on page* 66)

By Appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers to H.M. King George VI
HUNTLEY & PALMERS LTD. READING, ENGLAND

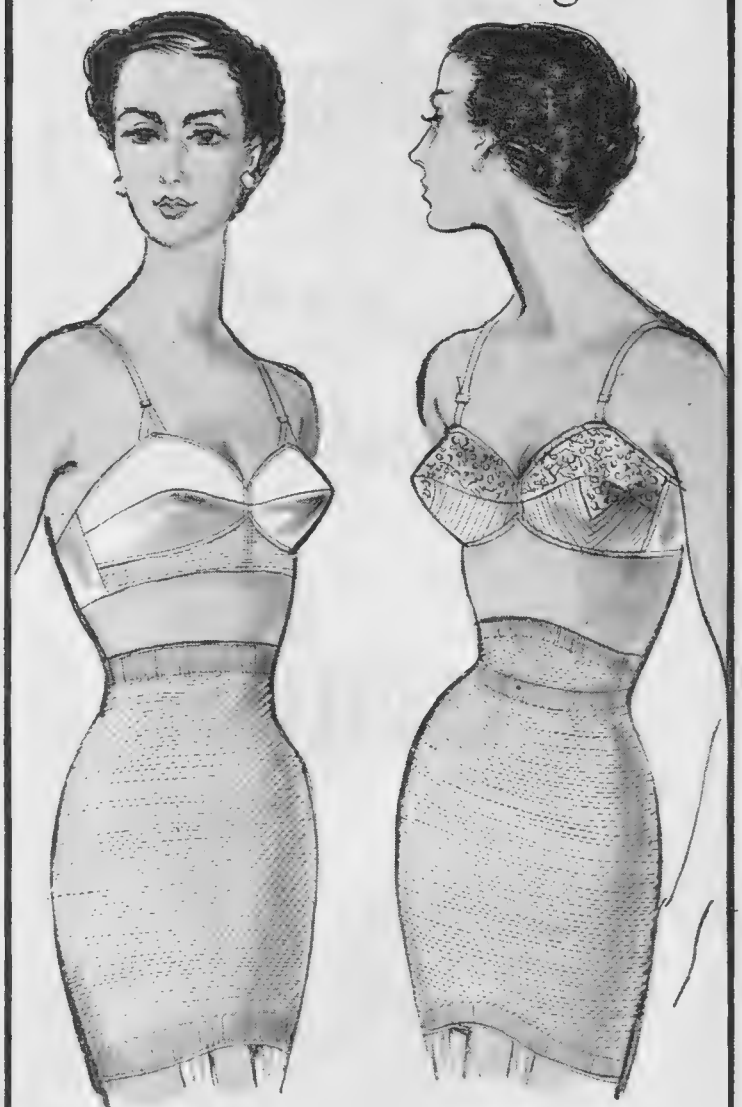
Huntley & Palmers

the first name you think of in

Biscuits

# An Au Fait Brassiere with a fitted Au Fait Girdle

## is the Foundation Line of the Loveliest Figure



**Belt at right No. 4012**— A new type of 'Figure weaving' with the expected *Au Fait* authoritative styling and skilled supple tailoring, sizes 26" to 36". Price £6 . 7 . 2.

**Belt at left No. 4011**— A shorter sided model of this superlatively fitting elastic garment, sizes 26" to 36". Price £3 . 16 . 9.

**The Brassiere at right No. 5500**— Elegant Bandeau Style in lace and satin with the skilled Au Fait cup fittings, sizes 32" to 36": A cup fitting. Also sizes 34" to 38": B cup fitting. Price £1 . 7 . 6.

**Brassiere at left No. 5044**— Snug fitting bandeau style in Rayon voile (top section) and satin., band of closely woven elastic. In A, B, C, cup fittings. A 32" to 36". B 34" to 38". C 36" to 40", price £1 . 0 . 1.

Au Fait *garments available at Leading Stores, or write to 17, Hanover St., London, W.1, for names of nearest shops.*




which had crashed without warning; she was shaken, confused, and only half conscious of what had happened. She found herself thinking: I must keep cool. I mustn't do anything rash. I must use my head—if I'm not to break my heart.

She saw John returning across the dance floor, looking neither to right nor to left, his eyes only for her. She knew that she was on the brink of the first crisis of her married life. She summoned her forces to quell the panic which seized her.

"A cigarette, darling?" John offered as he resumed his seat. Silently, she accepted. She did not trust her voice.

"Do you know what this cigarette case reminds me of?" John pursued, noticing nothing. "Our garden in Alipore. The hot nights before the monsoon when we sleep out in our summer-house beneath the Flame of the Forest tree . . ."

Thea became aware that a man and a woman were standing before their table. The man was young Frank Atherton who, in accordance with a custom frequent in overcrowded Calcutta, p.g.'d with them. The woman was unknown to her. John was so engrossed with Thea that she had to press his arm to indicate their presence. Natural surprise, followed by what seemed unaffected *bonhomie*, crossed John's face.

"Why! For heaven's sake! The village maid and the city slicker!" he exclaimed chaffingly. "Alison Farrel—my wife," he added.

The two women bowed slightly. Thea conceded that Alison was good-looking, in a slightly discontented way. (It occurred to her that men must enjoy consoling women whom other men had made unhappy.) There was something in Alison's attitude that Thea could not for the moment decipher—something as of a challenge to John—to the situation. If this were so, it were better to meet it than to flee.

"Won't you join us?" she invited, casually signing to a waiter to bring chairs.

"Ah! That summer-house beneath the Flame of the Forest tree," Alison said to Thea with an assumed lightness. "John was charming to me there for six consecutive week-ends."

"May we dance?" John interposed quietly to Thea. His tone inferred that if Alison were facing him with a choice, he had made it. The concern that Thea read in his eyes—concern not for himself but for her—dispelled the vestiges of her panic. Whatever there had been between John and this woman, he loved Thea. She put out a hand to keep him seated. Her glance passed back to Alison. What had eluded her in Alison cleared itself in her mind; she judged coolly that Alison was driven by a desire to spite John and to hurt her; this woman was paying her the compliment of jealousy. Slowly, Thea appraised her. Yes, she was indeed gratifyingly attractive. Thea felt her confidence flow back into her in full tide.

"Six week-ends? Only? Too bad!" she smiled. "John has been charming to me there—and elsewhere—for sixteen years." She managed even a hint of pity.

Instinctively, Thea knew that she must contrive to quit the field at once, in the flush of victory, before Alison could rally and perhaps deal her a thrust which she might not be able to counter so easily. But how? Beneath the table she felt John's hand gratefully pressing her knee. She had to think of him, too. He must not be allowed to escape without his desserts. Florestan's trio struck a lazy chord and opened into a waltz. She saw her opportunity and turned to Frank Atherton.

"Frank, dance with me. I think an attempt is now going to be made to convert a try. We must retire the regulation distance."

On their way to the floor, Thea waved a hand vaguely in John's direction and said pleasantly to Alison:

"The field is yours. I'm scratching." And in Frank's ear, she added as she slipped into his arms: "Whether that metaphor was from sport or from jungle warfare, we can leave dear Alison to work out."

Frank was an agreeable youth. His parents, old friends of the Morrows, were dead, and John elder-brothered and Thea mothered him in Calcutta. In his embarrassment he must have cannoned her into every couple on the floor, but she was now in such high spirits that nothing mattered: Alison had not been defeated—she had been routed!

"I'm terribly sorry, Thea. I'd no idea about Alison and . . . I mean, that John——" Frank floundered in his distress. "Poor Alison she was all to pieces when she overheard . . ."

Thea looked obliquely across the dance floor. Alison seemed to have plenty to say and to be saying it forcibly. The sight inspired Thea with an instantaneous decision that made her smile.

"Poor John!" she said. "Will you take me home now, please, Frank."

"But I've got Alison to supper——" he objected ridiculously in his surprise.

"On the contrary, John's got Alison to supper," she declared firmly.

"But who'll take her home?"

"John if he's a gentleman," Thea said gaily. "And he'll pay your bill, too. *I'll* see to that!"

Thea led Frank to the lobby where she scrawled a note which a waiter took to John.

Fifteen minutes later, she was extracting cold chicken from the refrigerator in John's flat and inserting the bottle of champagne that she thought the occasion deserved. Frank seemed strangely silent.

"Why so glum?" Thea asked happily.

Frank respected John and he revered Thea. He was only twenty-five. To you, the discovery of Alison may present itself as just another instance of the common-place: a husband deceiving his wife. To Frank, it was terrible. John and (*Continued on page* 68)

## *Alone in the World*

*"And he finally resolved, that it would be absolutely unnecessary, if not highly indecorous, to do more for the widow and children of his father, than such kind of neighbourly acts as his own wife pointed out".*

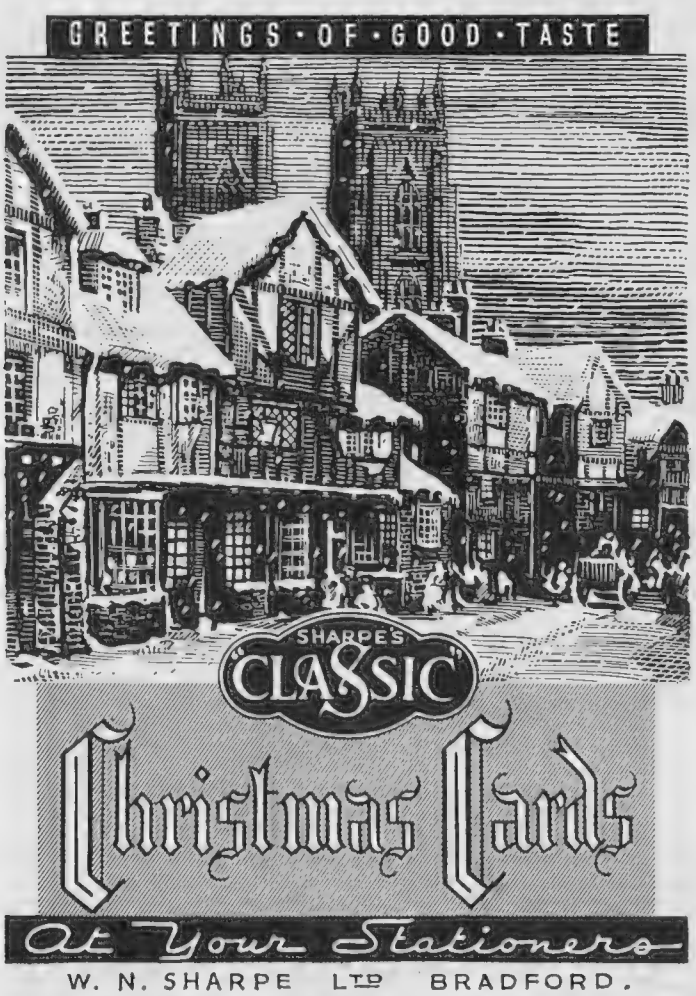
'SENSE AND SENSIBILITY' *by Jane Austen*

And so Mrs. Dashwood and her daughters, the heroines of "Sense and Sensibility", received no material benefit from the Dashwood estate. Nowadays executors do not behave as did Jane Austen's John Dashwood, but the responsibility of administering a will is often a heavy burden for a private individual. The Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company, combining friendly and confidential service with the specialized knowledge and continuity of a permanent organization, is well able to administer wills, trusts and settlements of all kinds.

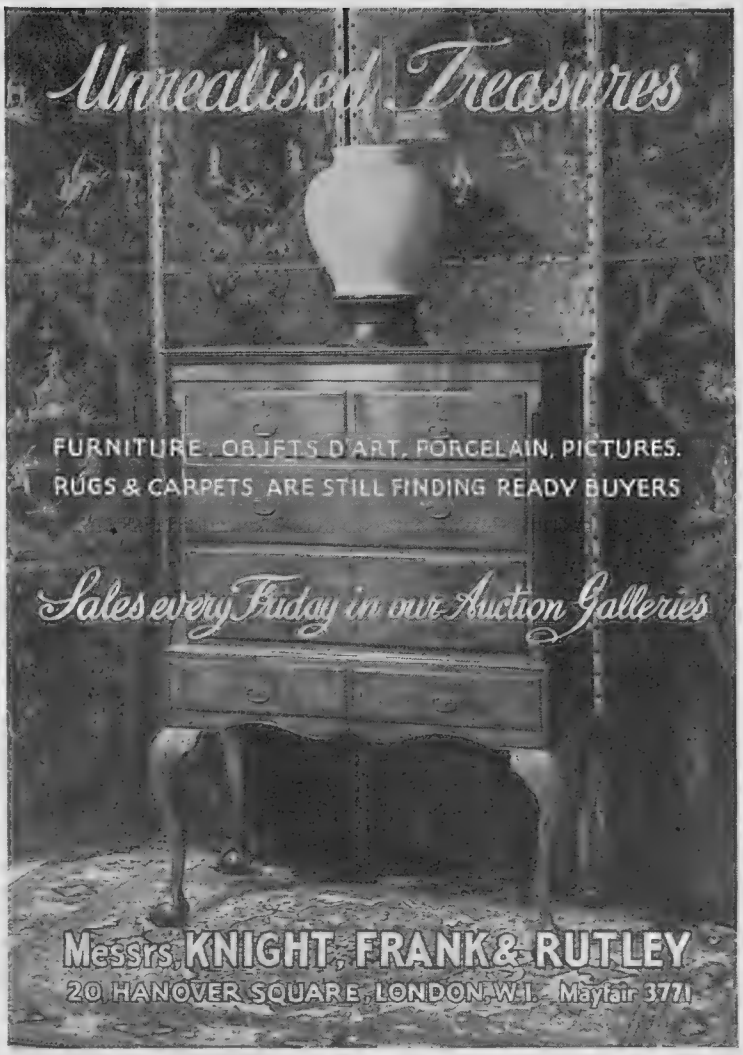
***MIDLAND BANK***

***EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE COMPANY LIMITED***

---

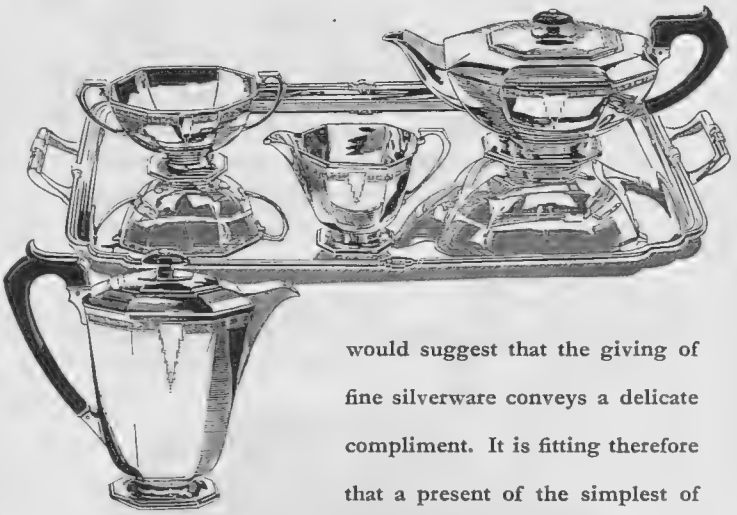



---

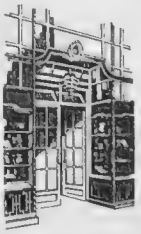

Unrealised Treasures
FURNITURE, OBJETS D'ART, PORCELAIN, PICTURES,
RUGS & CARPETS ARE STILL FINDING READY BUYERS
Sales every Friday in our Auction Galleries
Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY
20 HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1. Mayfair 3771

---

# We at 112 . . .



would suggest that the giving of fine silverware conveys a delicate compliment. It is fitting therefore that a present of the simplest of silverware should be endowed with the attributes of good taste . . . to be placed among your friends' most treasured possessions.



Entrance to '112'

**The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD**

**112 REGENT STREET · LONDON · W.1**

NUMBER **112** IS OUR ONLY ADDRESS · TELEPHONE REGENT 3021

*He knows the land as his forefathers knew it . . . . from them he has learnt the secrets of its tending . . . . at every season his skill is carefully applied to nourish or glean its fruits . . . . in the same way the skill of generations of engineers is built into the products of the Standard Motor Company, representing as they do in every detail of their design 'all that's best in Britain.'*

*The Triumph Mayflower*

*THE TRIUMPH MOTOR COMPANY (1945) LTD., COVENTRY*
*A subsidiary of the Standard Motor Co. Ltd.*
*London: 37, Davies Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1.*
*Telephone: MAYfair 5011*

TRIUMPH CARS · STANDARD CARS · STANDARD COMMERCIAL VEHICLES · FERGUSON TRACTORS



Thea personified his boyish ideals of love and marriage. Of course, he knew that some people behaved like cads but there now began to creep over him the disillusionment that follows treachery encountered face to face for the first time in real life. He recalled small incidents after Thea's departure from Calcutta—glances, hasty movements, momentary embarrassments, between Alison and John—to which he had paid no attention at the time. He was indignant with John and full of compassion for Thea. And to crown all, he was the unintentional means by which Thea had come to know of John's infidelity. He had, he assumed, broken up her marriage. He was miserable.

"Tell me," she urged in that interested, semi-motherly tone that she often used towards him.

"I'm so awfully sorry for you," he muttered, avoiding her glance.

Thea was taken aback. She was feeling like someone who had brought off her first solo attempt down the Cresta Run. For a dizzy moment at the beginning, all had seemed out of control. She had lived through seconds of terror but had re-established command by sheer will-power, and, steering with conscious care while she sped round highly-banked curves, had arrived safely and gloriously at the bottom. She was in a mood for congratulations, not pity.

"My dear child!" she exclaimed. "I've had a wonderful time."

And she settled herself comfortably back in her armchair with a wing of chicken and a glass of champagne within reach. Frank felt that he had made an even bigger mess of things by offering sympathy; he was hurt by Thea's reply which he took as a rebuff and he was puzzled by her apparent indifference to John's conduct. The effort to contain these conflicting thoughts made him sulky.

"Somehow I've upset you, Frank? You and I have always been able to talk about anything. Tell me. I've no feelings to hurt."

"That's just it," Frank let out.

Unexpected tears suddenly blurred Thea's vision. Frank had said bluntly what she had till then successfully prevented herself from thinking. He had compelled her to admit that John had hurt her deeply. All her natural instincts of anger, resentment and wounded pride rose to the surface and overpowered her.

"I'm sorry!" she gasped. "Some champagne bubbles have gone up my nose!"

She hurried to her room, dabbed her eyes, drew a comb through her hair, freshened her make-up, and smiled bravely into the mirror. "Listen, my girl," she admonished, "you've not yet faced this squarely." She decided that she must force herself to correct Frank's mistaken ideas, because by doing so she would be correcting her own and disciplining herself to think and talk rationally.

She rejoined Frank, helped herself to some fruit salad and pushed the bowl towards him.

"You believe that husband and wife should be faithful?" She inquired.

"Otherwise, why marry?" Frank said in surprise.

"John is always faithful to me."

"But Alison?"

"Is a tribute to John's boredom when I'm not there," she re-assured herself and him. "Ah! Frank! Have you yet to discover that, for men there are two kinds of love? There's everything John and I share together—our interests, our children, our pride in each other, our future. That's true love." She realized that she was hurrying. Deliberately, she continued more slowly. "But there is also a man's passing revolt against his routine, his responsibilities, his failures, dissatisfactions with himself. He seeks change; his self-confidence needs renewing; he wants to be made to feel that he's just as attractive as ever he was."

She was pleased with her explanation, but Frank's reply made her less confident that she had all the answers pat.

"And his wife can't do that for him?" he asked with the cruel simplicity of youth.

"Yes, Frank, if she's clever—and if she's there," Thea said, inwardly aware that this implied questions. Had John merely failed himself, as she had suggested? Or had she, too, not been able to fulfil all that he sought?

"But you *are* clever," she heard Frank counter.

His protest agreeably deflected the current of her thoughts and she followed their new direction aloud:

"Indeed, I am. So clever that John hasn't the remotest intention of letting any woman take him from me. So clever that when I'm not with him I know that I'll make someone else—Alison—suffer for it."

"Why should she?"

"Because she can't recognize a bored grass-widower when she meets one. She can't see that a man with children, a wife like me, and a career, is not going to throw it all up and start again at the bottom of the ladder, partnered by a glamour girl!"

"Isn't that rather cynical?"

"If John drank, stole, forged, beat the children, was selfish, or had an impossible temper, you'd expect me to stay with him. But because he tangles himself in an occasional Alison, you want me to divorce him!"

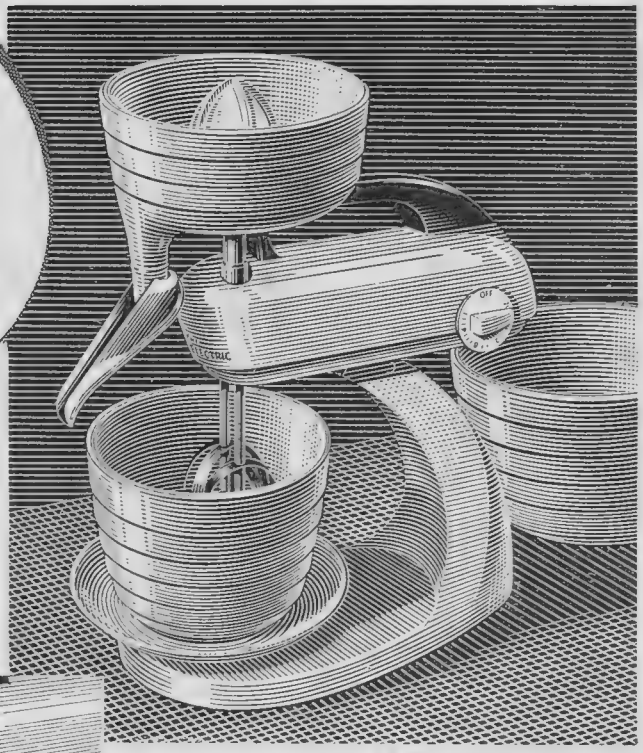
Thea looked at the clock and drained her glass triumphantly.

"And how his Alisons punish him! You can't arouse a woman's feelings and then walk out on her without a scene. It's good for a man to hear unpleasant home truths occasionally, and the art of the successful wife is to arrange for an Alison to do the job for her."

From Frank's expression, she saw that she had established herself in his eyes as a coolly calculating woman of the world, apparantly able to think of her marriage in terms of a balance sheet which revealed that the assets were sufficient to meet depreciation and pay something over. The idea did not displease; it flattered subtly. Laughing a little, Thea was about to light a (*Continued on page 70*)

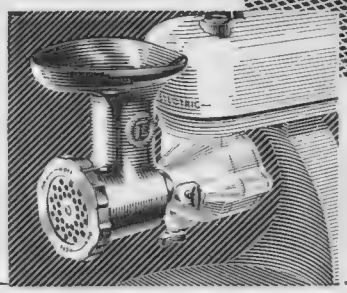
# 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

## Food Mixer

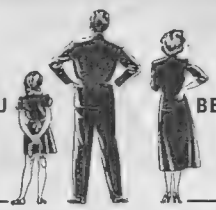


**BEATS · MIXES · CREAMS**
**MASHES · WHIPS · BLENDS**
**JUICES**

**MINCING** The Mincer and Power Unit which drives it are optional extra attachments and are very simple to fit. The Mincer has interchangeable blades for coarse or fine mincing.



**ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR A DEMONSTRATION**
*In case of difficulty write for illustrated leaflet and name of your nearest dealer to:* The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Co. Ltd., Domestic Appliance Sales (Dept. M.7.), Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.



**BRINGING YOU BETTER LIVING**

**REFRIGERATORS · COOKERS · WASHING MACHINES · PLATE WARMERS · TELEVISION**

THE MOST COMFORTING
**NEWS**
FOR YEARS!

# DUNLOPILLO

LONG LASTING COMFORT

## *is back in the shops!*

WHY is Dunlopillo so much better than conventional mattresses? Here are the answers: Dunlopillo is latex foam, the pure milk of the rubber tree, which has been whisked into a foam and set. Its millions of tiny inter-connecting air-cells—self-ventilating in use—keep Dunlopillo cool, even in hot weather; it gives ideal support to your body, is odourless, germ-resisting and does not create dust or fluff. You'll find Dunlopillo saves work, too, never needs turning or airing, and cannot sag or "bunch-up." Year after year your Dunlopillo mattress will stay as fresh and comfortable and shapely as the day it was bought.

| Specimen Prices | Size 6'0" or 6'3" long | 3'0" wide | 4'6" wide |
|---|---|---|---|
| | The "Deep Six" (6" deep) | £17 . 4 . 2 | £25 . 16 . 2 |
| *including P.T.* | The "Famous Four" (4" deep) | £11 . 9 . 5 | £17 . 4 . 2 |

**IMPORTANT** **INSIST ON DUNLOPILLO**
*the original latex foam*
**SEE THE NAME ON THE MATTRESS**

*Awarded the "Good Housekeeping" seal*

*Write for illustrated colour leaflet to:*
Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd. (Dunlopillo Div.), Rice Lane, Walton, Liverpool 9. London: 19/20 New Bond St., W.1.

**FOUNDERS OF THE LATEX FOAM INDUSTRY**

50D/D36

# Delta
## FLATS

Informal for youth... soft ..flexible..yet ensuring style by its smart new cut-away heel.

*GIRTON*

MADE BY LOTUS

cigarette when she heard the scrape of John's latch-key in the front door. Her heart missed a beat. "I'm just as emotional as a schoolgirl," she chided herself irritably, and it came to her that she had given Frank a preview of the woman that she would have to build up—for what John had done once, he might do again—rather than a picture of the woman that she was. Aloud she said :

"I'm a bit tired. I must go to bed. Thank you for bringing me home. Good night, Frank."

Blowing him a kiss, she disappeared rapidly into her bedroom. She was furious with herself because her bosom was heaving. She felt trapped. She had been so busy rationalizing about Alison that she had not thought out how she was to greet John. What if he apologized to her? Was she to put him on probation? What *would* he say? Nothing? Was she then to ignore the event of the evening? And this was their first night of his leave. Was he to go unpunished?

She heard a brief exchange between John and Frank, the slam of the front door, the clink of a glass, then John's approaching footsteps. If he came in with champagne in his hand—to brazen it out—she would hate him. She beat her temples with fists clenched. Quick ! she thought. I must decide now. . . . What I do depends on what I want !

She wanted that nothing should be said which would stop them from being as happy together as they had always been. "As happy together as we have always been !" She had found the key. "In that case, I must sink my pride . . . yes, but if I'm to keep his respect, I must go down with colours flying—this time and always !" Easier said than done. But there was no time for further thought—John was there. She slipped on to the backless chair in front of her three-mirrored dressing table where she could watch him and began removing her jewellery. He was looking disturbed.

"Thea?" He began tentatively.

"H'm. H'm." she replied, her hands behind her neck, busy with the clasp of her pearls.

"Looking back over our life together, looking back over my attitude towards you to-day, would you say that I loved you?"

This evidently carefully rehearsed question brought the glow back to Thea's heart. It implied that he had been striving to find a way to heal the wound that he had dealt her that would leave the least scar. She knew that her surrender was in sight. But what about those flying colours? If it were said gently—

"You've given me a lovely life all but one bad quarter of an hour. But as you've paid for that four times over, I've forgotten it."

"Four times over?" He looked his bewilderment.

"I handed you over to Alison for an hour to-night. Of course, if she didn't give you sufficient hell——"

"Thea, you're a revengeful fiend, but I adore you."

Was this the moment? To surrender now would leave questions unanswered. But life was full of unanswered questions and some were better not put. The only one that mattered was: Did John love her? And the anxiety written across his face as he awaited her verdict spelled an answer that went to her heart. She rose, turned swiftly and held out her arms.

"You're a very great lady," he said, kissing her hand. It was his apology.

She drew him to her. Their seventeenth honeymoon had begun.

END

# That School Report

(*Continued from page 56*)

round an aeroplane factory he will soon realize that his ambition is absolutely hopeless unless he makes the grade in geometry. Geometry ceases to be a drudgery because it comes to life and assumes practical importance.

The "lazy child" is a sick child. It is unnatural for a healthy and intelligent youngster not to be vitally interested in everything going on around him. Why should any particular child be called dull and lazy simply because his comrades, according to their reports, appear to beat him all along the line? One of two reasons account for an ill-considered judgment. Either a child learns more slowly, though no less thoroughly, than others, or he is gifted with much quicker intellectual powers. A slow thinker is liable to lose heart and self-confidence when he finds he cannot keep the pace, so he sits back and makes no further effort. The second type gives up trying because he grasps things far more quickly than his classmates, after which there is nothing left to keep up his interest. Placed in classes suitable to mental age rather than their actual age, so called lazy children soon lose their undeserved reputation.

Perpetual nagging at home is an absolute bar to achievement. By a frantic effort of will, a child may try harder than ever but he will never succeed in concentrating. The constant shadow of reproof and criticism results in uncertainty, unhappiness and inefficiency. Parental encouragement and occasional praise work miracles. It is worse than useless for parents to try and lead their child's life for him and one must never insist upon a youngster training for any professional or business career unless it makes a special appeal to him. Remember that he must have an aptitude for what he intends to work at after he leaves school, otherwise not only will he be doomed to failure in life, but to permanent misery and frustration as well.

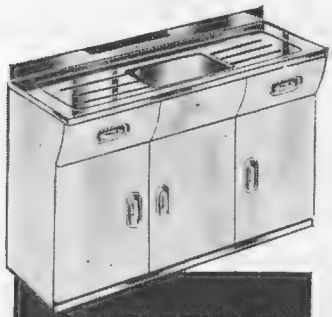
However disappointing a school report may appear to be it should not be taken at its face value. Investigation into the cause of failure, a friendly chat with the child, and co-operation between teachers and parents will soon banish the alarm and despondency which occurs when the child is valued only in terms of a mathematical sum.

END

English Rose
REGD. TRADE MARK
KITCHEN EQUIPMENT

How lucky you are to live in an age when kitchens can be planned, like this. Why add shelves and tables at random when ENGLISH ROSE provides the entire kitchen, designed to save time, energy and your looks. Handy cupboards hide everything from dust and dirt; air conditioning removes all trace of cooking and steam. Floor cabinets, gas cooker, refrigerator, domestic boiler, all of perfect working height, and stainless steel sink—in which even the reluctant family will enjoy washing up—are all finished in gleaming cream, sea green or white enamel. One unit or a complete kitchen can be supplied.

Write for Booklet No. E.R.102 and name and address of nearest stockist.



ENGLISH ROSE V60
SINK UNIT

In addition to the V.60 illustrated, there are the V.50 single sink with left or right hand drainer and V.70 with double sink and double drainer. Like all other ENGLISH ROSE units they are made of aluminium and stainless steel.

FEATURES INCLUDE

★ *Sink fitted with special anti-splash rim.*

★ *Sink and drainer sound deadened.*

★ *Toe piece running entire length of units.*

★ *Garbage container can be supplied for fitting under sink.*

PRODUCTS OF C·S·A INDUSTRIES LTD. · WARWICK

L.G.B

This is the name-

-for Quality Jams

**CHIVERS**

*Other popular varieties include*
*Raspberry, Blackcurrant, Cherry and Victoria Plum.*

CHIVERS & SONS LTD., The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE
and at Montrose, Huntingdon and York

GD112

**He stands at the Cross Roads**

— the choice is yours. Give your baby the right food during these short but vital early months and the foundation of future physical fitness and stamina will be well and truly laid. Give him the wrong food and a life of regret may well be yours.
Cow & Gate has been proved over two generations to be the world's finest baby food. It is more than a Baby Food — it is a gilt edged investment and insurance policy combined. No wonder so many Royal Mothers choose Cow & Gate for their babies. Nothing is too good for your baby, so follow their example and buy a tin today!

**COW & GATE MILK FOOD**
The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES

4635

By Appointment
Table Salt Manufacturers

**Cerebos Iodised Salt—Also Available**

**JACOB'S**

**Water Biscuits**

*with the nutty flavour people like*

W. & R. JACOB & CO. (LIVERPOOL), LTD., BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS

# THE BARON IN THE CONGO

"The district was known to be inhabited by particularly ferocious gorillas," said the Baron. "You are aware, gentlemen, of my utter contempt for the firearm as a weapon?"

We nodded silent assent.

"I went to the Wilkinson Sword people and ordered a beautiful two-handed sword."

"You actually fought gorillas with this sword?" asked the Younger Member.

"In all, I slew three hundred and seventeen in single combat," said the Baron. "I beg your pardon, one was killed falling from a tree, which I inadvertently felled when I brought my sword into contact with its trunk."

"And the sword?" asked the Younger Member.

"Having lost my razor, I cut it up into suitable lengths and used it for shaving—it is still in use to-day. I understand," continued the Baron modestly, "that it was from this that the Wilkinson people got the idea for their excellent razor."

*A Wilkinson (Sword) Self-Stropping Razor makes the perfect gift for any man. Forged from ringing sword steel, each of the Wilkinson Hollow Ground Blades will give him the smoothest, keenest shave he's ever had. Beautifully packed with Blades and Strop.*

12/10 (*W.*12) 60/- (*W.*30) 25/6 (*W.*19).
Seven Day Set.

WILKINSON
SWORD
RAZOR

*A better-tempered blade for a good-tempered shave*

MADE OF SWORD STEEL BY A SWORDSMITH

*Available from all Stockists*

THE WILKINSON SWORD COMPANY LIMITED, ACTON, LONDON, W.4.

# The Birds Fly South

(*Continued from page 25*)

through the clouds. And geese are only one type of migrating autumn bird!

Geese and ducks travel at a steady speed of about 50 miles an hour when migrating. Swallows move at about 45 m.p.h. Most birds travel at more than 30 m.p.h. A sustained flight between feeds of 6 to 8 hours is usual, with a total of between 200 and 300 miles, according to wind direction; a tail-wind means more miles covered so long as it is not violent enough to upset the bird's tail-steering, while a headwind means slower progress.

Migrating birds rarely fly at more than 3,000 ft., and quite often are within a few score feet of land or sea. Some birds definitely fly 2,000 miles nonstop over sea on which, being land birds, they are unable to descend. Some fly over the world's greatest mountain ranges—there is a well-known migration line over the Himalayas at 18,000 ft. above sea level, and the birds stream over as a rule 2,000 ft. or more above the pass.

How migrating birds find their way is a problem that has puzzled watchers ever since mankind first looked up into the sky, and we have no answer to that question. It is well known that the young of many breeds, of which the swallow is one, migrate before their parents. Thus, millions of young swallows born in England during this summer, who have never flown more than a mile or two from the house-eaves under which they first saw the light, fly south in September, and find their way anything up to 6,000 miles along routes they have never seen; yet they always use the same routes that swallows have used all down history, passing through the same valleys, following the courses of the same rivers, gliding through the same mountain passes and sweeping like winged bullets over the same curves of coastline.

They cannot recognize what they have never seen, and no adult swallows fly with these youngsters. How, then, do they chart the invisible route? No human being can say.

Sometimes, thick fog or violent storms cause them to lose their way or be driven off course. At such times, losses may be great. A naturalist a few years ago, after a fierce autumn snowstorm, saw mile after mile of dead birds, and estimated that there were more than 5,000 to each mile. An American observer stated that he saw three-quarters of a million Lapland buntings dead on the frozen surface of two little lakes in Minnesota.

A few years ago, a September blizzard forced down tens of thousands of swallows and martins in Central Europe. Many came down in the Vienna streets, and a local Austrian bird-protection society picked up over 89,000 and sent them on by aeroplane to Venice, where they were freed in great clouds and were able to continue their own journey south.

All this detail about migration sounds a little like guesswork, but it is subject to most careful checking. Observations of thousands of migrant birds are made by attaching very light aluminium tabs to the legs of nestlings or adult birds. The tabs bear the name and address of a bird-watching society, and an identification number. This bird-banding has been going on for 250 years, and is now an international science, recognized and assisted by most governments.

One in four in every hundred of ordinary banded birds is recaptured later, while among ducks the number runs as high as twenty in every hundred. Very careful trapping enables birds to be released uninjured, often on several occasions.

S. P. Baldwin banded a white-throated sparrow, recaptured it within a few yards of the original spot a year later after it had flown more than 1,000 miles south to winter, retook it three years later, and then again a year after that. It is well known that many, probably most, migrating birds return to the same square mile year after year to nest, after round-trip journeys that may total anything up to 20,000 miles in about six months.

A black-headed gull banded at Rossitten in Germany was retaken in Barbados, and another marked by the same German was captured in Mexico. A tern banded in the United States was found four years later at the mouth of the River Niger in Africa. A lapwing banded in the north of England was recaptured in Newfoundland.

In general, birds of passage of our northern hemisphere migrate southwards in autumn to avoid winter conditions, and northwards to their nesting-grounds in spring. A country may have some birds leaving, as swifts and swallows are leaving us now, while others are arriving here from further north; among the latter are geese now coming to England from the far north, to await the mysterious call of springtime before they wing north once more. A few types of bird migrate from east to west, and some merely from mountain-tops down to the valleys, and later back again.

How irresistible is the urge to go may be judged from the record of a famous naturalist who saw a wild goose female with a broken wing *walking* south. Her mate was walking ahead, a few yards away, excitedly calling; every now and then he would rise screaming into the air, fly for a hundred yards or so, then sweep round and alight a little ahead of the crippled female, plainly trying to incite her to fly. Meanwhile, she plodded along determinedly, apparently intending to walk thousands of miles since she could not take wing. Such instances happen every autumn, but alas! the crippled birds are killed by foes, or die of exhaustion, and the winged mates have to go on their journey alone.

Sometimes, migrant flocks are all of one type of bird, perhaps all of the same sex. Sometimes, they are composed first only of young birds in their ten-thousands, and, a few weeks later, the flocks of parents fly the same route. Occasionally, as in the case of ducks, females and young of both sexes travel together, while the males follow later. Some travel in family groups; (*Continued on page 75*)

# Gleneagles in graded American fittings

**AILSA**
*—in blue, black or brown calf* **65/-**

*Made by Saxone for Saxone Shops*

How to look smart and feminine in wintry weather? . . . that's every woman's fashion problem. These handsome Gleneagles shoes solve it . . . the glove-like upper is snug and warm, the slightly thicker sole welted-as-handsewn to make it really watertight . . . yet they're elegant shoes that'll slim and flatter your feet. All Saxone assistants know the fitting that's perfect for you.

# SAXONE

## SHOPS for beautiful shoes

GLENEAGLES BREVITT JOYCE STYL-EEZ

G7

**297 Oxford Street W.1 and throughout the country.** *If there's no Saxone shop in your town write direct to Oxford Street*

NOW IN BOOK FORM
This painting of the Pearl Gourami and eleven other beautiful colour plates appear in "Cussons Book of Tropical Fishes" 5/6 post free from the address below.
CHATER

# IMPERIAL LEATHER

*The Toilet Luxuries of Exquisite Character*

Cussons

*Announcement of* CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD, 84 BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON W.1

a few go alone. Often, there are immense flocks of varied types with similar flying powers, and then millions of individuals fly in unbroken sky-wide formations.

The range of any species remains constant, and the date, direction and pattern of the vast exodus are the same year after year, century after century, even millenium after millenium so far as we know. Many of the birds are extraordinarily faithful to the actual spot in which they nest. Professor Newton knew a pair of curlews which nested each year in a rabbit warren. Presently the warren was planted as a pine wood, and the curlews still came even when the place was the gloomy centre of a young forest instead of a sunny, sandy down. Another naturalist records a pair of crows which nested each year in a tall fir. It was cut down one spring, so they nested, after a lot of querulous wheeling, in the fallen tree. The next year, it was gone. Wildly perturbed, the birds flew round and round examining and rejecting other trees. Finally, they nested in a thicket of brambles exactly where the fir had grown.

One of the most amazing details of migration among birds is the curious effect on them of a lighthouse whose beams show at night in or near their path. Tens of thousands of birds fly into the light beams and are apparently dazzled by them; vast numbers perch on the rails and peer hypnotized into the light; sometimes, thousands dash themselves against the glass and fall to death on the rocks below.

Do they imagine they have found the very source of light towards which, perhaps, instinct guides them in the great flight south, as the Arctic darkness of winter shadows the north? We do not know whether it is light they seek, or food, warmth or flowers, or a brighter green in the grass and trees, or if, perhaps, the memory of some infinitely long-past creeping southward of the Polar ice-cap taught their race a lesson they never can forget. Only we know that in the weeks of autumn millions upon millions of little feathered heads are peering restlessly south, and that these tiny things, hardly heavier than a handful of dust, pit themselves against 70-mile-an-hour ocean gales, hundreds of miles of fog, whistling rain, mountain snowstorms and vast desert heats, and complete in less than a month, journeys which, in many cases, would take a man unaided by machinery several years to accomplish.

# Soldier's Lot (*Continued from page* 13)

the chequered story of the British soldier emerges one striking and inspiring fact. No matter how unpromising material from the military point of view he seemed to be, what privations he had to undergo, how unfairly he was treated or how little he was paid—he always came up to scratch. As in Wellington's day, so in Marlborough's. England entered the Spanish Succession War after years of prejudice against a standing army, and as the war itself dragged on the poor fighting man became sadly unpopular, being stigmatized as a waster and a "plague of the nation."

No doubt there were plenty of rogues and adventurers in Marlborough's forces (as there were in Wellington's), for recruiting was mostly a matter of bribery and persuasion carried out on a strictly regimental basis (the Army then being hardly more than a collection of regiments, each virtually owned by its colonel) by regimental officers who returned from the Low Countries in the autumn (when the year's campaign was over) and gathered in all the vagabonds, unemployed and anyone else who found it hard to fit into civilian life.

Add to this mixed bag the criminals, debtors and paupers liable under conscription, the men whose natural bent was soldiering and a fair sprinkling of tough and hectoring N.C.O.s, and you have the backbone of the Army that made Marlborough's victories possible. It is only fair to add that such troops were often led by excellent officers. Men who had bought their commissions, felt a pride in their regiments and were determined to weld their soldiers into a first-rate fighting body.

It may have been possible to inspire the soldier with a strong corporate spirit on the battlefield, but in peace it was not so easy. Until the end of the eighteenth century there was hardly a barracks in the country and the men were quartered in alehouses up and down England, regiments being so split up that effective training was almost out of the question. And as part of the soldier's peacetime duties was the detection of smuggling he was hardly likely to be popular with the civilians among whom he lived.

Some of the first attempts to improve the soldier's lot came not from the Government, but from Army officers. Pitt, it is true, instituted barracks, but various innovations like savings-banks, regimental libraries, coffee-houses (as an alternative to the official canteens where the men spent their exiguous pay on fiery, inferior liquor) were introduced by the regiments themselves.

Again, it was private individuals like Florence Nightingale, Alexis Soyer, the chef who made immense improvements in the soldier's diet, and Charles Russell of *The Times*, who, during the Crimean War, first brought home to the public the pitiable state of British troops fighting overseas—private individuals like these who led officialdom in pressing for Army reforms. And it needed the Boer War and the first World War, in which ordinary citizens—as volunteers and conscripts—fought beside regulars, to explode the civilian myth that the soldier was a man apart.

Since the Crimean War the great reforms of Cardwell and Haldane have put right much that was wrong with the Army, and the fact that between 1854 and 1904, 567 committees and Royal Commissions deliberated on Army matters shows that the soldier is no longer the forgotten man. The weightier pay-packet he now receives will do much to help him remember this.

END


TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

300 Years to make a watch

A fine Swiss jewelled-lever watch is one of the wonders of the world. It is a product of 2,400 distinct operations. Its 160 parts are measured to ten-thousandth of a millimetre. It is accurate to a fraction of a second, year after year.

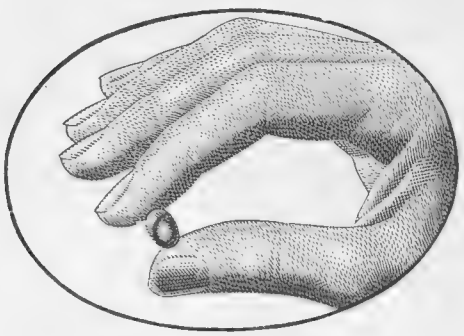
Swiss craftsmen have been dedicated to this art of the watch for three hundred years. In each century new knowledge has been gained, new improvements made. And each improvement, each advance in technical skill, has been passed on from fathers to sons for fourteen generations.

This is why the watchmanship of the Swiss is acknowledged to be the finest in the world. This is why we can say that the fine Swiss watch you buy today took three hundred years to make. It is certain to be a more accurate watch—a watch that will last longer—a watch you can really rely on.

*To qualify as a "Complete Watchmaker" in Switzerland, the student must first make a watch entirely by hand, fashioning each tiny wheel, spring and screw with tools he has made himself. And this watch must not vary more than four seconds in twenty-four hours!*

*The* WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

Why wait to *CURE* a cold



when it's easier to *PREVENT* it!

Here is the easy answer to the menace of the English winter: Start taking Crookes Halibut Oil—and take it regularly. Each Crookes capsule contains strong concentration of 'protective' vitamin A and 'sunshine' vitamin D. These are the two vitamins you specially want to ward off all those worrying winter ailments.

**CROOKES HALIBUT OIL**

CAPSULES: 25 FOR 2/6, 100 FOR 8/6 · FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

***FREE!*** *Send for the Crookes booklet—'A story you can hardly believe'—fully illustrated in colour. Write to The Crookes Laboratories Ltd., Dept. 58, Park Royal, London, N.W.10.*

C70

# On Rainbow Bridge

(*Continued from page* 12)

They put down the suitcases and stepped up quietly on to the porch.

THROUGH the mesh which screened the open window, Sylvia says, she saw a man sitting at a table in a lighted, simply-furnished room. His head was bowed in his brown, lean, sensitive hands. His hair was dark, short, crisp, slightly touched with grey. He looked up suddenly, to reach for a bottle on the table, and she saw that he was Uncle Malcolm. His expression was haggard; his grey eyes held a strained look. He tilted the bottle over a glass, found the bottle empty, and half raised it, impatiently, as though to hurl it at a stuffed trout goggling horrified at him from a glass case on the wall. Checking the impulse, he set the bottle down, stared at it fixedly, and said in a loud, contemptuous voice:

"Just a plain, darned, middle-aged fool!"

Sylvia blinked.

"*Fool!*" repeated Uncle Malcolm, and he rose abruptly, took a pace or two across the room, and turned back He reached for a cigarette from the table. "*In* it," he said—"up to the neck. Forty-eight! Old enough to know better!" He struck a match, stared at the flame unseeingly. He was lean and tall, wearing tweed slacks and a belt; his tie was pulled away from his collar button; his shirt-sleeves were folded back from his strong wrists. "Put it to her?" said Uncle Malcolm, still frowning at the match-flame. "Adult people—plain facts—level-headed woman—understanding. Eh? *Tell* her: 'Long and short of it, Sophie—carried away—not a marrying man—never was, never could be. Too old, now—practically fifty. Too old to change—set in my ways—spoil your life, my dear.' Eh? Be frank? Tell her?"

The match burned his fingers and he dropped it hastily.

"Hell," he said. "Hell, no. Can't say it to her. Not now. Impossible! Left it too late. *In* it—up to the neck!"

He began to pace the room again.

Sylvia drew Julian away along the porch. "What do you make of that?" she whispered.

"Need you ask?" said Julian. "It's obvious. Poor bloke's had it. Some designing female's got hold of him, at last, and he's too decent to take it on the lam."

"How d'you know she's a designing female?" Sylvia objected.

"All females are designing," replied the cynic. "Come on, let's go in and tell him his kin from overseas are here to rally round and get him out of it. It'll brace him up."

"Julian," said Sylvia, between her teeth, "if you breathe one hint that we overheard him, I'll make your home life a mere misery to you from here on!"

Julian said coldly, "Have you no faith in my tact?" He banged on the door. "Hallo, there!" he called heartily.

Considering his frame of mind, Sylvia says, Uncle Malcolm welcomed them with a gratifying warmth. He seemed genuinely delighted to see them. He shook hands with Julian, and saluted Sylvia's brow with the chaste kiss of an uncle.

"How you've changed!" he told her. "Five years since you used to come and plague—play on the bank while I was fishing! Well, well, well!" He shepherded them in. "I'd given you up," he said. "I thought you must have decided to spend the night in New York."

"We hardly felt we ought," said Julian virtuously. "We thought that bit in your note about blood being thicker than water sounded like a *cri de coeur*."

"Oh, that," said Uncle Malcolm. "Yes, I'll explain about that. The fact is, I couldn't come to meet you because I had some urgent matters to arrange up here." He took up the bottle, but it was still empty, and he put it down again. He seemed uneasy. "I'm glad you've arrived," he said. "Very timely. As you know, my folks are way out in Vancouver. You'll be the only members of the family present—to give me some moral support." He glanced at the clock, on the mantelpiece beside the stuffed trout. "Sunday," he said—"Sunday already!" He looked at them. "I'm getting married Monday morning," said Uncle Malcolm, with a haggard smile.

WELL, Sylvia says, from what Uncle Malcolm told them, the lady was an American, an actress, very good in sophisticated drawing-room comedy. Between plays, she spent her time here at Brookville, where her parents lived, and where Uncle Malcolm, who came here to fish, had seen a good deal of her—so much, indeed, that one thing had led to another.

"Strange how these things steal up on you," said Uncle Malcolm. "But you're too young to know about that."

It seemed that Sophie's parents were punctilious people. They subscribed to the conventions; they liked things done properly, nothing fly-by-night. The marriage was to be on Monday, with a reception at their home to which many guests had been invited.

"Quite a show," said Uncle Malcolm gloomily. "You should see their house, over there—knee-deep in tissue paper, from presents."

Sophie and he were to drive straight to New York after the wedding, as Sophie had to fly to Hollywood the following day to take up a contract, and Uncle Malcolm himself was due to go into rehearsals of a new play.

"It'll be a short honeymoon," said Uncle Malcolm, with his haggard smile.

Sylvia kept thinking of what she had overheard through the window, and of what her mother had said—that Uncle Malcolm was not a marrying man. She was very fond of her Uncle Malcolm, Sylvia says. She couldn't bear to think of his getting married, and then regretting it, and being unhappy. She lay awake for (*Continued on page* 78)

*Right before your eyes*

. . . the Charles of the Ritz consultant hand blends *your* face powder, first analysing *your* skin-tone . . . next selecting, weighing each shade with infinite care . . . then blending them together into one face powder, designed exclusively for *you*. At most leading stores.

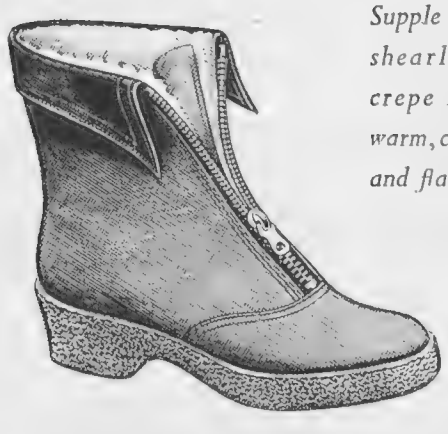
# Charles of the Ritz

— SOMETHING SO VERY DIFFERENT

*Snug, good-looking*

"HusKees"

by Holmes NORWICH



*Supple suede — shearling and crepe rubber — warm, comfortable and flattering.*

65/-

*Such finery . . .*

*filmy-fine, flawlessly made and fittingly modelled . . . out of this world . . . sheer heaven*

**Excello**

*fully fashioned in nylon and pure silk*

JOHNSON AND BARNES LIMITED • MANUFACTURERS • LEICESTER

Children love

C&B

SOUPS THAT NOURISH

A bright and healthy home in every tin

The highest standard of home hygiene is assured by the use of 'Mansion,' the fine Wax Polish which gives such a quick brilliance and thoroughly cleans the surfaces of furniture, floors and linoleum.

Tins 9d., 1/4 and 4/3.

For dark woods use 'DARK MANSION'

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4

MP/V/11



hours, in her unfamiliar room, listening to the river noises and the bullfrogs croaking, and worrying about Uncle Malcolm's situation.

In the morning, she put on a wrapper and went into Julian's room to tell him it was high time he got up. At home, unless every member of the family in turn padded along the landing to bang on his door and shout lies at him about what time it was, Julian probably would never have got up at all. His remarkable mind required a great deal of repose.

She shook him awake, now, with scant ceremony, and sat down on the edge of his bed.

"Julian," she demanded, "what d'you think about this business of Uncle Malcolm?"

Julian stretched hugely, shook back the lock of hair from his brow, blinked at her with eyes as violet as her own.

"We've come none too soon," he said. "He's let things go rather far. I don't see yet how I'm to get him out of it."

"*You* can't do anything," said Sylvia impatiently. "Nobody can. What I'm hoping is—don't you think his mood of last night might have been just the normal sort of pre-wedding misgiving? I'm told men *are* that way."

"It goes deeper with him," said Julian. "He's forty-eight and a born bachelor. The simple fact is, this woman's outsmarted him. Unless we help him now, he's sunk. He's beyond helping himself, poor chap."

The truth of this, Sylvia says, was all too obvious at breakfast, prepared by Uncle Malcolm's hired woman. The prospective bridegroom was on wires. Through all his brave efforts to play the affable uncle, his inward tension betrayed itself. He ate nothing. He drank his coffee black. He kept casting nervous glances through the open window.

Ironically, this, his last bachelor Sunday in forty-eight carefree years, promised to be a particularly beautiful day. With a promise of heat to come, the morning sun sheened the green meadows and struck mirror-flashes from the tranquil river flowing by.

"Sophie'll probably ride over presently," said Uncle Malcolm. "You'll be the first of my relations to meet her."

Sylvia felt almost as strung up as Uncle Malcolm himself. She could hardly touch a thing. Julian, less sensitive to atmospheres, was crassly wolfing wheatcakes and maple syrup. Indifferent to table manners, he pointed his fork at a calendar on the wall beside the rack of fishing-rods.

"Niagara Falls?" he said.

"Yes, they're not far from here," said Uncle Malcolm. A shade apologetically, he added, "I used to promise you, Sylvia, when I was in England during the war, that I'd show you the Falls one day, didn't I? I wish I could drive you over to-day, only——"

"Oh, not to-day," said Sylvia hastily. "You've too many other things on your mind to-day."

From the doorway, a new voice said, with gentle amusement, "What *are* all these awful things he has on his mind?"

"Sophie!" Uncle Malcolm exclaimed. "I didn't hear you ride up."

"How could you, darling," said Sophie, "since I walked?"

She wasn't very tall. She wore a tweed skirt and a white blouse, and her hair was warm and brown, bobbed, cut straight across her forehead, giving her somehow a faintly Gallic, whimsical look. She was about forty, the faintest bit plump—the very opposite of the angular, tall Uncle Malcolm—and she seemed an easy, comfortable, friendly kind of person as she came forward, her brown eyes smiling at Sylvia and Julian, to hold out a hand to each of them.

"Hallo, my nephew-and-niece-to-be," she said.

"The table of in-law relationships——" began Julian, in the impersonal tones of the inquiring intellectual.

"Oh, don't say 'in law,'" Sophie begged—"it sounds so distant and snooty. Don't you think so, Sylvia?" Her smile was charming. She turned to Uncle Malcolm. "What's all this about Niagara Falls? Of course they must see the Falls, Malcolm. It'd be a sin to come so close, and then miss them. Certainly, they must go. We'll *all* go."

"Ought we to—to-day, Sophie?" Uncle Malcolm said doubtfully. "I mean——"

Sophie was amused. "What are you worrying about? Everything's done that can be done. We don't have to sit here and keep a solemn vigil, darling, just because we're being married to-morrow." She turned to Sylvia. "Come on, let's go into the kitchen and put up some lunch. We'll go over to the Canadian side. It's lovely there for a picnic."

"Shall we need our passports?" Julian asked.

"Yes," said Uncle Malcolm. "We three, anyway, are British, and we'll need ours to re-enter the States. Which reminds me, I just had a new one issued—it came yesterday, luckily."

He reached for a thick, square envelope which lay on the bookcase, as Sophie and Sylvia went on into the kitchen.

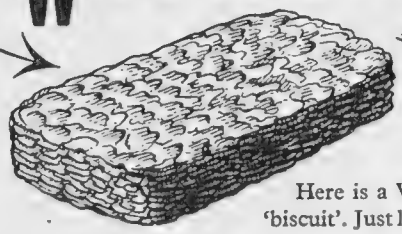
WELL, Sylvia says, by the time they reached Buffalo, in Uncle Malcolm's big, roomy, shining car, she had taken quite a fancy to Sophie. An easier person to get along with it was impossible to imagine. She hardly knew, Sylvia says, what Uncle Malcolm had been making such a fuss about—talking to himself, and muttering and carrying on, thinking himself unobserved, and tilting the bottle.

Sylvia put the whole matter from her mind as she heard the first faint booming in the air which signalled the proximity of the Falls. It was an exciting sound. It grew louder and louder. And suddenly, Sylvia says, there before them was a mighty bridge. Right out in the middle, two flags, close together, stirred a little, proudly, brilliant in the sunshine—the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes.

"Rainbow Bridge," said Uncle Malcolm.

In a stream of cars, he drove out on to the bridge. They were suspended above a chasm of mist and sun and thunder. The mist was irridescent, floating up from the abyss. Sylvia could see, on a level with herself, the wide river. It was tranquil (*Continued on page* 80)

# what's in Weetabix?



Here is a Weetabix 'biscuit'. Just like thousands of other Weetabix 'biscuits'. Do you know what's in it? Just 4 things. First, the finest *wheat* it's possible to buy. Weetabix won't use any other. Second, selected *malt*. Third, a big helping of *sugar*. Fourth, a pinch of salt for added flavour. *And that's all.* When the kiddies tuck in to their Weetabix breakfast or supper they're eating nothing but goodness. That's worth knowing, isn't it?

**FREE SAMPLE**

Don't get the idea Weetabix is *only* a breakfast food or *only* for kiddies. You can use it in *dozens* of ways... snacks, savouries and sweets. Write to me—Mrs. Crisp—at 18M Constantia House, Burton Latimer, Northants, and I'll send you a free sample and a copy of my recipe folder. You'll find *both* useful!

# Make your home a shining example

Every Parozoned home is a shining example of the whiteness and brightness Parozone so generously bestows. Use it for Linens, Cottons, Porcelain, Wall and Fireplace Tiles, Glass, Crystal, Plain White Woodwork, Lavatory Bowl and Sink. Follow directions on the bottle label.

A HOUSEHOLD NAME FOR OVER 60 YEARS

PAROZONE REG.

DOES MORE THAN BLEACH

*With our new factory at Woking now in full production there is no reason why you cannot get Parozone in spite of ever increasing demand.*

HEAD OFFICE: GLASGOW: And at LONDON, NOTTINGHAM and WOKING

## CASES - AND CONSEQUENCES

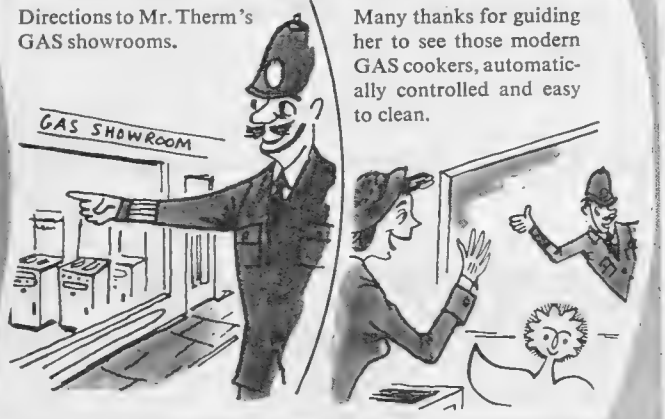
# Mrs Hunt MET P.C.54 IN THE HIGH STREET

**HE SAID TO HER:** You're very late out shopping today, Ma'am!

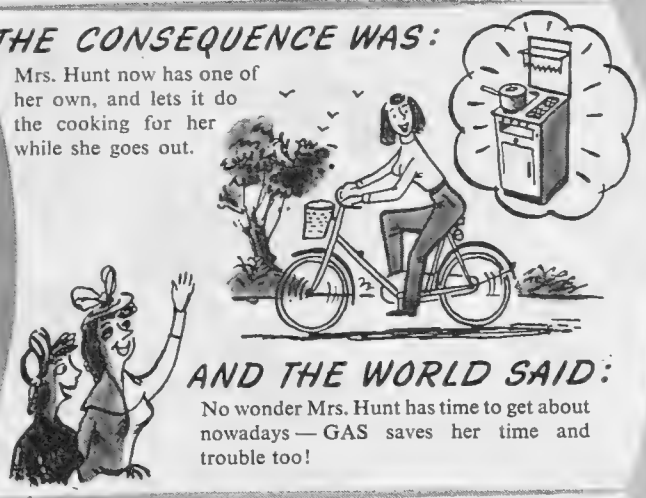
**SHE SAID TO HIM:** I know—it's taken me all morning to get lunch cooked.

**HE GAVE HER:** Directions to Mr. Therm's GAS showrooms.

**SHE GAVE HIM:** Many thanks for guiding her to see those modern GAS cookers, automatically controlled and easy to clean.




**THE CONSEQUENCE WAS:** Mrs. Hunt now has one of her own, and lets it do the cooking for her while she goes out.

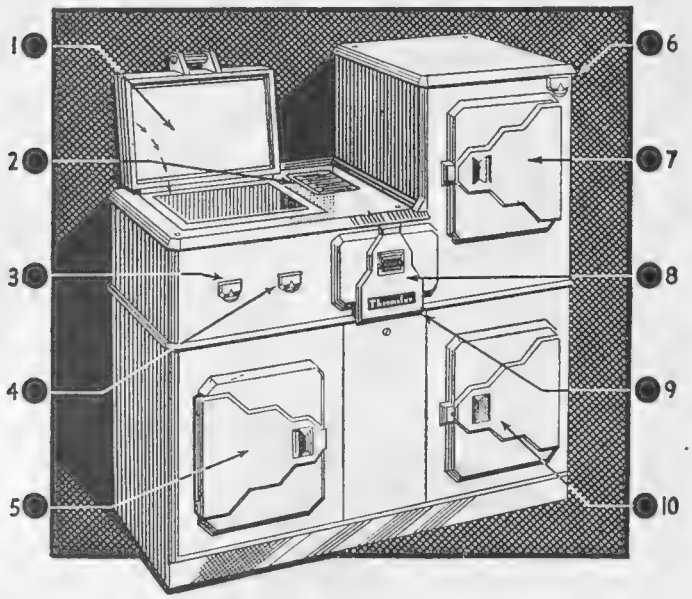


**AND THE WORLD SAID:** No wonder Mrs. Hunt has time to get about nowadays — GAS saves her time and trouble too!

GAS GIVES YOU HOLIDAYS FROM HOUSEWORK

*Issued by The Gas Council*

## THE 10 POINTS OF GOOD COOKING




1, Rapid Boiling Hot-plate. 2, Simmer-plate. 3, Simmer-plate Control Dial. 4, Electronic Control Dial for Aux. Oven and Grill. 5, 200 deg. F. Oven. 6, Control Dial for Main Oven. 7, Main Roasting and Baking Oven, 300 to 500 deg. F. 8, Auxiliary Oven, 150 to 300 deg. F. 9, Radiant Grill. 10, 150 deg. F. Oven.

**Thermolux**

**ELECTRIC HEAT-STORAGE COOKER**

The Thermolux brings you continuous and efficient cooking service, without the dust and trouble of solid fuel. The Thermolux is not affected by 'load-shedding' or 'cuts.' It brings labour-free pleasure to your cooking.

Full details can be obtained from our Approved Agents throughout the country—who will also arrange a demonstration—or from Thermo-Cookers, Ltd., Thermo-House, 70 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

A 'Stay Smart' Secret
More new shoes?
Not new – just well preserved
How on earth do you do it?
It's quite simple – they're soled with Phillips!
Take it from me – Phillips Superfine Stick-a-soles keep shoes smart twice as long.
Well I'd never have guessed
No dear, that's the beauty of them, they are invisible in wear
Phillips STICK-A-SOLES AND HEELS
DOUBLE THE LIFE OF YOUR SHOES


## On Rainbow Bridge

in the distance, then it broke suddenly into white-maned rapids, then plunged sheer over the precipice in a solid wall of jade marble-veined with white foam, to shatter in tumult on the rocks far below. Incredibly, down there in the depths, a small, sturdy steamer rocked and bucked and pitched, breasting the whirlpools.

Uncle Malcolm parked the car on the Canadian side, and they walked in the gardens. From a tall tower nearby, a carillon was sounding. A tranquil melody came dropping sweetly from the bells, to be engulfed in the abiding roar from the abyss. The gardens were massed with blossom, with trees in the green livery of summer.

It was easy to understand, Sylvia says, why honeymooners came here, for the place was enchanted. There was a little, humpbacked bridge over a brook in the gardens. Uncle Malcolm pointed down at the water, scarcely moving, crystal clear. Goldfish swam there, in bright, random shoals, and the bottom was strewn with countless scattered coins.

"Left by lovers," said Uncle Malcolm. "You throw in a coin, and you make a wish."

He looked at Sophie. Sylvia saw their eyes meet—and she opened her handbag quickly, took out a quarter, tossed it. It hit the water with a tiny splash, making the goldfish dart indignantly. With leisurely silver flashes, the coin zig-zagged to the bottom and lay there shining.

"What did you wish, Syl?" said Julian indulgently.

"Don't tell him, Sylvia," said Sophie. "It would spoil it."

"I wouldn't dream of telling him," said Sylvia.

Returning to the car, they drove along a tree-lined road skirting the Falls. The sides of the road were edged with lawns, and here and there rustic tables were set out under the trees for the convenience of picnickers. They found a vacant table, and while Sophie spread out the lunch things, Uncle Malcolm removed his jacket and tie for the serious business of carving a cold roast chicken.

Julian nodded Sylvia to one side. "It's all right," he said, with quiet satisfaction, "I've found a loophole for Uncle Malcolm."

She felt a little cold thrill. "What do you mean?"

"A simple matter of psychology," said Julian. "When Sophie flies off to Hollywood on Tuesday to keep her contract, she'll be still—unmarried!" He shrugged. "I'm sorry for her, in a way. But she's the easygoing type. She'll get over it. And it'll be better for Uncle Malcolm. It's all in the psychology, Syl. An actress is an actress. Her career comes first. She'll take up her contract, whatever happens."

"But—but what's *going* to happen?" Sylvia said, in wonder. "What *can* happen?"

"You'll see," Julian said. He glanced across toward the soaring bridge, where the flags flew proudly in the sunshine above the drift of tinted mist. "Rainbow Bridge," he said, chuckling—"Rainbow Bridge, plus a little finesse, and Uncle Malcolm's in the clear!" He tossed back the lock of hair from the brow of a thinker. "Just follow my lead, Syl—and mum's the word!"

"Julian——" Sylvia exclaimed, in panic.

But Julian had turned away. Casually graceful, his hands in the pockets of his vintage flannels, the leather patches prominent on the elbows of his hacking-jacket, he was sauntering back to bestow upon Sophie and Uncle Malcolm the boon of his conversation.

IT ought to have been simply heaven, Sylvia says, sitting there under a tree, on a brilliant summer day, eating chicken with her fingers, within sight and sound of Niagara Falls.

But she was worried.

She knew that she was considered no great shakes as a character reader. No one in the family ever paid much attention to her summing up of a situation. A favourite saying of her father's was, "You have the looks, dear—you mustn't grudge Julian the brains."

Julian had said that the breaking off of the marriage would be better for Uncle Malcolm. But was Julian right? Sitting on a bench at the table, Sylvia looked at Sophie and Uncle Malcolm, on the bench opposite her. Sophie was peeling a peach. She looked serenely happy. She gave the peach to Uncle Malcolm and he took it with his quiet smile. What was he really thinking? Was he really dreading to-morrow? She simply didn't know.

She glanced uneasily at Julian.

He was reclining elegantly on the grass, gnawing a drumstick and showing a good deal of yellow sock darned with sky-blue wool. He was watching Sylvia, seemed to have been waiting for her to glance his way. For, as he met her eyes, he nodded significantly toward a number of things lying on the grass—the picnic-basket, Uncle Malcolm's jacket, Sylvia's handbag.

They conveyed nothing to Sylvia. She looked at him with a little, puzzled lift of the eyebrows.

And Julian did a strange thing. Uncle Malcolm's attention being distracted—he was pointing out to Sophie the wreck of an old barge stranded in the rapids above the Horseshoe Falls—Julian reached out a long arm to Uncle Malcolm's jacket, lying on the grass, and slid something from the inside pocket. Then he opened Sylvia's handbag, dropped the thing he had filched inside, and closed the bag. He looked at Sylvia, winked a violet eye, and went on innocently consuming his drumstick.

Sylvia was puzzled. She couldn't think what it might be that Julian had taken from Uncle Malcolm's pocket. Just the same, she was filled with disquiet. She kept wondering and wondering.

"I must put on some lipstick," she said, as soon as lunch was over, and she walked across the grass and took up her handbag.

She glanced suspiciously at Julian, but Julian, disputing with Uncle Malcolm the official figures of the daily tonnage of water over the Horseshoe Falls, had taken out his slide-rule and was immersed in calculations.

(*Continued on page 82*)

# HMV

*Good Housekeeping · Good Engineering*

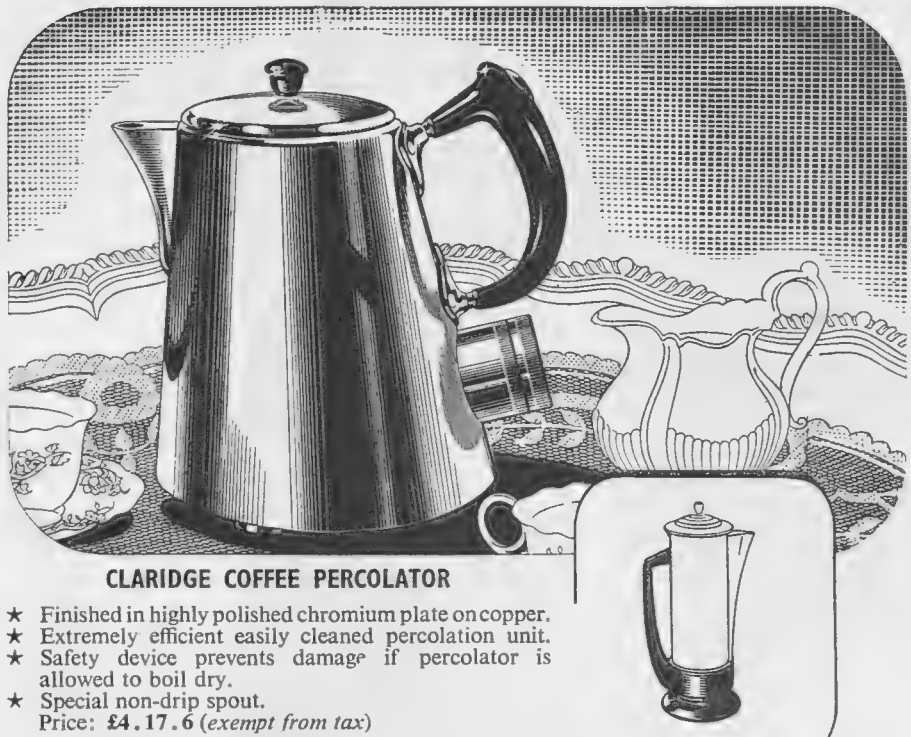
HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

## MADDOX KETTLE

- ★ Beautiful table-kettle finished in chromium plate on copper, with cool, heat-proof handle.
- ★ Safety device prevents damage if kettle is allowed to boil dry.
- ★ Heat-resisting feet prevent damage to polished surfaces.
- ★ Special non-drip spout.

Price: **£4.7.6** *(exempt from tax)*

BY APPOINTMENT
THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED
SUPPLIERS OF GRAMOPHONES, RECORDS
RADIO AND TELEVISION APPARATUS
TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING



## CLARIDGE COFFEE PERCOLATOR

- ★ Finished in highly polished chromium plate on copper.
- ★ Extremely efficient easily cleaned percolation unit.
- ★ Safety device prevents damage if percolator is allowed to boil dry.
- ★ Special non-drip spout.

Price: **£4.17.6** *(exempt from tax)*

THESE APPLIANCES CARRY THE GUARANTEE OF THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

H.M.V. HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES DIVISION OF THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD., HAYES, MIDDLESEX

---

***This attractive needleloom carpeting is so inexpensive that all-over fitted carpets become a practical and economical proposition—and being rubber backed, no underfelt is required. It wears well . . . gives a very soft tread, is easily cut for fitting, lies flat and needs no sewing or binding. Available in 3 widths.***

**IN NINE LOVELY COLOURS**

Carriage paid. Send 1/- for complete range of samples and full details.

**9/6** PER YARD (18" wide)
**17/-** „ „ (36" wide)
**25/6** „ „ (54" wide)

**PETER SHEPHERD & COMPANY**
Dept. 9P, Kennet Side Works, Reading, Berks.

---

# 'four-seven-eleven' freshness . . .

Unfailingly '4711' Eau de Cologne revives and refreshes. Inhale its fragrant vapour from cupped hands. Use its freshness freely on the forehead, behind the ears, at the nape of the neck, on the wrists. Never put '4711' on your clothes—that wastes its refreshing fragrance. Keep the large size bottle on your dressing table—have the watch-shaped bottle always in your handbag to revive you through the busy day.

**No. 4711. Eau de Cologne**

BLUE AND GOLD LABEL

In boxes **7/8** to **40/-** *(incl. tax)*
Handbag size **4/-** *(incl. tax)*

★ When the occasion demands a perfume as well as the freshness of '4711' use *TOSCA Perfumed* Eau de Cologne.

*Made in England by* R. J. REUTER COMPANY LTD., SLOUGH, BUCKS

*Fresh fruit Season all the Year Round*

BY APPOINTMENT SUPPLIERS OF FRUIT BEVERAGES

**KIA-ORA**

ORANGE · LEMON

GRAPE FRUIT · LIME · LEMON · BARLEY



Sylvia opened her handbag. She glanced inside. Her heart gave a great lunge. She snapped the bag shut as hastily as if it had contained a scorpion. What Julian had filched from Uncle Malcolm's pocket was his passport.

JULIAN'S whole plan was plain to Sylvia in a flash. There was the wedding all set for to-morrow at Brookville, in New York State—and with his passport lost, Uncle Malcolm, a Canadian, would be unable to re-enter the United States!

It was a brilliant bit of finesse, worthy of the great future which Sylvia so often had heard predicted for her young brother Julian.

So long as the passport remained apparently lost, the wedding would be off. Sophie was due to fly to Hollywood on Tuesday. With Uncle Malcolm held up here on the Canadian side of the frontier, looking for his passport, reporting its loss, applying for a new one, what would she do? Would she wait here with him, risking the cancellation of her contract? Or would she go ahead, the wedding off, leaving him to follow as and when he could?

Obviously, Julian believed that she would go. Uncle Malcolm would be left stranded. There was his loophole, if he wanted it. With the imminent marriage postponed through no fault of his—just a bit of apparent bad luck—there need never be a marriage at all, unless he chose to go chasing out to Hollywood after Sophie, later on. That was up to him. Julian was giving him his loophole.

Julian? Suddenly, Sylvia says, her heart was thumping again, slow and heavy. For it dawned upon her, now, that it was *she* who really held these two lives, to make or mar, in the hollow of her handbag. She knew where the passport was. To let the marriage go on, she had only to take the passport from her bag and say, "What silly larks are you playing, Julian?" To prevent the marriage, she had only to keep silent.

*What was the right thing to do?*

"Ready, Sylvia?" Sophie's voice called gaily.

Sylvia turned slowly, the fateful bag in her hand. It seemed to her to weigh a ton. She felt a kind of horror of it, of the frightful responsibility which had been thrust upon her. Did Uncle Malcolm *really* want to get out of this marriage? If only she knew! If only she could be sure——

She looked about her with a dream-like feeling of bewilderment. Never would she forget Niagara Falls, Sylvia says. Stamped for ever upon her memory would be the foaming rapids there, glittering in the hot sunshine; the tiny figures clambering about over there on the tree-clad eminence of Goat Island; the veils of rainbow mist drifting above the eternal roar of the waters in the abyss.

"We'll take a little drive up the road a bit, above the Falls," said Uncle Malcolm. "Then we'll go back over Rainbow Bridge before the traffic gets too heavy. There are always a lot of cars on a Sunday."

He picked up his jacket from the grass and put it on.

"I'll bring the picnic basket," said Julian, dulcetly.

Sitting beside her in the rear seat, he talked continuously; his inquiries on the topography showed the undeniably high order of his intelligence. But was he right about Uncle Malcolm and marriage? Was he *right?* That was the terrible question. The bag on Sylvia's lap seemed to burn her knees.

They were turning back, now, to Rainbow Bridge. Bravely flew the flags in the sunshine, against the cloudless blue sky. From the white tower came chiming the poignant, sweet melody of the carillon—the small voice of brief, human happiness, against the thunder of the eternal Falls.

The stream of cars, bumper to bumper, inched forward on to the bridge. The flags in the centre went by the car window. They were approaching the American end. The test was coming. Sylvia's heart thumped, sultry.

*What was she going to do?*

The car stopped. The bronzed face of a U.S. Immigration Officer appeared at the window. He ran his eyes over them keenly.

Uncle Malcolm said, "We're kind of cosmopolitan in here. This lady is American. I'm Canadian. My niece and nephew, in back here, are English. You'll want to see our passports—we three."

With his quiet, good-humoured smile, he took a hand from the wheel to feel in the inside pocket of his jacket. His hand seemed to freeze there. In the windshield mirror, Sylvia saw his smile fade. The colour ebbed under his tan. He went white.

The roar of the falls seemed to rise up, a thunder in her ears. Uncle Malcolm was patting his pockets in tense, sudden anxiety. Then he put back a hand to the hip pocket of his tweed slacks. The tension was smoothed from his face. His smile returned. He drew out a passport, handed it to the Immigration Officer.

"Go ahead, sir," said the Immigration Officer.

Sylvia looked wildly at Julian as the car drove on. His mouth hung open. His eyes were starting from his head. Sylvia opened her handbag to return her own passport, and there was the second passport, still there, just where Julian had put it.She couldn't believe her eyes.

Clear of the bridge, Uncle Malcolm swung the car into the side of the road, pulled up. He turned to Sophie, beside him, took her in his arms and gave her the longest, most thrilling kiss Sylvia ever had seen or dreamed of—which is saying something, Sylvia says.

It left Sophie with heightened colour, breathless, laughing a little.

"Why, Malcolm!" she said. "That was very nice, but *most* unlike you. Whatever's got into you?"

"A sense of values," said Uncle Malcolm simply. "Sophie, I'll confess to you, now—I was scared stiff about to-morrow. I was in a typical middle-aged bachelor's funk. Well, back there at the bridge, I got a shock that kicked me right out of it. Sophie, I had a new passport—only took it out of its envelope this morning. There were some foreign currency allowances shown on the old (*Continued on page* 85)

Bring into your home the friendly reflections of beautifully polished floors. This splendid electric floor polisher needs only a guiding hand. Its advanced design and construction fully express the high quality found in everything built by G.E.C. Suitable for any polishable surface.

**PRICE**
**£18.10**
**plus**
**£4.12.6 tax**
**or by hire purchase**

# G.E.C.

**The name to remember for all electric appliances in the home**

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD., MAGNET HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2

# Colour in the home

All the colours in the Walpamur standard range are intermixable to bring the subtle shades of Nature into the homes of Britain. Your decorator will be happy to advise you.

BY APPOINTMENT PAINT AND WATER PAINT MANUFACTURERS TO H. M. THE KING . THE WALPAMUR CO LTD . DARWEN . LANCASHIRE

one, so they returned that, too, stamped all over '*Expired.*' I shoved both passports in my pockets and somehow I've managed to lose one of them. For one horrible second, back there at the Rainbow Bridge, I thought it was the current one. Sophie, it hit me like a thunderbolt what that would have meant! I couldn't have crossed the bridge. Our wedding tomorrow would have been off. You'd have flown to Hollywood unmarried. I—I saw myself losing you for good. The thought put all my funk in its right proportion. Sophie, I couldn't *bear* to lose you—and I knew it right there and then, on Rainbow Bridge!"

"Darling," said Sophie comfortably, "I'd have waited for you, of course—contract or no contract."

Sylvia looked scornfully at her brother. He shrugged, but his smile was sheepish. Brilliant as everybody says he is, nothing could alter the fact that he had filched the wrong passport—and never again could Sylvia have quite the same inferiority complex where her young brother Julian is concerned.

However, engaged to Sylvia as I am, when I put it to her on her return to England to tell me, confidentially, what action she would have taken, in that awful moment on Rainbow Bridge, had it been the *right* passport she had had in her handbag, she only gave me from her violet eyes a look of hurt reproach.

"That would be as bad as telling what I wished for Sophie and Uncle Malcolm at the wishing well at Niagara," Sylvia says.

# Has The Gipsy Run His Course?

(*Continued from page 16*)

consideration nor persecution could cure the habits of centuries, and gipsies remained a people despised and distrusted. An opportunity to intensify their persecution arose out of Hitler's mania to "purify" the German race and purge the country of its riff-raff. He ordered systematic extermination, and the campaign spread over all central Europe. About 250,000 gipsies were driven from Rumania alone, and at least 50,000 of those failing to escape from Germany and its satellite countries met their end in the gas chambers. They were forced out of Hungary, one of their greater settlements, and not many have ventured back.

Apart from Hungary, and formerly Rumania, it seems that the incurable wanderers have found easiest sanctuary among the easy-going British. Britain's prewar gipsy population was about 45,000.

Officials just cannot keep up with the constantly moving families, who box the compass through the areas where they find the best pickings. In winter they make baskets, strip wood from the trees and make clothes pegs, beg, thieve, live on the land, and tell fortunes. In spring they migrate where the wild flowers grow earliest. Summer and autumn find them battening on race-meeting crowds; the slightly more industrious park their vans near the farms, where casual labour is needed. Rationing does not worry them; they manage to get along quite well without the paternal succour of the Ministry of Food. For them, sustenance is of the like of manna in the wilderness. Any gipsy worth his salt can snare meat from round about, poach pheasant and partridge and salmon, roast a hedgehog in clay, and make nettle tea.

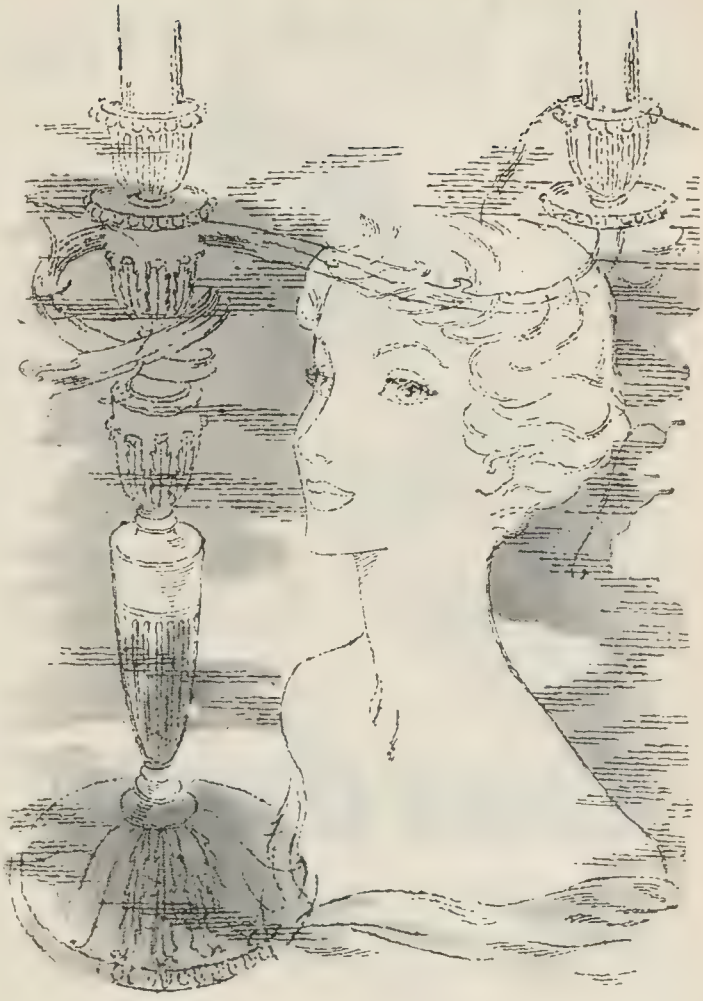
To their credit, gipsies have an engaging knowledge of folklore and wild life, their women are chaste, seldom being guilty of intimacy outside wedlock. In fact, a strong moral code regularizes behaviour among themselves, and they will never steal from their own kind, though gipsy law permits almost any class of theft from Gorgies (outsiders). Their lives are almost equally influenced by a robust superstition. They read signs in the most ordinary objects of the road, and regulate a simple life according to their portents. "Ghosts" stalk by night in the bodies of owls, and cuckoos are the souls of evil gipsies. To make a cross on the ground will reinstate one's fortunes after the ill luck of glimpsing a single magpie. Simple folk ken fairylands about them; and so, to gipsies, the stars are the lanterns of the fairy people, and a crowing cock has the power, at least for a time, to banish the forces of evil from the realms of fond fancy.

A strong influence on the reduction of numbers is to-day's much stricter control over gipsy movements. At all sorts of points they find their migrations and operations proscribed, like the Red Indians of North America. With few exceptions, congregation of gipsies is confined to specified encampments, and this is increasingly so even in the age-old Romany stamping grounds of the New Forest. Many of the big fairs, as well as race meetings now exclude them. They used to gate-crash Ascot in droves; now they manage to squeeze in only singly or in pairs. Latterly gipsy encampments have even been warned off Epsom Downs, though the Downs have been a legendary Derby-week Romany resort as long as the oldest racegoers can remember.

Gipsies resent these restrictions on their freedom. They are alien to the instincts of a roving and restless brotherhood. Nevertheless, it is these factors, and the modernizing influences of the times, which have persuaded many to forsake their tribes and clans, and in one way and another to insinuate their way into the "enemy's" camp, and stay there.

But even these causes seem insufficient explanation of the heavily diminished Romany population. Is the gipsy's trail almost run? Or will he, despite all the new opposing forces, survive to thrive again, and eventually outlive the civilization that surrounds him, but in which, if true gipsy remaining, he has, except as parasite, no real heart or part?

END



**Do you light up your own good looks?**

Here are some professional hints for evening make-up. Avoid shine by starting with a thin film of Yardley Make-Up Base. Be sure your powder matches your skin tone. With nine Yardley shades to choose from, there's no excuse for failure! Go in for brilliant lips—but take care your lipstick doesn't clash with your dress. Newest and a most charming colour is Yardley Pretty Pink—a vibrant rose—divine with pastels, black and other fashion colours. Occasionally, have expert treatment at the Yardley Salon.

**YARDLEY**

33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON

GENUINE GIN COCKTAILS

made as cocktails should be made

By Appointment
Gin Distillers
to H.M. King George VI

DRY MARTINI • PERFECT
MARTINI • FIFTY-FIFTY
PICCADILLY • BRONX
GIMLET

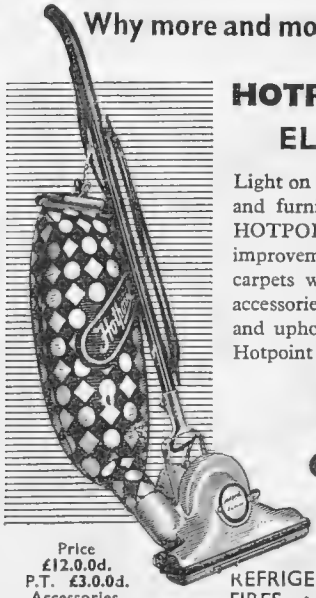
21/- per bottle 11/3 half bottle
2/5 miniature U.K. ONLY

Gordon's
shaker cocktails
READY TO SERVE

"It's my idea of a perfect Cleaner!"

Mrs. W. Gardiner of Denham, Bucks, writes: "I am so thrilled with my Hotpoint Cleaner that I feel compelled to write and congratulate you on producing such a marvellous job. In over twenty years I have had a number of cleaners but this machine has all the good features and power of more expensive models. Being so light I can carry it around easily. It is my idea of a perfect cleaner."

Why more and more housewives thank you



HOTPOINT for the PERFECT ELECTRIC CLEANER

Light on the purse, light to handle, light on carpets and furnishings, *but heavy on dirt*—that is the HOTPOINT Cleaner. Embodying all the latest improvements, it thoroughly sweeps and air-cleans carpets without damage to fibre or fabric. The accessories work wonders with curtains, cushions and upholstery. Ask for a demonstration of the Hotpoint cleaner at your nearest electrical supplier.

Price
£12.0.0d.
P.T. £3.0.0d.
Accessories
£2.17.6d.
P.T. 12/8d.

Hotpoint
APPLIANCES
lend to housework

REFRIGERATORS · COFFEE PERCOLATORS
FIRES · KETTLES · TOASTERS · IRONS
FANS · BOILING RINGS · WATER HEATERS
HOME LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT

The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd., Crown House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

# Cannibal Queen

(*Continued from page* 20)

on the eggs of the mantis.

However, if all goes well, spring will find the baby mantids emerging from the "trap doors" formed by the overlapping flat walls of the egg case. Each a replica of its parents, dozens of "small fry" with great dark eyes and golden wriggling bodies struggle to free themselves from the silken threads which secure them to the cocoon.

If these mantids were born in China they might be captured and put in tiny cages to be matched against one another like fighting cocks. The more practical Japanese secure them by fine threads to their bed-posts to catch mosquitoes. Some Australian and American families tether them in their window to catch flies, and one American lady is said to have dressed her living "fly-paper" in tiny garments, like a small doll!

But for every one that is caught, dozens of the tiny golden creatures escape and their darkening green and brown bodies are soon lost in the concealing undergrowth.

Some species of mantis have reached the heights of camouflage by likening themselves to exotic flowers and lichens. Their liveries range from russet to grey and mottled black. Some Indian species are coloured pink, blue, purple and white. Always they will settle beside a flower exactly matching their own colouring and there they will wait, swaying gently to simulate the moving blossoms until the unsuspecting prey hovers within striking distance.

This protective coloration is of the greatest value to the mantis, not only in securing its own prey, but in protecting it from birds and other enemies.

But no matter what other enemies beset its path, the male mantis is destined to come to a sudden and ignominious end at the hands of the female during matrimonial activities which can only be described as scandalous. The male may form a wedding breakfast for his wife: he may be consumed even during the delights of the honeymoon. But there is worse to follow, for having dispatched her first mate, a female has been known to mete out the same undignified treatment to eight or nine husbands in succession.

What a hypocrite is this Praying Mantis! Its air of pious devotion has surrounded it with folk-lore and legendary good works which it does nothing to merit. The ancient Greeks christened it the Mantis or Prophet, and Theocritus, speaking of the belief that it is able to predict famine and death, says that it is "because it always holds up the fore-feet like hands, praying as it were after the manner of the Diviners, who in that gesture did pour out their supplications to the Gods. . . . They resemble the Diviners in the elevation of their hands, so also in likeness of motion, for they do not sport themselves as others do, nor leap, nor play, but walking softly retain their modesty, and show forth a kind of mature gravity. . . ."

The observations of the ancient Greeks as to mantid's habits were certainly correct, but from our more up-to-date knowledge, it would seem that the only thing a Praying Mantis is praying for is something to prey upon!

END

# Banded In Moss Stitch

(*Continued from page* 48)

**42nd row.**—Moss st. 51, p. 6, moss st. 51. **43rd row.**—Moss st. 52, k. 4, moss st. 52. **44th row.**—As 42nd. **45th row.**—As 41st. **46th row.**—As 40th. Work 14 rows st.st. **Next row.**—Right side of work facing, k. 42, cast off 24, k. next 41. **2nd row.**—P. 40, p. 2 tog., take another ball of wool and join to other side of neck, (so working both sides tog.) p. 2 tog., p. 40. **3rd row.**—K. 39, k. 2 tog.; with other ball, k. 2 tog., k. 39. **4th row.**—P. 38, p. 2 tog.; with other ball, p. 2 tog., p. 38. **5th row.**—K. 37, k. 2 tog.; with other ball, k. 2 tog., k. 37. **6th row.**—P. **7th row.**—K. 36, k. 2 tog.; with other ball, k. 2 tog., k. 36. Work 15 rows st.st. **23rd row.**—Cast off 10 sts., k. next 26; with other ball, k. 37. **24th row.**—Cast off 10 sts., p. next 26; with other ball, p. 27. **25th row.**—Cast off 10 sts., k. next 16; with other ball, k. 27. **26th row.**—Cast off 10 sts., p. next 16; with other ball, p. 17. Cast off.

**BACK**

Work as for the front until armhole shaping is finished (116 sts.). **Next row.**—Right side of work facing, (k. 1, p. 1) 10 times, (k. 2 tog., moss st. 3) 4 times, (k. 1, p. 1) 8 times, k. 1, p. 2 tog. (k. 1, p. 1) 9 times, (k. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 1) 4 times, (k. 1, p. 1) 9 times, k. 1 (107 sts.). Work 6 rows moss st.

**BACK OPENING**

Wrong side of work facing, p. 52; take fresh ball of wool, join moss st. 5, p. 50. **9th row.**—K. 49, moss st. 6; with other ball, cast on 5 sts., moss st. 8 (5 cast-on sts. are included in these 8 sts.), k. 49. **10th row.**—P. 50, moss st. 7; with other ball, moss st. 5, p. 50. **11th row.**—K. 49, moss st. 6; with other ball, moss st. 8, k. 49. Rep. 10th and 11th rows 5 times. **22nd row.**—P. 50, moss st. 7; with other ball, moss st. 2, cast off 2, p. to end. **23rd row.**—K. 49, p. 1, k. 1, cast on 2, moss st. 2, with other ball, moss st. 8, k. 49. Rep. 10th and 11th rows, making a buttonhole as before, every 14th row following, until the yoke measures ½ in. less than the front. Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows, then cast off the remainder.

**SLEEVES** (both alike)

With No. 13 needles, cast on 76 sts. Work in rib for 1¼ ins. Change to No. 11 needles. **1st row.**—K. 20, inc. in next st., k. 10, inc. in next st., k. 5, inc. in next st., k. 6, inc. in next st., k. 10, inc. in next st., k. 20 (81 sts.). **2nd row.**—P. 25, (*Continued on page* 88)

Walk with Liberty

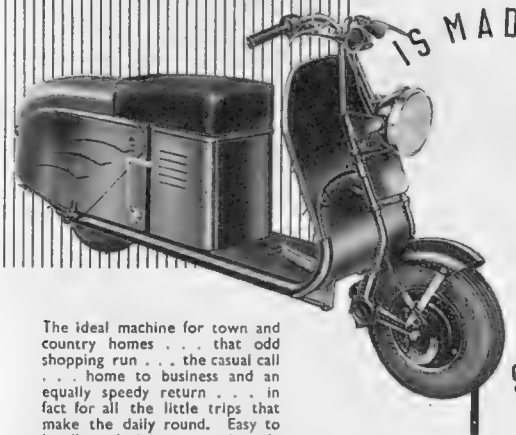
*The inset photograph demonstrates the amazing flexibility of this graceful Liberty shoe. A cushioned platform and heel add still further to its springiness and comfort, besides assuring much longer wear and shapeliness.*

*Made in brown supple grain or black, brown and blue hunting calf suede. Sizes 2-9.*

LIBERTY SHOES LTD., LEICESTER

---

THE DAILY ROUND
THE COMMON TASK
IS MADE EASIER WITH THE FAMOUS

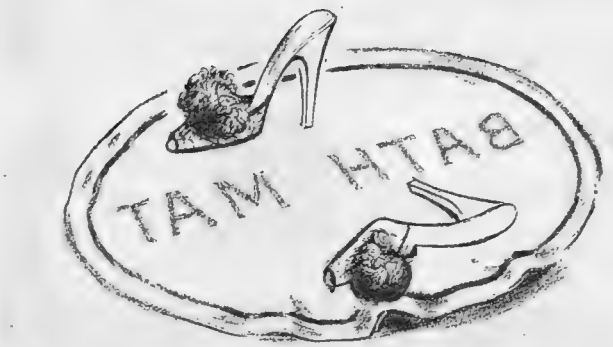


The ideal machine for town and country homes . . . that odd shopping run . . . the casual call . . . home to business and an equally speedy return . . . in fact for all the little trips that make the daily round. Easy to handle and giving approximately 95 miles per gallon the Gadabout is equipped with the Villiers 10D. 122c.c. two-stroke engine, 3-speed gear box with foot change, has a cruising speed of 30 m.p.h., comfortable seating and maximum weather protection. Obtainable from all authorised Swallow dealers.

*Swallow* Gadabout

Dept. A:
SWALLOW COACHBUILDING CO (1935) LTD · THE AIRPORT · WALSALL · STAFFS

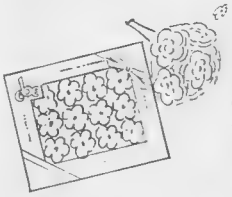
---




# 'Ebe' for Phoebe...

In a few moments now she'll be bathing in Mediterranean Blue, Neptune Green or maybe Rose-dawn! Exotic? Rather! But practical too. Ebe Bath Powder has nothing in common with those all-too-brilliantly-coloured soda crystals which masquerade as bath salts under a fancy name and a 'perfume' that takes your breath away! Ebe bath powder (in whichever of its romantic forms you buy it) *softens* bath water . . . instantly . . . to a silky voluptuousness in which the soap practically purrs as it lathers! Water as soft as this gives your skin an exhilarating pore-deep cleansing all over. Ebe *scents* bath water — with subtly attractive perfume that men are beginning to discover is Night-scented Stock . . . . And Ebe *tints* the water . . . just for fun . . . into whichever romantic hue your mood dictates. Treat yourself to an Ebe Bath — and see!

BATHTIME ebe LUXURIES



**BATH POWDERS**
Compressed into coloured flower shapes. One to a bath. Posies of 6 for 4/11 or caskets of 12, assorted colours 8/2. Bath Powder in handsome 1lb. Jars, enough for dozens of baths 11/5. ½lb. Jar 6/6½. Dainty packets 2/11.

**ebe BATH SOAP**
The most luxurious soap there is, with the same heavenly fragrance as other Ebe extravagances! In bath-size tablets — 1/10½.

*All prices include Purchase Tax.*
Manufactured by Opera Omnia Ltd., Oatine House, 44 Kennington Lane, S.E.11

CVS-12

**This year... make your best ever Christmas Puddings!**

With Atora you can be *sure!* *Sure* that every shred will mix thoroughly, *sure* that your puddings will turn out perfectly, *sure* that every mouthful will be more delicious. What's more, with Atora you get the real *goodness* of "the best in beef suet."

**Remember—Atora is best for mincemeat, too!**

...and if you want to read like this – you can...

**That's the beauty of Anglepoise**—the wonder lamp that takes any one of 1,001 angles at a finger touch—**and holds it.** Reading, writing, make-up, in the garage... there is Anglepoise ready and willing to help. Throws its gentle beam on book, object or work—**not in your eyes.** Out of use folds up in small space. In black or cream-and-gold. From £4-19-6 (inc. p.t.). All electricians and stores. Pat. all countries.

Sole Makers: HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH, London, Manchester, Birmingham

T.A.I.L.



moss st. 5, (p. 8, moss st. 5) twice, p. 25. **3rd row.**—K. 26, moss st. 3, (k. 10, moss st. 3) twice, k. 26. Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows 7 times; inc. at beg. and end of 5th and every 6th row following. **18th row.**—P. 30, k. 1, p. 10, moss st. 5, p. 10, k. 1, p. 30. **19th row.**—K. 42, moss st. 3, k. 42. **20th row.**—P. 41, moss st. 5, p. 41. Rep. 19th and 20th rows 4 times, (inc. at beg. and end of 23rd and 29th rows) and 19th row once. **30th row.**—P. 45, k. 1, p. 45. Work in st.st., inc. as before, until there are 101 sts. and centre sleeve measures 7½ ins. Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows; dec. at the beg. of each row until there are 67 sts.; cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 14 rows (39 sts.). Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows (27 sts.) Cast off.

**THE COLLAR** (two pieces, both alike)

With No. 13 needles, cast on 19 sts. Work in moss st. for 7¼ ins. Cast off.

**TO MAKE UP**

All pieces are joined with a back st. seam, about ⅛ in. down from edges. Join shoulders. Pin sleeves to armhole, join. Press lightly, under a wet cloth with a hot iron, flatten seams. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew flap under opening at back; sew buttons on flap, matching buttonholes. Oversew buttonholes. Pin collar pieces, cast on edges to centre front, cast off edges to moss st. panels at back, pin around neck, and oversew to yoke.

END

# Fair Isle Effect

(*Continued from page* 48)

the next 2 rows and dec. at each end of the following 7 rows (94 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 20 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 10 rows. Change to No. 12 needles and continue in k. 1, p. 1, rib in natural upon remaining sts. for 1 in. Cast off in rib.

**THE FRONT**

Work as for back until armhole shaping is completed. Now divide sts. in half and continue in patt., dec. at neck edge on every alternate row until 30 sts. remain. Continue straight until work measures 20 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 5 rows, starting at armhole edge.

Rejoin wool at remaining sts. and work other shoulder to match.

**NECK BORDER**

Holding the right side of front towards you and using No. 12 needles and natural, pick up and k. 136 sts. round neck. Work in k. 1, p. 1, taking 3 sts. tog. at point of V on every row for 1 in. Cast off in rib.

**ARMHOLE BORDERS**

Join both shoulders. Now, using No. 12 needles and natural and holding the right side of work towards you, pick up and k. 158 sts. along armhole edge. Work in k. 1, p. 1, for 1 in. Cast off in rib. Work a similar border along other armhole.

**MAKING UP**

Press all parts except ribbing. Join side seams.

END

# Gathering The Mountain Sheep

(*Continued from page* 33)

for the shelter of the crags. A soft whistle, and one of my dogs would be away back after them—and what more perfect motion than that of the graceful gallop of a hill collie over broken ground? His tiny ears laid back to his head, his long bushy tail held low like a fox's, his shaggy legs seem not to touch the ground, as he stretches out adroitly and at full speed over burn and boulder with rhythmic stride. For that matter, how far removed are these active little mountain sheep from their foot-rotted cousins hobbling over the glutinous foldings of the lowlands. It is a revelation to watch these small, horned and heavy fleeced hill sheep leaping like wild goats from crag to crag on their neat black hooves.

WE have been out on the hill for nine hours, before at long last the welcome stone-dykes of the *fank* come into view, laid out on the greensward at the edge of the sea. But despite their long, hot trek, these semi-wild sheep, who pass their lives on the hill, winter and summer alike, are not going to be penned up without demur, and a deal of shouting and dogs barking and crooks hammering on dykes is needed before we have finally got the last of the ewes into the main pen, and have rounded up the last of the lambs leaping and bounding in all directions. And now we can knock off for an hour, to infuse some tea in a rusty old kettle over a peat fire, and chew our slabs of bread or bannock and cheese. Gorgeous red admiral butterflies mock our weariness in the scorching sun. An oystercatcher probes with his long, orange-red beak in the cool white sand of the little cove, and two Atlantic seals provide a pleasant diversion, gambolling like porpoises and then "thruddling" out of the sea, as if salmon; standing far out of the water, waving their snaky necks with extraordinary rapidity. Another gathering is over, but to-morrow and the next day and the day after that, we must be out on other parts of the hill, until the last of our two thousand sheep have been gathered in.

END

"Here's what I mean by 'white magic'. *I've washed this jumper and baby's woollies in nothing but Dreft. And Dreft keeps them* really *white — never 'yellows' them. Honestly, I've never used anything which washed white woollies snowy-white and fleecy-soft the way Dreft does.*"

# "White Magic...I call it!"

## Model discovers secret of *washing woollens snowy-white and fleecy-soft!*

WHEN she's not modelling clothes Athalie Farquharson is a busy housewife facing the same problem as other housewives.

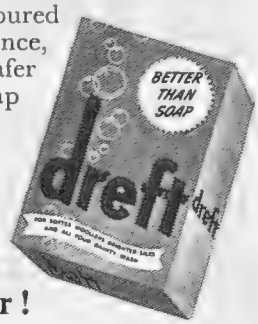
"Like most women," explains Athalie, "I almost got resigned to seeing my white woollies gradually 'yellow' through washing the ordinary way. But now I can get Dreft the difference is wonderful! Dreft keeps all my woollens so fresh and sweet and *clean!* And Dreft is so kind to my hands, too! I can actually *feel* the difference!"

**Only Dreft gives fine things this special care!**

Dreft washes all your woollens, silks and rayons thoroughly, yet gently. So they really *do* last longer! You see, amazing Dreft is absolutely free of the harsh ingredients which can harm fine fabrics. It's these ingredients which gradually give a yellowish tinge to white woollens or can cause some colours to run. For all your coloured woollens, for instance, Dreft is actually safer than the finest soap flakes.

**Her Home Fashion Rule**

"Dreft keeps all my own woollens, silks and stockings as lovely-looking as any I show in fashion salons. Start the Dreft habit yourself. You'll love it," says Athalie Farquharson.




*A regular dip with* **dreft**

**makes dainty fabrics last longer!**

---

# Bright and Cheerful —Tummy Peaceful

**Of course you know the connection between a peaceful tummy and twinkling eyes . . . between restful sleep and rosy cheeks.**

**What a lot of peaceful nights, cheerful days and satisfactory weighings are due to 'Milk of Magnesia.'* Its gentle antacid and laxative action makes it the ideal calmer of 'windigestion' and suchlike tummy upsets.**

# 'Milk of Magnesia'

REGD. TRADE MARK ★

*Large size* 3/2—*equals* 3 *small size* 1/7

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO. LTD.

---

To be able to wash and set your hair with Steiner preparations brings the touch of haute coiffure to the dressing table. **S.3** loveliest of cream shampoos, and **SEBOSYN** hair food and setting cream, are sold by good chemists, stores and hairdressers.

**Steiner**

*By Appointment*

*Hairdressers & Perfumers, 66 GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1*

*I love*

MARIE BRIZARD

**APRY**

*the liqueur of the* ***Apricot***

*Sole Distributors:*
*Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd.*
*5 Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4*

*To the smaller, smart woman . . .*

*it's a* **Susan Small** *world*

*Susan Small models at most good Stores*
*—for a fortunate few*

Susan Small Ltd. (Wholesale only), 76 Wells St., London, W.1

# Speaking Of Murder

(*Continued from page* 31)

that will be necessary. They are not to know that Scotland Yard is so quickly on their trail. Why not try their residence or their place of business, in the first place? Miss Patrick—the secretary, you know—has their addresses, I am sure."

"Oh, yes, perhaps so. Sergeant, ask Miss Patrick to step in here a moment."

"Good idea," approved Severance.

Miss Patrick came in. Linwood had already met her earlier on, but he did not mind in the least meeting her again for she was a red-headed girl in her late twenties, with a thin, attractive face, large green eyes and a trim figure. Although her eyes were red-rimmed as though she had been crying, she was coldly efficient as she gave the inspector the addresses he required. Behind her iron control, however, Linwood sensed a feeling of shock and strain that touched his off-duty susceptibilities, and his voice was kind as he suggested that she might like to close up the office and go home to lie down.

She flashed him a grateful half-smile, and was about to leave when Severance remarked brightly: "Just a minute, Miss Patrick—how long has Mr. Thompson been your young man?"

She stopped short, and her body tensed. "My young man?" she repeated.

"Yes," went on Severance, in a chatty voice. "I gather that you and he are in love with one another, and that it was when Densitter found it out that he decided to get rid of Thompson."

The girl looked at him with half-closed eyes. Her face was a white mask. "I don't know what you mean," she said, between her teeth.

"Oh, yes, you do," reproved the little man. "You are not the first secretary for whom an employer has—shall we say?—taken a fancy, and you won't be the last." The girl was trembling. "Shall we all sit down," he went on, solicitously, "and see if we cannot sort out this most unhappy story?"

"What's all this?" burst out Linwood. "You've been holding out on me. There's something you haven't told me."

Severance stared at him evenly, and he subsided. "I haven't been holding out on anybody," he remarked, with some asperity. "I know no more about this case than you do, and all I have learned of the identity of the murderer comes from one source only—the Dictaphone. Now the key to the whole murder is on that cylinder, so let us consider it very carefully. The first significant point of interest is Densitter's gratuitous remarks to his secretary about the Thompson interview. He is a hardheaded business man dictating a business memorandum, and yet he expresses solicitude for his secretary who will have to type the memorandum from his dictation. 'You won't like doing it,' he tells her, which is surely a most peculiar remark for him to make. After all, she is paid to do what he tells her, whether she likes it or not, don't you see? And then that strange dissertation on the young man's personal characteristics. He said: 'Bad-tempered, hulking young fellow he is—or can't you see it?' Surely a peculiar observation for an employer to make who is dictating a coldly business record of an interview which has resulted in the dismissal of an employé whom he considers incompetent. . . ."

The girl spoke. "He wasn't incompetent," she burst out. "He was given the worst territory—and that was done on purpose. . . ."

"Because Densitter found out that you and he . . .?"

She bowed her head.

"Yes, that was clear from the Dictaphone conversation," went on Mr. Severance. "He could only be—as it were—rubbing in the fact that he had dismissed someone whom you liked. And then we come to the extremely significant remark: 'I'll find a better man. There are many better men about, you know.' What could that be but a carefully-veiled suggestion that his own charms transcended those of Thompson, if only Miss Patrick were sensible enough to appreciate that fact?"

He paused. Inspector Linwood and the sergeant were listening to him in fascination; Betty Patrick sat bolt upright on her chair, her lips clenched tight, her thin hands locked together.

"The conversation regarding Masters that followed," continued Mr. Severance, "presents no angles to tease the logical mind, but it is when we come to the very end of Densitter's—ah—soliloquy that the whole sad story is made plain. One must be very careful, Inspector, in connection with the use of any language, to know and appreciate the subtle nuances of a group of words as conveying one single and definite meaning. Pardon my digression, but it is on that one point that the words recorded on the Dictaphone become so vastly interesting. Now, Inspector, assume that you had interviewed me, and I left you at the logical conclusion of the interview. Then suppose I came back. What would you say to me?"

The inspector thought. "I'd say—'What have *you* come back for?'" he answered.

"Quite so. Or you might say: 'What do you want?' or 'Well, what is it now?' But suppose again, Inspector, that you told the sergeant here to go back to Scotland Yard and not return; and then, when you thought he had already departed, he suddenly came into this room. What would you say then?"

"I'd say: 'Haven't you gone yet?'"

"Precisely. The colloquial subtlety expressed in that remark conveys a quite definite shade of meaning. You would use it to someone whom you had told to go somewhere—not to someone who had terminated an interview with you and gone off on his own accord. And whom do we know that Densitter had told to go somewhere—to go home, in point of fact? Obviously, the members of his office staff.

"The next sentence is 'I thought I told you I had no more to . . .' and, if we pursue the reasoning that indicates his office staff, we can safely assume that he was going to say: 'I thought I told you I had no more to do to-night.' Do you agree, Inspector?"

Linwood nodded, his mind in a whirl.

"Good. Now we come to the remarks of the dead man when his visitor picks up or touches something. First of all, Inspector, am I right in guessing that there is no surprise or agitation in Densitter's voice when the visitor initially enters?"

"Perfectly right," came the interested answer. "It was somebody he knew all right."

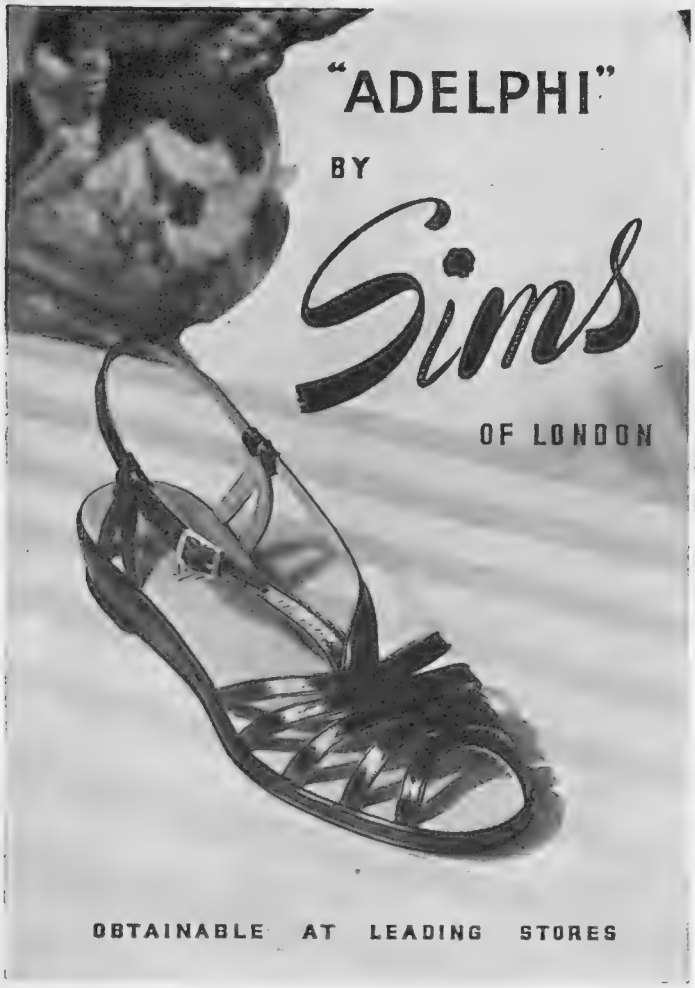
"Thank you. As I thought. And this 'somebody' did something that made Densitter say: 'Hey, what are you doing with . . .?' and 'Leave that alone.' Now some people may take those remarks as referring to the visitor grasping the death-weapon—the paper-knife—but a moment's reflection will show that that is manifestly absurd." The inspector reddened and the sergeant grinned, but not a word was said. "Because something had to be done before the murder took place."

The sergeant found his voice. "What was that?" he asked, eagerly.

"The Dictaphone had to be switched off," answered Severance. "Had it not been switched off, it would have surely recorded the subsequent conversation between Densitter and his—ah—visitor, and, if there were no conversation, there must have been some sounds of the struggle. The complete cylinder was not used up, so there was plenty of space in which more conversation or background noise could have been recorded.

"And let us examine the picking up of the paper-knife in the light of what we have established—that the Dictaphone was switched off before the murder took place. Now, who switched it off? Densitter? Certainly not. If you saw somebody coming at you with a paper-knife poised for murder, you would hardly stop to switch off a Dictaphone before you started to defend yourself. Similarly, the murderer would not be likely to brandish a weapon with one hand while switching off a Dictaphone with the other. The disadvantage at which

(*Continued on page* 92)



*All eyes are looking at LEICHNER*

## *"FLATTER-BASE"*

***the brilliant new make-up in the intriguing "Flatter-Pack"***

"Flatter-Base" is the outcome of prolonged research to find the best make-up for Technicolor and Television. Realising that today all women want a simple and lasting make-up, the beauty editor of one of the world's leading fashion magazines asked Leichner to make this base suitable for everyday make-up; and so it has been produced in the intriguing "Flatter-Pack" in two shades Blonde and Brunette at the price of 5/- per pack.

LEICHNER
FINE COSMETICS

*These are the Powders, Rouges, Lipsticks, Eye-shadows and all the Creams which will make you look lovelier.*

---

## *Keep Healthy*

*Take*

# Lixen

**THE GOOD-NATURED LAXATIVE**

**IN LIQUID FORM 2/5½, 4/4**

LOZENGES IN BOTTLES 2/2

*From Chemists only*

ALLEN AND HANBURYS LIMITED

L67M

---

*FOR THE FIRST TIME—*

# 'Five-Star' *MOTORING!*

Here, in the 'Zephyr-Six' and 'Consul' are two great cars that instantly create a new motoring classification. These are 'Five-Star' cars, the first of their kind.

Here is the definition of a 'Five-Star' Car:—

'A *combination* of all the most desirable features in modern car design, construction, performance and service—at the most economical price.'

**The features of the 'Zephyr-Six' and the 'Consul' include:—** ★ O.H.V. Engines (1,508 c.c. 4 cyl. in the Consul; 2,262 c.c. in the Zephyr-Six). ★ All-Steel Welded Integral Body Construction. ★ Centre-Slung Seating. ★ Independent Front-Wheel Suspension with built-in double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers. ★ Hydraulic Brakes.

Ford **MOTORING IS 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING —THE BEST AT LOWEST COST**

6/6 12/6 35/- 17/6 4/6

Thoroughly revised, re-illustrated and brought up-to-date.

*For Christmas— Give her a Mrs. Beeton*

*Of all Booksellers*

*Published by* WARD LOCK

**SKIN BLEMISHES CLEARED**

**Redness, roughness, soreness, sunburn, and other minor blemishes, are greatly relieved if the skin is treated with soothing, cooling Cuticura Ointment. The perfect first-aid for minor cuts and abrasions.** 8

**Cuticura** ANTI-SEPTIC OINTMENT

*-but GERMS never sleep!*

Fragrant mist-sprayed Zoflora destroys airborne germs in the nursery, induces untroubled sleep.

**Zoflora**
*Perfumed* **DISINFECTANT**

Its powerful antiseptic properties dispel unpleasant odours and leave a safer, cleaner atmosphere.

**2/- per bottle**
or complete spraying outfit 10/-
*From your chemist or direct from the makers:*
**THORNTON & ROSS LTD.**
**HUDDERSFIELD**

that would place an intending murderer is quite obvious.

"No," he went on, more briskly, "what happened was that what Densitter was protesting about was not that somebody had come in and picked up a paper-knife, but that somebody had come in and switched off the Dictaphone. Don't you see—someone came in that he knew, and someone came in who had such an expert knowledge of the office equipment of the Densitter establishment that the quick switching-off of the Dictaphone presented no difficulties to him." He paused, and looked with an air of deep sadness at Betty Patrick. "Or do I mean—*her?*"

The girl was now slumped in the chair. She was trembling.

"What happened then?" went on Mr. Severance in more gentle tones. "From the private opinion I formed of Mr. Densitter while I was working in his organization I can make a fair guess. Shall we say that Miss Patrick was waiting for her young man after his interview with Densitter and had gone back on her own account to intercede with her boss for him? Yes I think we can safely say that. Miss Patrick pleaded for her lover and Densitter tried to exact a romantic *quid pro quo* for his promise of leniency."

"You mean—he made a pass at her?" asked Linwood.

"I certainly do. The struggle in my view had little to do with the murder; it was the murdered man who started it, and, in a frenzy of fear, Miss Patrick picked up the paper-knife when she could keep Densitter away from her no longer, and . . . there you are. It was obvious all along that it was an

## Speaking Of Murder

unpremeditated murder in which the murderer was actuated by impulse."

"Why?" asked the sergeant.

"Because a deliberate murderer would have removed the tell-tale Dictaphone cylinder. Only fear and panic would cause a murderer to overlook so elementary a precaution."

The three men looked at the girl. She lifted her head. She was ghastly pale.

"Am I right in my surmises?" asked Severance, quietly.

She stood up swaying. Her hand went up to her shoulder and; with a quick gesture, she tore away her dress. On her shoulders and chest were red weals, scratches and bruises.

"Yes," she answered, unsteadily, "you—you are absolutely right. I—I'm sorry for what I did—but he deserved it."

She crumpled up, and Inspector Linwood tenderly caught her as she fell.

"Poor child," muttered Severance, after the police ambulance had taken Miss Patrick away. "I suppose she'll have to be charged with murder?"

"I'm afraid so," answered the inspector. "I don't see what else we can do."

"Well, it was really manslaughter, you know—and then, there's the self-defence angle. I must have a word with the Lord Chief Justice about this."

"Your cousin?" asked Linwood, sarcastically.

"No," answered Mr. Severance, "my uncle."

END

# How To Choose A Carpet *(Continued from page 43)*

springier and shows less shading. Where wool is used in the backing instead of cotton or linen the tread seems even more elastic and the carpet heavier.

Colourfulness is the outstanding characteristic of most Axminsters. There would be nothing to stop the designer of a Spool Axminster from using a different shade for each tuft in the carpet and some of the modernistic designs look as if he had.

About forty years ago a power loom was introduced which can tie the "knot" of an oriental carpet almost as tight as that on a handloom. This is used for two qualities: the rougher Turkey and a fine carpet similar to the handloom Persian, unsurpassable for texture and colouring. This modern loom makes in a week what it would take the Persian many laborious months to achieve.

GENUINE Persian carpets, by the way, are made in Persia, India, Turkestan and China; Turkish ones in Turkey, the Caucasus—and Persia. It is a question less of geography than of type of knot: but these are matters for the expert.

Long before the American Axminster invasion, a Scot had invented the Chenille method (erroneously called Axminster), which is still giving a lead in popularity to its Imperial cousin. This is made up from lengths of prefabricated chenille (French for "hairy caterpillar") and in the Seamless Chenille Axminster, which can be quite large, the manufacturer gives you some feeling of luxury with the least possible expenditure of wool. But you will find the pattern is apt to stray here and there, while the weave has never that closeness which allows the Wilton or even the Imperial Axminster their refinement of design.

To sum up: Wiltons have the finest and most velvety texture of all machine-made carpets and, in fact, the finest are often called "velvet carpets." Wiltons cannot easily be made wide and so the Seamless Axminster wins there. Axminsters are more economical to produce than Wiltons, since there is no spare wool "locked up" in the backing; for this reason the best Wilton may be preferable to an Axminster, but I would rather buy a cheap tufted Axminster than a cheap Wilton.

Axminsters are closer to the real hand-knotted carpet, but their finest has only about sixty tufts to the square inch compared with a fine Wilton's one hundred and fifty.

So in a Wilton look for close, fine pile and yarns of one of few colours that run the length of the carpet; in Axminster for a pile with a "handmade" slant or plenty of spring; in Chenille make sure that the chenille weft is well woven in and take a good look at the pattern.

END

# Reducing Risks *(Continued from page 46)*

There are, of course, cases of overweight due to glandular trouble which respond to treatment by drugs, such as diseases of the thyroid, the pituitary and adrenal glands, but these diseases are always accompanied by such distressing symptoms that no one can ever be left in any doubt that they are cases for medical attention. Overweight in adolescent and middle life is also due to glandular disturbances, but both these are self-righting conditions and the superfluous fat will disappear when the glandular rhythm returns to normal.

It is therefore safe to say that in no cases of overweight is it safe to resort to drugs. What then can be done? Diet and exercise are the first and obvious treatments. If the body gets more food than it requires to meet its needs the surplus nutriment will be stored in fatty deposits over the body. By eating less, or exercising more, the stored nutriment will be used up and the fatty layers will melt away.

Those who have a small appetite and still complain of overweight may be drinking too much fluid, and the superfluous fat may be due to water retention. The body cells have an affinity to fluid, and if the intake of fluid exceeds the output, the cells will take up the excess and become "waterlogged." In these cases, a spectacular reduction in weight can often be made by cutting down all fluids—and that includes soup and beverages as well as water—to a pint a day and stimulating the action of the sweat glands by exercise, turkish and hot baths.

END

# Lucozade

*The sparkling* GLUCOSE *drink*

To help in building up a child's vitality give him this exciting, refreshing drink. And then watch him lift up his little face for more. LUCOZADE needs no digesting. It presents no problem to the most delicate of stomachs. It is a form of energy which is assimilated immediately. So widely recognised are these virtues that LUCOZADE is used extensively in CLINICS, HOSPITALS, NURSING HOMES and SCHOOL SANATORIA. See your Chemist today about a supply of LUCOZADE.

**From Chemists 2/6 a bottle**
Plus bottle deposit 3d. (returnable)

*Invaluable in sickness and in health . . .*

*Get*

# Lucozade

***—it is so energising and palatable***

LUCOZADE LTD., GT. WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD, MIDDX. *royds*

# Swan Shoes

DL167
87/6

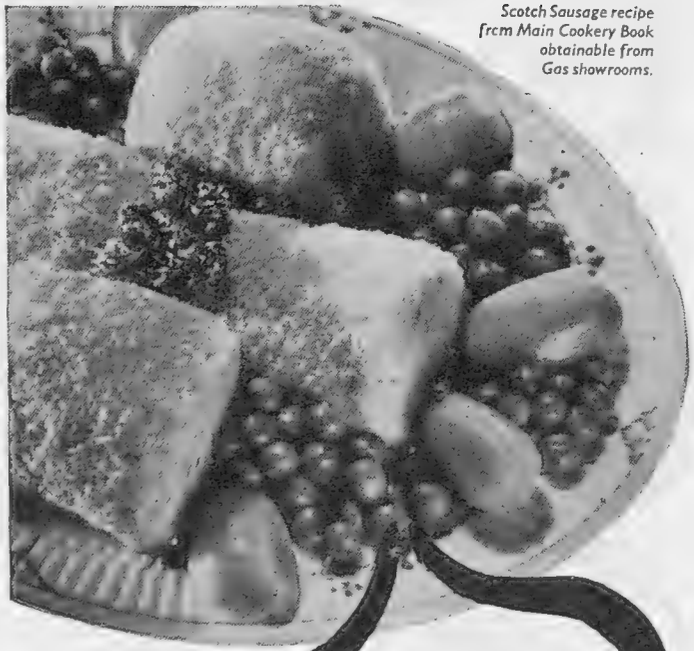
DL166
87/6

Two Bootee models with warm fleecy lining. Styled by Swan for winter wear, and fashioned by fine craftsmen. Swan Shoes are sold at the better shoe shops and stores throughout the United Kingdom.

For men's shoes by CROCKETT & JONES LTD., NORTHAMPTON ask for *'Health' Brand*

CVS 166

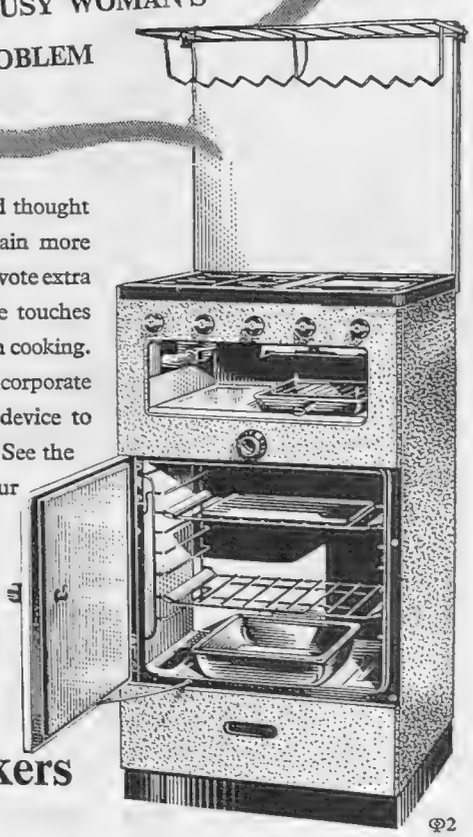
*Scotch Sausage recipe from Main Cookery Book obtainable from Gas showrooms.*



**Does good cooking need unlimited time?**

**IN THE MAIN, GAS COOKING HAS SOLVED THE BUSY WOMAN'S PROBLEM**

The time, labour and thought you save with a Main more than enable you to devote extra moments to the little touches that mean so much in cooking. For Main cookers incorporate every efficient new device to simplify your task. See the latest models at your gas showrooms.



MAIN

**gas cookers**

Q2

*Occasions are enhanced by*

Personality
TURTLE OIL SOAP

MORE THAN A SOAP—
*A BEAUTY TREATMENT*

PERSONALITY BEAUTY PRODUCTS LIMITED • ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH • LEICESTERSHIRE • ENGLAND

*In circles where connoisseurs are found...*

*...the name for* **KUMMEL** *is—*

**WOLFSCHMIDT**

*The original* **KUMMEL** *since 1847*

*The* **ARISTOCRAT** *of* **LIQUEURS** **RENOWNED** *for* **100 YEARS**

AVAILABLE AT WINE MERCHANTS AND STORES
Sole Importers: J. R. Parkington & Co. Ltd., New Bond St., London, W.1

# Comfort Seen And Felt

(*Continued from page* 51)

will bolster up your femininity if you feel the need, while a buttoned satin chair will give a certain note of glittering restraint.

Lighting can be less functional than downstairs. Lampshades of the same chintz can be charming, provided that there is not too much of it elsewhere, and will give your bedroom an evening glow. Frilly-edged gauze inner curtains, draped across each other and caught back, are demure and decorative.

Now to raise an outcry by advocating a less clinical treatment of the "usual offices." One of the most delightful bathrooms I ever saw had a pink close-fitted carpet, shiny pink walls, and pink chintz curtains with a witty shell and fish motif. An alternative would be brightly fringed towelling. Couldn't one have something amusing to look at in the toilet, in the way of wallpaper or pictures? And well known as are the joys of a modern kitchen, why not break up that aseptic bareness with a built-in dresser on which repose a harlequin collection of china, picked up at random during holidays at home and abroad.

END

# The Honest Man

(*Continued from page* 19)

say that I'm glad you got the place; saved it from the wreckers. Matter of touch and go, wasn't it? And go, for the staircase and the panelling would mean America . . . very nice people, very appreciative . . . all the same, I'm glad. Look here, no need to stand out here like Orphans of the Storm. Come up to the house, I'll find you a drink. There're one or two things I want to talk over with you."

"This is the study," he said presently, leading the way into an enormous dark, darkly furnished room. "I don't think you ever looked over the house did you? Dozens of people did but I don't remember you."

"No. But it doesn't matter, my lord. Time enough for that."

"Your wife now—possibly she'd like to see her new home. Any time, you know, any time."

"I haven't got a wife."

"Oh, dear, what a pity! Most of the things I was going to ask you about were really in the woman's department. There's Anna, for instance. She's Austrian, a widow with a little boy. She's got him into the village school and he seems happy; so she wants to stay here; damned good cook. Would you consider keeping her on? And James, he's a kind of footman-cum-butler-cum-valet, quite invaluable; but these flats, you know—my wife's away looking at some at the moment, there's no *room* in 'em. We can't take James and he's deaf as a beetle, he wouldn't find another place easily and his old mother lives in the village; if you could keep him on it'd be a kindness. Oh yes and another thing, there's a Mrs. Tolly, keeps a goat; I gave her permission to graze it in the park; she has no garden and if she puts it on the green the children tend to tease the poor creature. Would you mind?" He raised a thin, rather discoloured hand and touched his bony forehead. "There were one or two other things—sorry to bother you with all this. . . . Mothers' Union for one thing; they always meet on Tuesday afternoon in the Long Gallery; I doubt if they'd easily find alternative accommodation; and then there's the Village Fête. That's always held in the park; they make a frightful mess, but they seem to enjoy themselves. I'd like to think," he suddenly looked into Bert's face with clear blue eyes in which agony shone unmistakably, "that things went on more or less as usual, after we've gone." He cleared his throat a little and added, rather shyly and yet with a certain hint of admonition, "You'll find that owning Clou'water entails a lot of responsibilities that aren't immediately apparent."

(Wasting a lot of precious time and hard got cash on folks that'll laugh behind your back and as like as not call you Lord Gravel, said Eva's voice in Bert's ear.)

His fully conscious mind registered the fact that the old nobleman had said Clou'water in the affectionate, local way; and that there was no trace of resentment in his manner towards the man whom he might, unjustly, but naturally, have regarded as an interloper.

"I'll do my best, my lord," he said awkwardly, "but it ain't exactly what I'm cut out for. Nobody knows that better'n I do myself."

"I felt much the same when I succeeded," said Lord Halsham comfortingly. "I never expected to, you know. But I managed . . . and if times had been better . . . but that's neither here nor there. Oh, I know what else I wanted to say to you, Mr. Garnham. There'll be a sale of the furniture, of course, wherever this flat is found it won't hold a tenth of the stuff—if you care to come around one day presently and make a private offer for anything you fancy I'd be glad to meet you in the matter of price. Crayson ran you up a bit, didn't he, a fact for which I'm grateful naturally, and I'm grateful he didn't get it: and for another thing I'd like to think of some of the things remaining where they belong."

"That's a very fair offer, my lord," said Bert awkwardly. "And now I must be getting along."

"Yes, I understand that you are a very busy man," said Lord Halsham.

(Wouldn't be where you are if you hadn't been, said Eva's voice, and if he'd been a bit busier and less concerned with things like Mrs. Tolly's goat *he* wouldn't be where *he* is now!)

All the way home Eva's voice was busy. She asked how Ada would get along with Anna, how Ben would agree with James. She reminded Bert about the hock-deep carpets, Fish Castle, Petrol Place. She called him "Squire" in a variety of voices. (*Continued on page* 96)

*So beautiful.... naturally!*

Beauty and charm depend on beneath-the-surface fitness. The Pifco Vibratory Massager helps you to a clear, smooth complexion by stimulating the blood-stream in its vital task of renewing the tissues that lie beneath the skin. It tones up tired muscles, preventing wrinkles and "sag," soothes taut nerves, and promotes a healthy scalp. It relieves aches and pains, and its invigorating tonic action leaves you with that all-over "sparkle" that makes you feel and look supremely well.

*Obtainable at good-class Chemists, Electricians and Stores. Write for illustrated folder and name of nearest stockist to:—Pifco, Ltd., Dept. 28, Watling Street, Manchester, 4.*

**59/6**
Tax 14/6

**PIFCO**
ELECTRIC VIBRATORY
*Massager*

---

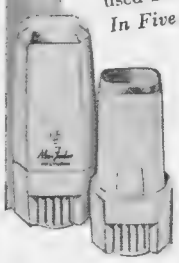
*Hollywood's Newest Glamour Secret*

# *Pan-Stik**

**by MAX FACTOR**

**THE NEW CREAM-TYPE MAKE-UP IN UNIQUE STICK FORM**

This new amazing cream-type make-up discovery is as revolutionary as the first lipstick. Your complexion looks new, flawless, fascinatingly beautiful. Your skin feels soft, refreshed, unbelievably smooth. Pan-Stik is so easy and quick to apply, so light, so long-lasting, so wonderfully convenient, so completely different from anything you have ever used before . . . You'll love it from the very first make-up. *In Five Colour Harmony Shades, and Two Exciting Sun Tan Shades.*



**Pan-Stik (trade mark) means Max Factor Hollywood Cream-Type Make-up.*

Easily tucked away for any unexpected make-up need.

MARGUERITE CHAPMAN STARRING IN Universal—International Pictures "KANSAS RAIDERS"

*Created for the Stars—AND YOU*

*by Max Factor*
HOLLYWOOD

**MAX FACTOR** 'Cosmetics of the Stars' are obtainable from your local Chemist, Hairdresser and Store.

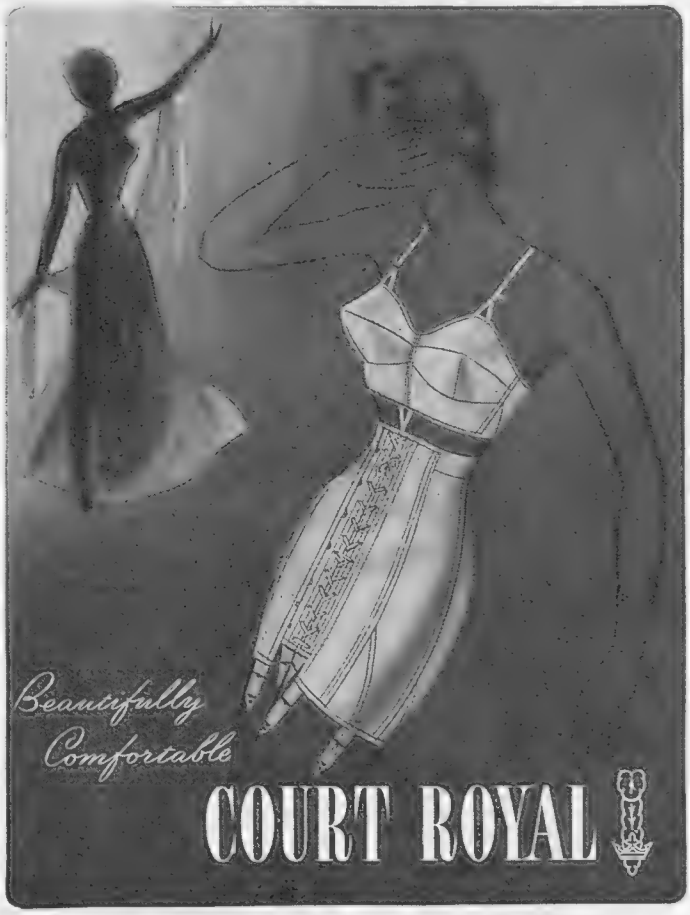
---

**It's only natural . . .**

**. . . that such good companions are always ready for a walk or a game whenever there's a chance. Happily occupied in the fresh air with a dog to join in the fun, children are seldom bored or fretful. But should some minor upset put them out of sorts, then Mother naturally turns to 'California Syrup of Figs' to cleanse the system, restore regularity, bright eyes and sunny nature. This kindly, pleasant laxative contains extracts of senna and ripe figs. Purely vegetable and naturally nice.**

## 'California Syrup of Figs'
REGD.

---




★ *CORSETS, CORSELETTES, SUSPENDER BELTS AND BRASSIERES—FOR ALL FIGURE TYPES.* ★

**CHARLES BAYER & CO., LTD., BATH** (*Wholesale only*)

Player's Please

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · MEDIUM OR MILD
[NCC 700CC]

SELLING JEWELLERY?

As one of the leading Hatton Garden Jewellers we can offer the following RECORD PRICES

£5-£75, Cultured Pearl Necklaces.
£10-£100, Gold Cigarette Cases.
£10-£75, Solid Silver Tea Sets and Trays.
£15-£250, Diamond Watches and Eternity Rings.
£5-£35, Gold Pocket Watches and Chains.
£3-£25, Solid Silver Sports Cups and Trophies.
£15-£20 for £5 Gold Pieces.

Up to £5,000 for Diamond and Precious Stone Rings, Brooches, Bracelets and Ear-rings, etc.

Valuations by Qualified Expert
(Fellow Gemmological Association)

Register your Parcels (cash or offer per return) or call at

M. HAYES & SONS, LTD.
106 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.1
HOLborn 8177

Quiet Confidence . . .

The solidly reliable appearance of the Velocette "L.E." model inspires the rider with every confidence. She will find it an easily managed machine, almost silent when in motion, and very clean to ride. There is absolutely no danger of damage to nylons or oil on skirts. With its roomy pannier bags it is the ideal model for the housewife shopping or the district nurse out on call.

The Silent model "L.E."

Velocette

Write for List "BE," VELOCE LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 28



Now and again she was interrupted by the high, sibilant voice of Lord Halsham saying things about responsibility and things remaining where they belong, about small flats and bad times.

To hell with it, thought Bert, letting himself into his comfortable, ugly house and going straight to the room he called his study, I'll have no more of this. He sat down at the seldom used desk and took out a piece of paper headed with a floridly printed address; he unscrewed his Biro and began to write in his elegant, impersonal hand,

My Lord,

Following on our conversation this evening. I bought Cloudwater for speculation and because I don't hold with nice places being broke up. I don't want to live in the house myself and have to cope with village fêtes, etc. If you do I'd be glad to rent you the house and the pleasure grounds for fifty pounds a year—no good charging you more because of income tax. I propose to run the kitchen garden to make money and let the park for grazing, but I'll guarantee that nobody interferes with you or yours. I don't reckon you're likely to talk with anybody I have to mix with, but if you take on the house I'd just as soon the terms of the let was kept between ourselves.

He doodled on the blotting paper for a moment and then remembered the perfect conclusion for such a letter,

Awaiting the favour of an early reply, he wrote,
Yours very sincerely,
Bert Garnham.

(One of the secretaries had told him that you never put Mr. to your signature.)

Well, he thought, that about covers it, and nobody's going to call Clou'water Gravel Grange or Beer Hall.

And Eva's voice—which was the voice of his own mental honesty—said that the letter was a mass of lies and Bert himself an unconfessed sentimentalist; sentiment had made him buy Clou'water and sentiment had made him let it at an uneconomic rent.

Oh, go to hell, Bert said to his inner voice. And himself went along to the club, where he remembered to post the letter.

END

# Nelson Was Ready To Die

(*Continued from page 24*)

sharpshooters in the mizzen top of the *Redoubtable* only about fifty feet above them. A few minutes later Nelson fell, fatally wounded, on the same spot, an easy, unmistakable target.

The drama of his end is familiar history: His dying words to the chaplain, the Rev. M. Scott: "Doctor, I am gone . . . I have not been a great sinner . . . I have to leave Lady Hamilton, and my adopted daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." And to Hardy: "Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all other things belonging to me." . . . "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew of my situation?" . . . "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy. . . . Kiss me, Hardy. . . . Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty. . . ."

He died a hero's death, earned a nation's homage. But was it also the virtual suicide of a heart and soul whose bright honour had grown a little tarnished? A man may love and remain faithful to that love to the end, yet silently count its cost in the things that matter to a great admiral, a renowned public figure.

Emma's love had been a blessing to him—and in some ways a tragedy, too. There was the social scandal, the nodding heads and wagging tongues, the later years of lavish spending and appeals for money to meet debts.

Did he look into the years ahead and see those later traits intensifying with time, and love yielding to disillusionment, boredom, possibly hostility? Was it in this mood that he left Merton for the last time, ready—even eager—to die, not only for his country, but for a love whose worth he was beginning to question? It would explain his "premonitions," his undue recklessness, as nothing else could. . . .

END

# Venture In Fur

(*Continued from page 53*)

pliable that it lends itself to fashioning in the most elegant streamlined styles.

Only the expert can judge the quality and value of a fur skin at a glance, but even the novice can get a general idea of the excellence of a skin from its sheen; from the depth of the "pile" and the evenness of matching.

The not-so-scrupulous furrier will introduce inferior skins in the less obvious places—for instance, along the inner arm where much wear is concentrated. The only safeguard against such piracy, unless one has a trained eye, is to shop with a reputable furrier and, wherever possible—for instance, in the case of beaver lamb—to demand a coat made from skins with a branded manufacturer's name known for its merit.

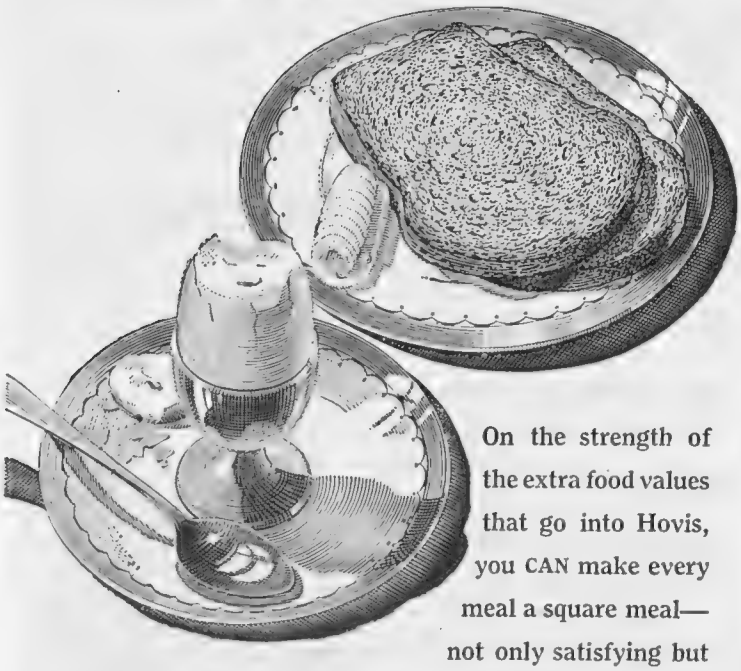
As to the types of fur which wear well, one can be certain, in the cheaper groups, of beaver lamb, musquash (now very much glamorized in appearance), racoon, a long-haired fur, and sheared racoon, a new type of skin similar in appearance to nutria.

Mole, attractive as it is, is not one of the long-life furs. Squirrel lock, which is made from the delicate underbelly of the animal, can be lustrous and pretty but won't weather the years.

Once you have your coat, its life and good looks, whatever the fur or its cost, will depend to a great extent on the care it receives in wear.

END

# Every meal a square meal . . .



On the strength of the extra food values that go into Hovis, you CAN make every meal a square meal—not only satisfying but one-and-a-half times more nourishing . . .

## and thank Hovis for that

## YOUTH WILL BE SERVED

SEATED serenely at the bar, she has done a hard day's work at her little Mayfair beauty salon. She knows that in the long run face-packs and massage can never remedy the effects of uninitiated drinking—however moderate. That is why she sticks firmly to gin and Rose's Lime Juice, tonight and any other night, in the knowledge that her complexion will remain unblemished and her eyes as bright as jewels—tomorrow and any other morning.

*Gin and* ROSE'S LIME JUICE

*The man's drink that women appreciate*

# A THOUSAND PITIES!

she's liable to

**lose half her teeth**

by the time she's 40

because of

*Mouth Acid*

Why have most women lost half their teeth at the age of forty? Dentists say that excess mouth acid is one of the main causes of such rapid decay.

To correct acid, many dentists advise 'Milk of Magnesia'*, contained only in one toothpaste—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

So start to-day with Phillips', which keeps teeth bright, leaves the mouth feeling wonderfully fresh and dispels mouth acid at every brushing.

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

Sirdar Leaflet No. 7321

Lady's Twin Set with long or short sleeves in Sirdar Crepe Wool, bust 36 inches. Sirdar Wools obtainable from retailers only, leaflets from retailers price 7d. or post free 8d. from Dept A :-

HARRAP BROS. (SIRDAR WOOLS) LIMITED, BECTIVE MILLS, WAKEFIELD

Take home

# BRYLFOAM

THE ORIGINAL CREAM SHAMPOO

and step out your loveliest!

Stepping-out is so much more thrilling when you know your hair is looking its best, gleaming with a myriad dancing lights. And that's just how it will be after using Brylfoam. Brylfoam's refreshing lather washes the hair immaculately clean and gives it vitality and lustre. And it's so easy to set your hair after a Brylfoam shampoo. Take home Brylfoam and step out your loveliest.

BRYLFOAM YOUR HAIR

*Brylfoam is in tubes 9½d. and 1/10d*

*County Perfumery Co., Ltd., Stanmore, Middx.* ruvds 26/23

**DOUBLE-REVOLUTION**

ON THE OVERHEAD RAILWAY

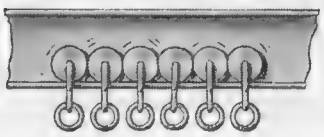
brings *easiest-ever draw, more graceful drape* and *longer life* to your curtains

***—at no extra cost!***

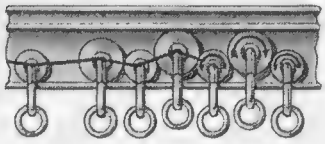
If you're investing in new curtain rails, you might just as well get HUNTLAND, *the very last word—for the very same money.* HUNTLAND rails have rollers too, but they are alternately large and small — giving the *double-revolution* action shown in the diagram. This eliminates jamming, lightens pull and gives your curtains a natural, graceful drape and longer life.

**SEE THE DIFFERENCE**

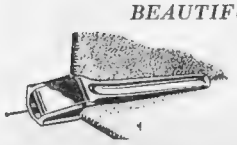
*ORDINARY ROLLERS*



***HUNTLAND ROLLERS*** cannot jam because they all run together — to give 'finger flick' draw & eliminate 'dragged weave'.



*BEAUTIFUL STAIRS . . . need beautiful clips that adjust themselves to hold the carpet neatly and firmly to the angle of each stair . . . . . The name is HYLAND.*



For full details of curtain rail and carpet clip—write to :

**HUNTER & HYLAND LTD. "Huntland" Works, Ingrave Street, Battersea, London, S.W.11**

# County Cookery

(*Continued from page 55*)

For sweet course, Norfolk give us this excellent tart :—

**NORFOLK ALMOND TART**

**Ingredients: 4 oz. short pastry; 1 lb. cooking apples; 2 oz. sugar; 2 oz. margarine; 2 oz. semolina; 1 oz. ground almonds; 1 egg; ½ teaspoonful almond essence.**

Line sides of a pie dish or tart plate with thick short crust. Slice apples and fill plate. Sweeten to taste. Add a tablespoonful of water. Cream sugar and margarine together add egg, beaten. Mix in almond, semolina and flavouring. Spread on top of apple. Make lattice with thin strips of pastry. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F., about 40 minutes. Serve hot decorated with nuts and cherries.

**YORKSHIRE TEA CAKES**

**Ingredients: 8 oz. plain flour; 1 oz. fat; ½ teaspoonful sugar; about a gill milk; pinch salt; dessertspoonful baking powder; ½ an egg; 1 oz. currants (optional).**

Sift dry ingredients together. Rub in fat. Add sugar and currants if used. Form soft dough with egg and milk. Shape into rounds about 5 inches across, on greased baking tin. Bake in quick oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F., about 25 minutes. When nearly cooked brush over with egg.

**NORTHUMBRIAN GIRDLE CAKE**

**Ingredients: 4 oz. flour (plain); 2 oz. lard; 1 teaspoonful baking powder; pinch salt; 1 oz. currants; ½ gill milk.**

Mix flour, salt and baking powder. Rub in fat. Add fruit. Form soft dough with milk. Roll out ½ inch thick. Cut small rounds. Cook a few minutes each side on hot greased girdle or thick frying pan.

**CORNISH YEAST SPLITS**

**Ingredients: 1 oz. yeast; 1 oz. margarine; teaspoonful salt; 2 lb. flour; teaspoonful sugar.**

Dissolve yeast in a little warm water and a teaspoonful of sugar. Add salt to flour and place in a warm bowl. Rub in fat. Make a well in centre. Pour in yeast mixture, mixing in a little flour. Cover and set to rise in warm place for 15 minutes till bubbling. Work into soft dough adding a little milk if needed. Set to rise 1 hour. Shape into round cakes. Place on greased tins and bake about 20 minutes in good oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F. Slit and spread with butter and jam or, of course, if available, cream.

END

# Gardening In Flower Pots

(*Continued from page 45*)

The ordinary begonia is very good tempered, and lives well in rooms, if kept just moist and out of direct sun; but it does enjoy frequent spraying. In the case of tuberous begonias the pots must be laid on their sides to rest during the non-flower season, in a cool, dark place.

You may be lucky with the present of an expensive azalea at Christmas. With tender care it will flower on into the early spring. As soon as the flowers are over re-pot it. It requires a holiday in the summer, sunk in the ground in a shady corner of the garden, or in a friend's greenhouse.

Cacti, in many miniature varieties, are now a very popular house decoration. These need very little water, and prefer to be left in their pots.

The healthiest container for plants is not the most expensive and complicated, but the simple red clay flower pot, and if this is kept scrubbed with a small brush it always looks attractive. Stains on the pot can be removed with a little household ammonia. Its real value for house plants is the fact that it is porous and allows the roots to breathe.

Place pebbles in the saucers or trays under the plants, so that they never get waterlogged. Lack of fresh air is another cause of house plant failures. Put them in an open window whenever possible.

Every part of indoor plants needs watering to keep the leaves free from dust. So place your treasures in the sink at least once a week, and spray them well with tepid water. Strong plants may be placed on their side and held under the tap.

The successful keeping of house plants is a subtle art. If they are to be happy you must make "pets" of them, just as much as you would of your dog, cat or canary.

END

# Times Past And Present

(*Continued from page 35*)

For the smaller house or flat, the mantel clock is the most convenient. Many are of French descent, executed in marble and ormolu.

Regency clocks are more classical in feeling. Some are monumental and quite unsuited to the average room, but of the smaller variety, the famous lyre shape is charming. There are many happy examples of ladies leaning on harps beside the clock, cherubs supporting the clock, and other pretty conceits.

With visions of black marble temples on lodging-house mantelpieces one is inclined to condemn Victorian clocks out of hand, but this is unwise for they are often charming.

Like other things of the same period the Victorian clock can be a very pretty thing when wrenched from its original overpowering setting, and just left to be charming in its own right.

END

*Vienna* **inspired it! You can knit it!**

**—IT'S THE Wendywear**

# *Caprice*

Yes, it's another of the very latest creations *exclusively fashioned by Wendywear* to help you get the utmost style and satisfaction out of your Wendy Wool. If you want something really smart and new, yet simple to knit — something different from the usual stock patterns, WENDY-WEAR leaflets and WENDY Wool are your guarantee of perfect results.

**Wendy WOOL**

LEAFLET No. 445 "Caprice" Jumper, obtainable through your local wool shop price 6d. or 7d. post free from Wendywear, Carter & Parker Ltd., Gordon Mills, Guiseley, nr. Leeds.

---

# Optrex

*the*

## EYE LOTION

Take care of your precious eyes in every possible way and use Optrex for regular eye hygiene and all simple troubles of the eye.

---

**THOR** **OR . . ?**

What's it to be? Washday drudgery, or the labour-saving THOR that washes, rinses and damp-dries 8 lbs. of clothes for you in 30 minutes at a running cost of only ¼d.—and your hands never touch the water! Three *exclusive* features make Thor the washing machine that you will want to have: Super Agitator for maximum dirt extraction; Overflow Rinse—better than any number of separate rinses; Double Speed Spin Drying. Thor requires no special plumbing—and with the special dish-washing attachment you have a washing-up machine as well!

**It's time you had a**

**Thor** AUTOMAGIC WASHING MACHINE

*Easy payments available, dish-washing attachment optional.*

★ Write today for leaflet to:
Dept. J.11 Thor Appliances Ltd., 55-59, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

---

# Lindt

THE CHOCOLATE OF THE CONNOISSEUR

CHOCOLAT LINDT
ROD. LINDT FILS
ESTABLISHED 1879

**GOOD WINE** *has a place*

*at your fireside*

There are so many times when a good wine is all you could ask for. After a long day's work, for example. Or when you've packed them off to bed at last. Or for a quiet evening by the fireside. Those are the moments when your wine merchant is your best friend and you thank Australia for the fine Emu Wines she sends us in such variety. You haven't yet tried them? See your wine merchant today!

By Appointment Australian Wine Merchants to His Majesty The King

* * * *Free*

*The new Emu booklet is entirely different from earlier editions—an even more helpful and beautifully illustrated guide to choosing and serving wine. Send a postcard today to: The Emu Wine Company Ltd., Dept. E2, London, E.3*

**EMU AUSTRALIAN WINES**

333 RICH RUBY · 444 RICH WHITE · 999 RICH TAWNY · EMU VINTAGE TAWNY
EMU BURGUNDY · SIR JOHN'S SHERRY SACK · CELLARER'S SPECIAL BROWN SHERRY
DRYAD SHERRY (VERY DRY) · ST. GEORGE VERMOUTH (SWEET OR DRY) · EMU SAUTERNES
EMU *** BRANDY · WINSLOE LIQUEUR WINE

★ **REMINDER SUGGESTION FOR MEN ONLY—No. 3**

**IF YOU'RE FAR AWAY**

*Say it with*

**FLOWERS BY WIRE**

Just because she's her own sweet self and you want her to know you are thinking of her, there is no better reason than this for sending flowers by wire.

Ask your nearest 'Interflora' florist for details of this unique and inexpensive service.

INTERFLORA WE TELEGRAPH FLOWERS

LOOK FOR THE INTERFLORA SIGN AT YOUR LOCAL FLORISTS

*Interesting and descriptive leaflet sent on request*

**'INTERFLORA'**

THE ONLY INTERNATIONAL *Flowers-by-Wire Service*

Issued by INTERFLORA (Dept. B.E.), 358/362 KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.14

# Books

(*Continued from page* 34)

Empire in remote places. Emily Bradley's **"Dearest Priscilla"** (Parrish, 12s. 6d.) comprises letters from an older to a younger one just setting out, full of helpful advice from first-hand experience, and intimate glimpses of the everyday life.

AN equally distinctive French novel, translated by Joseph Barnes, is Romain Gary's **"The Company of Men"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), which traces the life of a youth, Luc Martin, son of a dead Resistance hero, in the postwar Paris underworld of U.N.R.R.A. medical drug-smuggling and black marketeering. Old Vanderputte, the fantastic Fagin of the set-up he joins, is typical of the remarkable characters that make this book memorable and give it the stamp of genius.

"NATURAL genius" is the publishers' tribute to Dan Billany, killed soon after his release from an Italian p.o.w. camp in 1945, whose possibly autobiographical novel, **"The Trap"** (Faber 10s. 6d.), portrays the poor family of the girl the hero marries, their sufferings when they are bombed out, his Army days in Wales, then in the North African desert, where he is captured and sent to Italy. In straight narrative he is forceful, vivid, sincere, but in the early part, especially, he stops too often to "talk at" the reader on proletarian politics, anti-religion, and other young obsessions he would doubtless have outgrown. Remarkable promise, yes, but "natural genius"? Not proven.

ROMANTIC Dartmoor may be Eden Phillpotts's background, but he does not idealize his Devon natives. Brian White, Socialist railwayman, and his wife Maude are an ugly pair in **"The Waters of Walla"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). When Maude's widowed mother goes to live with them they wish her dead—for her small bit o' money. When news comes of a legacy of thousands left by a brother in Australia they even try to propel her towards suicide before she can hear of it. Still, the clotted cream of human kindness is by no means lacking from this plus 250th work of a hardy veteran.

TWO sisters in occupied Poland, and the return to Warsaw of the fiancé of one of them—in England's Polish Air Force—to destroy German military plant make the underground drama of Maria Kuncewicz's **"The Conspiracy of the Absent"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) : an earnest story of love and patriotism with strong emotional appeal.

IN Dorothy Black's **"The Stag at Bay"** (Cassell, 9s. 6d.) Col Grace, military adviser to an Indian rajah, is persuaded to return to England by a wife to whom he is lovelessly married. He leaves behind the woman he does love, and the Swami predicts that eventually they will find happiness together. Fulfilment of the prophecy makes a light, easy-to-read story.

NEVILLE BRAND'S **"The Dark Lady"** (Hale, 9s. 6d.) takes us to tropical southern America and the evil wrought by a siren who lures into her net a wealthy widower on a big plantation estate, bringing a Negro revolt and devastation in her train. Colourful, dramatic, with an exciting climax.

RARELY are novels devoted to a happy marriage. John Sedges's **"The Long Love"** (Methuen, 10s. 6d.) tells of an American one between friends from childhood which, not without its business trials and temptations, is only strengthened by them, and by the loss of a loved son in the Berlin airlift. Never have I read such a sensitive, beautiful account of the intimacies of a honeymoon, in which Edward, the publisher-husband, steals to the wardrobe just to see Margaret's frocks hanging beside his suit, then shyly tells her of the joy it gave him. I cannot praise too highly this admirable story, so refreshingly different from the hardboiled sex-stuff U.S.A. often sends us.

---

OTHER books recommended to the attention of readers include:

NOVELS

**"My Old Man's Badge,"** by Ferguson Findley (Reinhardt and Evans, 8s. 6d.); **"Hidden Cities,"** by Daphne K. Forster (Hammond, 9s. 6d.); **"Sacrament of Death,"** by Sidney Esmond (Alvin Redman, 9s. 6d.); **"Short Lease,"** by Vicky Lancaster (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.); **"Forty-three Candles for Mr. Beamish,"** by Pamela Barrington (Evans Brothers, 9s. 6d.); **"Gold Leaf on the Tree,"** by Ann Delamain (Hurst and Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"Atlantic Interlude,"** by J. Francis Hall (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). Two welcome reprints **"The Brandons,"** by Angela Thirkell and **"Mariana,"** by Monica Dickens (Penguin Books, 1s. 6d. each).

MISCELLANEOUS

**"—And a Green Thumb,"** an anthology for gardeners by Reginald Arkell (Herbert Jenkins, 5s.); four new titles in the series, Handbooks of European National Dances, **"Dances of Hungary,"** by George Buday; **"Dances of Denmark,"** by Poul Lorenzen and Jeppe Jeppesen; **"Dances of France,"** by Claudie Marcel-Dubois and Marie Marguerite Andral; **"Dances of Spain,"** by Lucile Armstrong (Max Parrish, 3s. 6d. each). **"Manners for Moderns,"** by Ray Allister (Convoy Publications, 10s. 6d.); **"With Rucksack Round Ireland,"** by John Wood (Paul Elek, 9s. 6d.). Two children's books, **"The Magic Broom,"** by Victoria Stevenson (Boardman, 7s. 6d.) and **"The Berrys Went West,"** by Don Hillson (Boardman, 6s.).

END

1.11.50

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by ODHAMS (WATFORD) LTD., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

**Give *her***

**a lovely NEW**

# GOR-RAY

## "Koneray"

Registered

PLEATED SKIRT

With its permanised 'knife-edge' all-round pleats tapering off so cunningly into sheath-fitting, single material over the hips, it is the most flattering of all skirts. So slenderising . . . so good to look at whatever the wearer is doing. Only the GOR-RAY label could adorn such a high quality skirt at so low a price. Sold everywhere in a variety of all-wool materials. PRICE 48/9

# GOR-RAY REGD.

*Skirts one better!*

GOR-RAY LIMITED 107 NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

Those quick to detect true quality in a cigarette, prefer

**Craven 'A'**

with the Natural Cork-Tip

AND *Now*...
PACKED FOR FRESHNESS IN THE "EASY-ACCESS" INNER FOIL PACK

When the tobacco is the rich fine quality of Craven 'A', with now the crowning refinement of the natural cork-tip, then here is cleaner, cooler and altogether more enjoyable smoking.

*Carreras, 150 Years' Reputation for Quality*